



DARKNESS
AND
DAYLIGHT

IN NEW YORK

DARKNESS

AND

DAYLIGHT

OR
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF
NEW YORK LIFE



MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL

COL. THOS. W. KNOX


INSPECTOR THOS. BYRNES




TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY
ILLUSTRATIONS

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO.

THE EXTRA CLOTH STYLE.

THE cheapest style is bound in Extra Cloth, just like this Canvassing-book, which is made to perfectly represent it. The strip of cloth opposite shows the back of this style and the exact thickness of the complete book. Every copy of this style will have a full gold back, just like this. The gold used is gold. Its deep, rich color shows its extra quality. It will never tarnish, never grow dim, and never under any circumstances will it change its color. The publishers will pay \$100 to any subscriber who will prove that the gilt on any portion of this book is not fine gold, and he may make the test in any way he likes, or have anybody make it for him. Notice the beautiful design in gold on the front cover. The edges of the book are finely sprinkled.  Every copy is bound with a spring back—i. e., the back of the book is *not* glued to the back of the cover; thus the book can be opened at any place without breaking its back, *nor will it break with any fair usage*. Every copy is double sewed with extra strong linen thread.

 Considering its great authorship, its large size (740 pages), its 251 fine illustrations, and the quality of the paper and printing, *this is the cheapest book ever sold by agents*.

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

t' Fort nieuw Amsterdam op de Manhatans



FORT NEW AMSTERDAM



(NEW YORK), 1651.

*When you leave, please leave this book
Because it has been said
"Ever'thing comes t' him who waits
Except a loaned book."*

AVERY ARCHITECTURAL AND FINE ARTS LIBRARY

GIFT OF SEYMOUR B. DURST OLD YORK LIBRARY

Man. Book. O. 2. 1. 1. 1.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013



1.3 HOWE



Yours sincerely
Helen Campbell.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.



Illustrative Title Page.

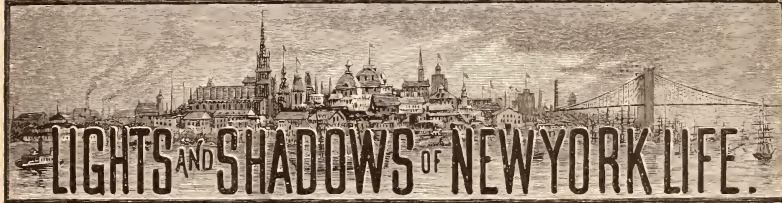
THIS is partly emblematical of the book. Here is a young woman, a mission worker, reading the Bible to a crowd of wicked looking men and women in a low groggery. Notice the ugly-looking bar-keeper scowling behind the bar. He does not relish having the Bible read to the human wrecks he has helped to make. In the upper corner is an open Bible, on which is a lamp shedding light over the scene below. This typifies that in the teaching of the Gospel lies the great hope of leading these degraded creatures to better lives. Here we see intemperance and vice on the one hand and the Gospel and its teacher on the other. Then notice the beautiful little picture showing a policeman carrying a little foundling he has picked up in the street to a police station-house. Below is a distant view of the great city, typical of the field covered by this volume. Notice the group of homeless boys, cuddled together to keep warm while sleeping out at night in a corner of an alley. They have no other place to sleep. Below is an awful scene, showing a drunkard's starving and destitute family as found in a tenement-house cellar, surprised by the sudden flash of a policeman's dark-lantern. See the look of despair and terror on every face. The drunkard himself is trying to slink from the flash of the dark-lantern. This powerful picture shows the drunkard's certain end, and the misery and woe that is sooner or later caused by the terrible curse of drink. No minister can preach a more powerful temperance sermon than is presented on this page.

DARKNESS AND



DAYLIGHT,

OR



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED
BY OVERTWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY
FROM ENGRAVINGS
PHOTOGRAPHS



A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO.

What this Work Is.

NO recent publication on any subject or by any author is now commanding so much attention from the press, the pulpit, and the reading public at this work, which in a single volume gives a vivid portrayal of life and scenes in New York by day and by night under three different aspects: I, "As Seen by a Christian Woman;" by Mrs. Helen Campbell. II, "As Seen by a Noted Journalist;" by Col. Thomas W. Knox. III, "As Seen and Known by the Famous Chief of the New York Detective Force," Inspector Thomas Byrnes.

Its High Moral Tone.

THIS volume presents New York life in a manner at once truthful, impressive, and startling. It is made both vivid and tragic by the fact that its authors did not visit the slums and tough districts out of morbid curiosity, but as evangelists of religion, succor, and sympathy, or in the discharge of official duty. Unlike most books it has a reason for existence—a mission to perform: for Charity, Temperance, Honesty, and Morality stand out as beacon lights in every chapter. It is pure and elevating from beginning to end, a book in every sense for the young and old of the family circle.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL WORK MAGNIFICENTLY
ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT:

OR

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE.

A Woman's Narrative

OF

MISSION WORK IN TOUGH PLACES, WITH THRILLING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES
AMONG THE POOR, THE HOMELESS, THE VICIOUS AND THE DE-
PRAVED IN THE GREAT UNDER-WORLD OF NEW YORK.

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF

RESCUE WORK IN REGIONS OF POVERTY AND VICE; AN ALL-NIGHT MISSION-
ARY'S EXPERIENCES IN GOSPEL WORK IN THE SLUMS; A JOURNALIST'S
ACCOUNT OF LITTLE-KNOWN PHASES OF METROPOLITAN LIFE;
AND A FAMOUS DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVA-
TIONS AMONG THE DANGEROUS AND CRIMINAL CLASSES.

WITH HUNDREDS OF

Thrilling Anecdotes, Incidents, and Tales of Tender Pathos

PORTRAYING

LIFE IN DARKEST NEW YORK BY DAY AND BY NIGHT.

BY

MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL,

Author and Philanthropist.

Col. THOMAS W. KNOX,

Author and Journalist.

Inspector THOMAS BYRNES,

Chief of the N. Y. Detective Force.

Superbly Illustrated with

Two Hundred and Fifty Engravings from Photographs

TAKEN FROM LIFE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, MOSTLY BY FLASH-LIGHT, AND REPRODUCED
IN EXACT FAC-SIMILE BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

(THIS WORK IS NOT FOR SALE IN BOOKSTORES, NOR WILL IT EVER BE. IT WILL BE
SUPPLIED ONLY TO SUBSCRIBERS THROUGH OUR AUTHORIZED AGENTS.)

HARTFORD, CONN.:

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1891.

[All rights reserved.]

OFFICE
HY
4046
NG
C25

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1891,
BY A. D. WORTHINGTON AND COMPANY,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.



THIS volume aims to give scrupulously exact descriptions of life and scenes in the great metropolis under three different aspects: 1st, "As Seen by a Woman;" 2d, "As Seen by a Journalist;" 3d, "As Seen and Known by the Chief of the New York Detective Bureau." It was essential that each of the writers selected for this undertaking should possess a thorough practical knowledge of the subject, combined with ability to describe what they have seen and experienced.

The first division was assigned to Mrs. Helen Campbell, whose life has been spent in New York city, and whose well-known sympathies for the poor and unfortunate, combined with long experience in city missionary work and charitable enterprises, peculiarly fitted her for this portion of the work. Her interest in missions and her labors among the lower classes have brought her face to face with squalor and misery among the hopelessly poor, as well as with degraded men and women in their own homes; while her ready sympathy gained for her access to their hearts, and thus gave her a practical insight into their daily life possessed by few. Who but a woman could describe to women the scenes of sin, sorrow, and suffering among this people that have presented themselves to her womanly eye and heart?

To Col. Thomas W. Knox was assigned the task of delineating phases of city life that a trained journalist of many years' experience in New York is more familiar with than almost any other person. To the advantages of his facile pen and quick

observation, born of long newspaper work, are added those of a lifetime spent in the great city and perfect familiarity with many features of metropolitan life which he so well describes.

To Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes, the famous head of the New York Detective Bureau,—the most efficient bureau of its kind in the world,—the public is indebted for the faithful descriptions of criminal life and detective experiences given in this volume. For thirty years he has been connected with the police force of New York, working his way up from the rank of patrolman to his present high and responsible position. For many years he has been constantly and prominently before the public as a detective of wonderful skill and unerring sagacity. The very nature of his life-work has brought him into close contact with crime, destitution, and vice, and has given him exceptional opportunities for the study of life among the dangerous classes. More than any other man he knows the methods and characteristics of “crooks” of high and low degree, and possesses a thorough knowledge of their haunts.

When the manuscripts of these joint authors were placed in the publishers' hands, they for the first time realized the great importance of the work they had undertaken. In genuine interest and graphic description it exceeded anything they had hoped for, and their estimate of its worth grew with closer examination. The original plan of the book included but a few full-page illustrations; but the sterling character of the work as revealed by reading the manuscript,—its authenticity, incontrovertible facts, and startling revelations,—led the publishers to believe that it ought to be illustrated with more than common fullness and in the most truthful and realistic manner. But how could this be accomplished?

The old method of employing artists of quick talent to seize the general outline of a scene, and by a few rapid strokes of a pencil preserve the general idea, until, in the studio, leisure was found to enlarge the hasty sketch and reproduce the details from memory, was open to serious objection; for in this way everything is left to the artist, whose generally exuberant and sometimes distorted imagination has full swing, and in addition

the method is exceedingly faulty in having to rely upon one of the most treacherous of human faculties—the memory. Such pictures can only approximate to the reality: they may be—and often are—very wide of the truth. The publishers were satisfied that illustrations produced in this way could not show the fidelity to nature that the text demanded. Here the modern camera came to their aid, and it alone is the basis for every illustration in this volume. In deciding to adopt the camera as a means to an end, they little dreamed of the labor, time, and expense which the undertaking involved.

Recent developments in photography have rendered it possible to catch instantaneously all the details of a scene with the utmost fidelity. The publishers and their photographer explored the city together for months, by day and by night, seeking for living material on the streets, up narrow alleys and in tenement houses, in missions and charitable institutions, in low lodging-houses and cellars, in underground resorts and stale-beer dives, in haunts of criminals and training-schools of crime, and in nooks and corners known only to the police and rarely visited by any one else. These two hundred and fifty remarkable pictures were selected from upwards of a thousand photographs taken at all hours of the day and night. Many of them were taken at moments when the people portrayed would rather have been anywhere else than before the lens' eye. By far the greater part of them were made by flash-light, without the aid of which much of the life herein shown so truthfully could not have been presented at all. Some of them were made under circumstances of great difficulty, in dimly-lighted holes and in underground places, literally "in darkest New York," where the light of day never penetrates. Not a few were made long after midnight, for there are phases of city life that cannot be seen at any other time. As a whole these illustrations depict many and varied scenes of every-day life and all-night life which go to make the sum of New York's daily history.

The dark side of life is presented without any attempt to tone it down, and foul places are shown just as they exist. Any

one who undertakes to "see life" in the haunts of vice and crime in New York, especially by night, takes his life in his own hand, and courts danger in many forms. Criminals are a suspicious class. The appearance of a camera in their midst at once suggests to them the Rogues' Gallery, and recalls to their mind crimes known only to themselves. It is not pleasant, in underground dens, where hardened criminals and the vilest outcasts hide from the light of day, to be mistaken for detectives in search of their prey; nor is it pleasant to spend day after day in vermin-infested tenements and oozy cellars waiting for opportunities to portray some particularly desired scene. It is dangerous to breathe for hours at a time an atmosphere poisoned with nauseating effluvia; it is hazardous to be surrounded in narrow alleys by a crowd of toughs who believe that bricks and other missiles were specially designed for the benefit of strangers. There are hundreds of places in New York where even the air of respectability is an element of personal danger.

In midnight expeditions it was often necessary to creep stealthily into a locality where it was known that night life at its worst existed. The camera was quickly and silently adjusted in the dark, and the sudden and blinding flash of the magnesium light was generally the first knowledge the subject had of the presence of photographers; but the knowledge came too late to prevent the lightning work of the camera, which in the two-hundredth part of a second had faithfully fixed the scene on the sensitive plate. Surprise and wonder were often followed by oaths and threats that were of no avail, for the camera had done its work.

In some of these pictures will be seen — in their own haunts and amid their own surroundings — lineaments of old and well-known criminals, both men and women, together with those of younger years just entering upon a life of crime and degradation, and of some whose footsteps have barely touched the threshold. In no instance have artists been allowed to exercise their imagination by drawing pictures of impossible scenes, or exaggerating what is already bad enough. The fact that every illustration in this volume is from a photograph made from life,

and that the greatest care has been taken to present these photographs in fac-simile, even to the preservation of the portraits, are features that will commend themselves to all.

It is said that figures do not lie. Neither does the camera. In looking on these pages the reader is brought face to face with real life as it is in New York; *not AS IT WAS*, but *AS IT IS TO-DAY*. Exactly as the reader sees these pictures, just so were the scenes presented to the camera's merciless and unflinching eye at the moment when the action depicted took place. Nothing is lacking but the actual *movement* of the persons represented.

Here, then, are presented to the reader faithful pictorial representations of street life in New York by day and by night; scenes in various well-known Christian missions in tough districts, their audiences, services, and so forth; gospel work by day and by night by mission-workers and rescue-bands in the vilest slums; scenes of hospital life and in charitable institutions; in cheap lodging houses and cellars; in back streets and alleys; in dens of infamy and crime, where the dangerous classes congregate; in the homes of the poor; in wretched tenement districts, where the horror of the life that is lived by human beings herded together by thousands is well-nigh incredible; in newsboys' lodging houses; in the police, detective, and fire departments; in opium-joints and among the denizens of Chinatown; among the Italians of Mulberry Street, and along its famous "Bend,"—these and many other topics are here presented in the best pictorial manner, and always with strict regard to truth.

The publishers return their sincere thanks to all who have in any way helped them in this arduous undertaking. Their grateful acknowledgments are due to the Board of Police Commissioners, and to Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes, without whose aid many rare photographs could not have been made; to the captains of various police precincts, who on numerous occasions detailed special detectives to pilot and accompany the photographers to places known only to the police; to the officers of the Children's Aid Society, and of the Society for the

Prevention of Cruelty to Children ; to the superintendents of the Florence Night Mission, the Water Street Mission, and the Cremorne Mission ; to Sister Irene, of the New York Foundling Asylum ; to the president of the Board of Public Charities and Correction, and to the Board of Fire Commissioners. Unfailing courtesies were extended on every hand, and made it possible to secure new and desirable material that has never hitherto been presented.

The publishers' thanks are especially due to MR. O. G. MASON (at present and for the past twenty-five years official photographer at Bellevue Hospital), to whose rare skill they are indebted for many fine photographs made expressly for this volume. In photographing difficult scenes, Mr. Mason's skill could be relied upon implicitly. Nearly all of the photographs from which the full-page engravings were made were taken by flash-light by him, as well as many of those for the smaller illustrations. Always ready for emergencies, possessing ability and facilities to instantly meet them, he was in every way the right man in the right place. MR. E. WARREN, JR., MR. FREDERICK VILMAR, and MR. JACOB A. RUS, also placed at their disposal large collections of photographs from which very interesting selections have been made.

The whole work has passed under the editorial supervision of MR. E. E. TREFFRY, of New York, and the publishers are indebted to his experience for many valuable suggestions.



From Special Photographs taken from Life expressly for this Work.
 Drawn in fac-simile by Frederick Dielman, Wm. L. Sheppard,
 Edmund H. Garrett, R. T. Sperry, and other eminent Artists.

1	PORTRAIT OF MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL. ENGRAVED ON STEEL FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,	<i>Frontispiece</i>
2	ILLUSTRATED TITLE PAGE. (Full Page.)	<i>To face Frontispiece</i>
		PAGE.
3	ORNAMENTAL HEADING TO PUBLISHER'S PREFACE,	7
4	ORNAMENTAL HEADING TO LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS,	13
5	ORNAMENTAL HEADING TO TABLE OF CONTENTS,	21
6	ORNAMENTAL HEADING TO INTRODUCTION,	37
7	INTRODUCTORY ILLUSTRATION TO PART I,	47
8	ORNAMENTAL HEADING TO CHAPTER I,	49
9	THE WATER STREET MISSION,	52
10	THE PLATFORM FACING THE AUDIENCE IN THE WATER STREET MISSION ROOM,	59
11	"ALL MY DRINKS 3 CENTS."—AN EVERY-DAY SCENE NEAR THE WATER STREET MISSION,	62
12	TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF JERRY MCAULEY ON THE WALL OF THE WATER STREET MISSION ROOM,	81
13	COFFEE NIGHT AT THE OLD WATER STREET MIS- SION.—A WEEKLY FEAST FOR TRAMPS, OUTCASTS, AND BUMS. (Full Page.)	<i>To face</i> 87
14	ENTRANCE TO A TENEMENT-HOUSE AND ALLEY.—THE DOOR AT THE LEFT LEADS DIRECTLY INTO A TENEMENT. THE ARCH- WAY AT THE RIGHT IS A DARK PASSAGWAY LEADING TO FILTHY YARDS AND TENEMENTS IN THE REAR,	90
15	A TYPICAL TENEMENT-HOUSE BACKYARD,	92
16	A TENEMENT-HOUSE ON HAMILTON STREET KNOWN AS "THE SHIP."—1, NARROW ENTRANCE TO THE REAR LEADING TO THE GARRET ROOMS,	94

17	A ROOM AND ITS OCCUPANT AS FOUND IN THE GARRET OF "THE SHIP,"	96
18	OUT OF WORK. A LONGSHOREMAN'S FAMILY AND HOME,	98
19	AN EVERYDAY SCENE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE ALLEY,	101
20	SICK AND DESTITUTE. A GROUP AS FOUND IN A CHERRY STREET TENEMENT,	103
21	A MORNING WASH AT THE BACKYARD HYDRANT,	104
22	IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE BACKYARD IN MULBERRY STREET,	105
23	A RAGPICKER'S CELLAR IN AN ALLEY OFF BAXTER STREET,	107
24	A TENEMENT-HOUSE BACKYARD, LOOKING THROUGH THE HALL INTO THE STREET,	109
25	THEIR ONLY BED.— SUPPERLESS AND HOMELESS STREET BOYS SLEEPING OUT AT NIGHT.— A NIGHT SCENE IN AN ALLEY. (Full Page.) <i>To face</i>	112
26	GETTING POINTS FROM THE LAST EDITION,	115
27	"EXT-R-A-H 'DISHUN,"	118
28	THE SCHOOLROOM AND GENERAL RECEPTION-ROOM IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE,	121
29	BOYS APPLYING FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING,	123
30	WAIFS AND STRAYS OF A GREAT CITY.—A GROUP OF HOMELESS NEW YORK NEWSBOYS PHOTO- GRAPHED FROM LIFE. (Full Page.) <i>To face</i>	124
31	THE WASHROOM IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE JUST BEFORE SUPPER TIME,	127
32	IN ONE OF THE DORMITORIES IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE,	129
33	THE GYMNASIUM IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE,	132
34	AN EVENING GAME OF DOMINOES IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING- HOUSE,	134
35	OLD WOMEN WAITING AT THE DINING-ROOM DOOR FOR SCRAPS FROM THE NEWSBOYS' TABLE,	136
36	IN THE CRIPPLED BOYS' BRUSH SHOP,	138
37	TIRED OUT. A FACTORY GIRL'S ROOM IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE,	142
38	THE LITTLE COAL-SHOVELERS,	146
39	MAKING ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS AT TWELVE CENTS A GROSS,	147
40	A GROUP OF STREET BOYS, AS FOUND ON DOYERS STREET,	151
41	A GROUP OF BOOTBLACKS,	152
42	A SLEEPING STREET BOY,	154
43	HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS. (Full Page.) <i>To face</i>	154
44	GUTTER CHILDREN,	158
45	A GANG OF DOCK RATS BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE,	160
46	STREET BOYS SLEEPING ON THE DOCKS,	163
47	A DOCK RAT'S DAY NAP AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT TOUR,	164
48	A FAVORITE PASTIME FOR DOCK RATS,	165
49	PATRICK LACEY, AS FOUND, AGE 10: FACE CUT, BRUISED, AND SWOLLEN BY BEATINGS FROM DRUNKEN PARENTS,	175

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIS is the most sumptuously illustrated book ever published in America. It contains 251 superb illustrations made from photographs taken from life, *mostly by flash-light*, at all hours of the day and night. Nothing like them was ever before attempted. In looking at these illustrations the reader is brought face to face with real life as it exists in the great under-world of New York. Exactly as he sees these pictures, just so were the scenes presented to the camera's unfailing eye when the photographs were made. He sees at a glance just how Gospel work is carried on by day and by night by rescue-bands in the vilest slums; he witnesses pathetic scenes of hospital life; he is shown strange sights in cheap lodging-houses and cellars; in back streets and alleys; in the homes of the poor; in wretched tenement districts; in newsboys' lodging-houses; in the police, detective, and fire departments; in the museum of crime; in opium-joints. The greatest care has been taken to preserve the portraits. These illustrations are said to be, and unquestionably they *are*, the finest and most interesting series of engravings ever put into a single volume. This is a pretty strong statement, but *it is backed up by the ablest critics and highest authorities in our whole country.*

50	PATRICK KIELEY, AS FOUND HALF-STARVED, AGE 11: FACE CUT AND BODY BRUISED BY INHUMAN PARENTS,	177
51	JOHN AND WILLIE D——, TWO BOY TRAMPS, BROTHERS, AS THEY APPEARED WHEN ARRESTED,	178
52	MICHAEL NEVINS, AS FOUND, AGE 10: FACE BRUISED AND SWOLLEN BY CONSTANT BEATING,	180
53	NELLIE BRADY, AS FOUND, AGE 7,	183
54	NELLIE BRADY, AFTER A DAY IN THE SOCIETY'S CARE. NEVER CLAIMED,	184
55	ENTRANCE TO THE CREMORNE MISSION,	186
56	THE READING DESK IN THE CREMORNE MISSION ROOM,	188
57	DRINKING FOUNTAIN ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF JERRY MCAULEY NEAR THE CREMORNE MISSION,	189
58	BRONZE TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF JERRY MCAULEY ON THE WALL OF THE CREMORNE MISSION ROOM,	193
59	A TENEMENT-HOUSE BACKYARD IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER,	197
60	ITALIAN GARBAGE WOMEN ON MULBERRY STREET,	200
61	STATION-HOUSE PRISON CELLS,	206
62	HOMELESS BOYS SLEEPING IN A COAL CELLAR,	214
63	A FAMILIAR SCENE IN WATER STREET,	226
64	THE FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION BUILDING,	228
65	MIDNIGHT LUNCH FOR STREET GIRLS AFTER EVENING SERVICE AT THE FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION,	229
66	AN UNDERGROUND STALE-BEER DIVE LATE AT NIGHT IN MULBERRY STREET BEND. (Full Page.)	
	<i>To face</i>	230
67	AN EVERY-DAY AND EVERY-NIGHT SCENE IN A STALE-BEER DIVE,	233
68	A STALE-BEER DIVE ON MULBERRY STREET BY DAY,	235
69	THE GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL ROOM AT THE FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION,	240
70	GOSPEL WORK IN THE SLUMS.— MIDNIGHT SERVICE OF A MISSION RESCUE BAND IN AN UNDERGROUND DIVE IN MULBERRY STREET, (Full Page.)	
	<i>To face</i>	242
71	DOYERS STREET, KNOWN LOCALLY AS "SHINBONE ALLEY,"	252
72	FINISHING BOYS' PANTS AT TEN CENTS A DOZEN PAIRS,	261
73	A BLIND TAILORESS AND HER FAMILY,	264
74	UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT BRIDGE,	271
75	IN A POOR SEWING WOMAN'S HOME,	275
76	A NIGHT SCRUB WOMAN'S HOME,	277
77	THE AMBULANCE ROOM AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL. ANSWERING A "HURRY" CALL,	282
78	A BELLEVUE HOSPITAL NURSE,	284
79	A CRITICAL CASE.— A BED-SIDE CONSULTATION FOR THE BENEFIT OF STUDENTS AND NURSES IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL. (Full Page.)	
	<i>To face</i>	289
80	A SURGICAL OPERATION AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL,	291

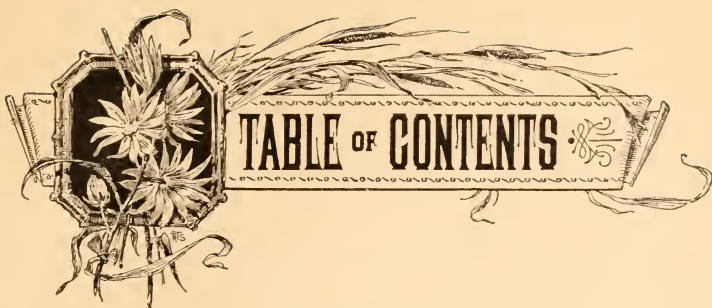
81	IN ONE OF THE FEMALE WARDS AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, . . .	293
82	IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, . . .	295
83	DISCHARGED. A PATIENT RECEIVING HER BUNDLE OF CLOTHES IN THE OLD CLOTHES ROOM AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, . . .	297
84	AN EVERY-DAY SCENE IN THE MORGUE.—IDENTIFYING THE UNKNOWN DEAD. (Full Page.) <i>To face</i>	301
85	THE "CAGE," OR PRISONERS' WARD AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, . . .	302
86	IN THE PROPAGATING ROOM,	307
87	THE VIEW FROM THE SCHOOLROOM,	309
88	WINNERS OF THE PRIZE,	311
89	ITALIAN MOTHER AND HER SICK CHILD AT THE DISPENSARY, . . .	321
90	SATURDAY MORNING IN THE GREAT EASTERN FREE DISPENSARY.—RELIEVING DISTRESS AMONG THE SICK POOR. (Full Page.) <i>To face</i>	322
91	IN THE SURGEON'S ROOM,	326
92	A HOPELESS CASE. EXAMINING A PATIENT'S LUNGS WITH THE STETHOSCOPE,	327
93	A HEBREW MOTHER AND HER SICK BABY,	328
94	THE DOCTOR LOOKING FOR VACCINATION SCARS,	329
95	THE TOMBS,	336
96	THE GALLOW'S YARD IN THE TOMBS,	338
97	PRISON CELLS FOR FEMALES IN THE TOMBS,	340
98	MURDERERS' ROW IN THE TOMBS,	344
99	DISCHARGED CONVICTS MAKING BROOMS,	354
100	AN EAST RIVER DOCK,	357
101	IN THE CELL. BLACKWELL'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY,	365
102	PRISONERS' CELLS IN THE PENITENTIARY, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND. (THE DARK CELLS ARE ON THE LOWER FLOOR),	367
103	HUSBANDLESS MOTHERS AND FATHERLESS CHILDREN IN THE CHARITY HOSPITAL, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND,	370
104	INSANE PATIENTS IN THE BRUSH SHOP, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, . . .	373
105	INSANE PATIENTS IN THE BASKET SHOP, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, . . .	375
106	LUNATICS' CHARIOT, DRAWN BY LUNATICS CHAINED TOGETHER, . . .	377
107	THE CONVICTS' LOCKSTEP,	379
108	THE MOTHER'S LAST KISS,	382
109	SISTER IRENE'S BASKET,	383
110	FOSTER MOTHERS,	385
111	THE CHILDREN'S CLOTHES ROOM,	386
112	ONE OF THE NURSERY WARDS,	387
113	THE PLAYROOM,	389
114	THE KINDERGARTEN,	390
115	FOUNDLINGS' BANK AT ENTRANCE TO MAIN STAIRCASE,	392
116	IN THE CHILDREN'S DORMITORY AT SISTER IRENE'S,	393
117	THE LITTLE WAIF'S EVENING PRAYER,	394

118	"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."—BEDTIME IN THE HOMELESS LITTLE GIRLS' DORMITORY AT THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY. (Full Page.) <i>To face</i>	397
119	CURBSTONE GOSSIP IN MULBERRY STREET,	398
120	SIDEWALK PEASE SELLER, MULBERRY STREET,	399
121	CURBSTONE BEANS SELLER, MULBERRY STREET,	401
122	PUSH-CART BRIGADE IN THE GREAT BEND, MULBERRY STREET,	402
123	SIDEWALK BREAD SELLER, MULBERRY STREET,	403
124	CURBSTONE VEGETABLE VENDER, MULBERRY STREET,	404
125	ITALIAN RAGPICKERS' SETTLEMENT, MULBERRY STREET,	405
126	SIDEWALK VEGETABLE STANDS, MULBERRY STREET,	407
127	SIDEWALK TURNIP SELLER, MULBERRY STREET,	408
128	ITALIAN RAGPICKER MENDING HIS BAGS, MULBERRY STREET,	409
129	A CLUSTER OF SHANTIES IN SHANTYTOWN,	412
130	BACKYARD OF A SHANTY IN SHANTYTOWN,	416
131	A THRIFTY GERMAN'S SHANTY IN SHANTYTOWN. TEN COWS KEPT IN A LOW SHED ON THE PREMISES,	417
132	A TYPICAL "ESTABLISHMENT" IN SHANTYTOWN,	418
133	A POLICE STATION-HOUSE LODGING-ROOM,	420
134	MIDNIGHT IN THE WOMEN'S LODGING-ROOM AT A POLICE STATION-HOUSE,	421
135	"SITTEES" IN THE WOMEN'S LODGING-ROOM AT THE POLICE STATION-HOUSE,	423
136	ENTRANCE TO A SHED LODGING-HOUSE IN THE REAR OF MULBERRY STREET,	426
137	EARLY MORNING IN A SHED LODGING-HOUSE IN THE REAR OF MULBERRY STREET.—GETTING READY FOR ANOTHER DAY OF IDLENESS OR CRIME. (Full Page.) <i>To face</i>	428
138	A CORNER IN A LODGING-SHED BY DAY,	431
139	A "RESERVED" ROOM IN A LODGING-SHED,	432
140	THE SCHOOLSHIP ST. MARY'S,	435
141	BOYS' SCHOOLROOM BETWEEN DECKS ON THE ST. MARY'S,	437
142	THE SAIL-MAKING CLASS ON THE ST. MARY'S,	439
143	LEARNING TO SPLICE ROPES ON THE ST. MARY'S,	442
144	"UP ALOFT." A DRILL SCENE ON THE ST. MARY'S,	444
145	READY FOR SEA. A SCENE ON THE ST. MARY'S,	446
146	PEACEFUL INDUSTRIES AT THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR. OLD SAILORS MAKING MINIATURE SHIPS,	447
147	A CRIPPLED SAILOR WEAVING BASKETS,	450
148	A ONE-ARMED NAVAL VETERAN WITH A PERFECT MODEL OF THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD," MADE WITH HIS LEFT HAND,	451
149	A CONTENTED OLD SALT,	453
150	INTRODUCTORY ILLUSTRATION TO PART II,	455

151	PORTRAIT OF COL. THOMAS W. KNOX. ENGRAVED ON STEEL FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,	<i>To face</i>	459
152	ORNAMENTAL HEADING TO OPENING CHAPTER OF PART II,		459
153	EXTERIOR OF A BOWERY DIME MUSEUM,		465
154	IN A BOWERY DIME MUSEUM. THE LECTURER, HIS FREAKS, AND HIS AUDIENCE,		467
155	IN A RAGPICKER'S CELLAR, BAXTER STREET,		471
156	AMONG THE TENEMENTS IN THE REAR OF MULBERRY STREET,		477
157	A TYPICAL TENEMENT-HOUSE ALLEY,		479
158	A GROUP AS FOUND IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE CELLAR,		481
159	A RAGPICKER'S ROOM IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE,		482
160	A TRAINING-SCHOOL OF CRIME. BOYS PLAYING PICKPOCKET,		484
161	A TENEMENT-HOUSE ALLEY GANG. CANDIDATES FOR CRIME,		485
162	AN ALLEY TRIO. AS FOUND IN A MULBERRY STREET ALLEY,		487
163	INTERIOR OF A LOW GROGGERY ON CHERRY STREET,		489
164	AN OLD CORNER GROGGERY NEAR A TENEMENT-HOUSE DISTRICT,		492
165	OLD AND YOUNG TOUGHS PLAYING CARDS ON THE DOCKS,		494
166	POLICE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING,		500
167	MAIN ENTRANCE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING,		501
168	PATROLMAN'S SHIELD,		502
169	MIDNIGHT ROLLCALL AT A POLICE STATION-HOUSE,		503
170	POLICEMEN'S SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION,		506
171	FOUND STRAYED.—ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT IN THE LOST CHILDREN'S ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.—LOST CHILDREN WAITING TO BE CLAIMED. (Full Page.)	<i>To face</i>	509
172	MEETING-PLACE OF TELEGRAPH WIRES AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS COMMUNICATING WITH ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD,		510
173	POLICEMAN' BILLY, DAY CLUB, AND NIGHT STICK,		512
174	AN ABANDONED INFANT.—A POLICEMAN REPORTING A LITTLE FOUNDLING PICKED UP IN AN ALLEY.—A WINTER NIGHT SCENE AT A POLICE STATION-HOUSE. (Full Page.)	<i>To face</i>	517
175	HARBOR POLICE SEARCHING FOR RIVER THIEVES,		518
176	HANDCUFFS,		520
177	PRISONERS' CELLS IN A POLICE STATION-HOUSE,		521
178	THE LOST-PROPERTY ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS,		524
179	A SCALING-LADDER,		530
180	SCALING-LADDER DRILL,		531
181	FIREMAN'S LIFE-SAVING HOOK AND BELT,		532
182	THE JUMPING OR LIFE-SAVING NET,		533
183	THE LIFE-LINE GUN,		534
184	THE DUMMY,		534
185	LIFE-SAVING NET DRILL,		535

186	LIFE-LINE DRILL,	536
187	IN THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK AND DISABLED HORSES,	537
188	WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL,	539
189	THE JUMPING-HOLE,	540
190	THE NIGHT ALARM,	541
191	OFF TO A FIRE,	542
192	A LADDER TRUCK,	543
193	LAMP POST SURMOUNTING A FIRE SIGNAL-BOX,	545
194	FIRE SIGNAL-BOX ON A STREET LAMP POST,	546
195	A NOTED CORNER RESORT FOR CHINESE GAMBLERS,	553
196	ENTRANCE TO A CHINESE GAMBLING-HOUSE OVER AN OPIUM-DEN,	555
197	A CHINESE VENDER OF SHELLED BEANS,	557
198	WAITING FOR TRADE. CHINESE CURBSTONE MERCHANTS,	559
199	IN THE REAR OF A CHINESE RESTAURANT ON PELL STREET. SKINS STUFFED WITH MEAT HUNG UP TO DRY,	561
200	TOBACCO SMOKERS IN A JOSS-HOUSE,	565
201	"HITTING THE PIPE." SCENE IN AN OPIUM DEN,	567
202	A CHINAMAN AND HIS WHITE WIFE SMOKING OPIUM,	569
203	A SLY OPIUM SMOKER. (THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE BY FLASH- LIGHT IN A CHINESE OPIUM DEN ON PELL STREET, WHEN THE SMOKER WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FAST ASLEEP. SUBSE- QUENTLY THE PHOTOGRAPH DISCLOSED THE FACT THAT HE HAD AT LEAST ONE EYE OPEN WHEN THE PICTURE WAS MADE),	571
204	CAUGHT IN THE ACT. AN OPIUM SMOKER SURPRISED,	572
205	A TRAMP'S INTERRUPTED NAP,	585
206	EARLY MORNING ON THE DOCKS. A GANG OF SLEEPING TRAMPS,	588
207	A SLEEPING TRAMP. A BRICK FOR A PILLOW,	590
208	A DANGEROUS PLACE FOR A SNOOZE. A TRAMP SLEEPING ON THE STRING-PIECE OF A PIER,	591
209	A GENUINELY BUSTED TRAMP,	592
210	AN UNCOMFORTABLE BED, EVEN FOR A TRAMP,	593
211	TAKING IT EASY. A TRAMP'S NOON HOUR,	595
212	A TRAMP'S SUNDAY MORNING CHANGE,	597
213	A BLIND MAN'S TIN SIGN,	599
214	WHAT WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE,	599
215	A TYPICAL PAWNSHOP,	605
216	THE OLD CANDY WOMAN,	616
217	"PENCILS,"	617
218	AN ITALIAN NOTION PEDDLER,	618
219	A FRUIT VENDER AND HIS "SHOUTER,"	619
220	PRETZEL SELLERS,	620
221	"CASH PAID FOR RAGS,"	621
222	MAKING A CAREFUL SELECTION,	623
223	A FAVORITE PLACE FOR STREET CHILDREN. "COLD SODA WATER 2 CENTS, ICE CREAM 1 CENT,"	624

224	CURBSTONE DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,	625
225	INTRODUCTORY ILLUSTRATION TO PART III,	641
226	PORTRAIT OF CHIEF INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES. ENGRAVED ON STEEL FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK. <i>To face</i>	645
227	ORNAMENTAL HEADING TO OPENING CHAPTER OF PART III,	645
228	A TEN CENT ATTIC LODGING-ROOM OF THE BETTER CLASS,	646
229	A SEVEN CENT LODGING-ROOM AT MIDNIGHT,	649
230	NIGHT IN A HAMMOCK LODGING-ROOM FOR TRAMPS,	652
231	IN DARKEST NEW YORK.—MIDNIGHT IN A CHEAP UNDERGROUND LODGING CELLAR. "THREE CENTS A SPOT." (Full Page.) <i>To face</i>	655
232	TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS TAKEN FROM BURGLARS,	659
233	SECTIONAL JIMMIES AND SKELETON KEYS TAKEN FROM BURGLARS,	660
234	BURGLARS' IMPROVED SAFE OPENER,	662
235	BURGLARS' JACKSCREW,	662
236	DARK LANTERNS TAKEN FROM BURGLARS,	663
237	BURGLARS' DIAMOND-POINTED CRANK DRILL,	664
238	BURGLARS' STEEL AND COPPER SLEDGES AND STEEL WEDGES,	665
239	BURGLARS' SECTIONAL JIMMIES AND LEATHER CASE,	666
240	DUMMY PISTOL AND WHISKY FLASK TAKEN FROM BURGLARS,	667
241	BURGLARS' POWDER CAN, FUNNEL, BLOWER, AND FUSE,	668
242	BURGLARS' TOOLS USED TO OBTAIN LEVERAGE,	669
243	BURGLARS' MALLETS AND HANDHOOK,	671
244	BURGLARS' KEY NIPPERS,	683
245	FALSE AND SKELETON KEYS TAKEN FROM HOUSE THIEVES,	685
246	AN UNWILLING SUBJECT.—PHOTOGRAPHING A PRISONER FOR THE ROGUE'S GALLERY AT PO- LICE HEADQUARTERS. (Full Page.) <i>To face</i>	690
247	STILETTOS AND KNIVES TAKEN FROM CRIMINALS,	694
248	SANDBAGS AND SLUNGSHOTS TAKEN FROM CRIMINALS,	695
249	GAGS TAKEN FROM BURGLARS. (FROM THE MUSEUM OF CRIME),	696
250	UNDERGROUND CELLS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS,	713
251	CHIEF INSPECTOR BYRNES'S PRIVATE ROOM AT POLICE HEAD- QUARTERS,	735



PART I.

BY

Helen Campbell.

CHAPTER I.

SUNDAY IN WATER STREET — HOMES OF REVELRY AND VICE — SCENES IN THE MISSION ROOM — STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

Water Street, its Life and Surroundings — A Harvest Field for Saloons and Bucket-Shops — Dens of Abomination — Sunday Sights and Scenes — The Little Sign, "Helping Hand for Men" — Inside the Mission Building — An Audience of ex-Convicts and Criminals — A Tough Crowd — Jerry McAuley's Personal Appearance — A Typical Ruffian — A Shoeless and Hatless Brigade — Pinching Out the Name of Jesus — "God Takes what the Devil Would Turn up His Nose at" — "O, Dear-r, Dear-r, Dearie Me!" — Comical Scenes — Quaint Speeches — Screams and Flying Stove-Lids — A Child's Hymn — "Our Father in Heaven, We Hallow Thy Name" — Old Padgett — A Water Street Bum — "God be Merciful to Me a Sinner" — A Terrible Night in a Cellar — The Empty Arm-Chair, 49

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN WATER STREET — THE STORY OF JERRY McAULEY'S LIFE TOLD BY HIMSELF — A CAREER OF WICK- EDNESS AND CRIME — THE MISSION NOW.

The Historic Five Points — Breeding-Ground of Crime — Dirty Homes and Hard Faces — "The Kind God Don't Want and the Devil Won't Have" — Jerry McAuley — The Story of His Life Told by Himself — Born in a New York Slum — A Loafer by Day and a River Thief by Night — Prizefighter, Drunkard, Blackleg, and Bully — A Life of Wickedness and Crime — Fifteen Years in Prison — His Prison Experiences — Unexpected Meeting with "Awful" Gardner — Jerry's First Prayer — He Hears a Voice — Released from Prison — His Return to Old Haunts and Ways — Signing the Pledge — His Wife — Starting the Water Street Mission — An Audience of Tramps and Bums — Becomes an Apostle to the Roughts — Jerry's Death — Affecting Scenes — Old Joe Chappy — A Mother's Last Words — A Refuge for the Wicked and Depraved, 68

CHAPTER III.

UP SLAUGHTER ALLEY, OR LIFE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE—A
TOUR THROUGH HOMES OF MISERY, WANT, AND WOE
—DRINK'S DOINGS.

Why Called Slaughter Alley—Kicking a Missionary Downstairs—Life and Scenes in Tenement-Houses—Voices and Shapes in the Darkness—My Tour with the Doctor—Picking our Way through Slime and Filth—"Mammy's Lookin' for You"—"Murtherin' Dinnis"—Misery and Squalor Side by Side—Stalwart Tim—In the Presence of Death—"I Want to go, but I'm Willin' to Wait"—Patsy—A Five-Year-Old Washerwoman—Sickening Odors—Human Beasts—Dangerous Places—"Mike Gim'me a Dollar for the Childer"—The Charity of the Poor—"Oh, Wurra, me Heart's Sick in me"—Homes Swarming with Rats—Alive with Vermin and Saturated with Filth—The Omnipresent Saloon—A Nursery of Criminals and Drunkards—Conceived in Sin and Born in Iniquity—The Dreadful Tenement-House System, . 89

CHAPTER IV.

NEW YORK NEWSBOYS—WHO THEY ARE, WHERE THEY COME
FROM, AND HOW THEY LIVE—THE WAIFS AND STRAYS
OF A GREAT CITY.

The Newsboys' Code of Morals—Curious Beds for Cold Winters' Nights—Shivering Urchins—Sleeping in a Burned-out Safe—Creeping into Doorways—The Street Arab and the Gutter-Snipe—A Curious Mixture of Morality and Vice—His Religion—"Kind o' Lucky to say a Prayer"—Newsboys' Lodging-Houses—First Night in a Soft Bed—Favorite Songs—Trying Times in "Boys' Meetings"—Opening the Savings Bank—The "Doodles"—Pork and Beans—Popular Nicknames—Teaching Self-Help—Western Homes for New York's Waifs—"Wanted, a Perfect Boy"—How a Street Arab Went to Yale College—Newsboy Orators—A Loud Call for "Paddy"—"Bummers, Snoozers, and Citizens"—Specimens of Wit and Humor—"Jack de Robber"—The "Kid"—"Ain't got no Mammy"—A Life of Hardship—Giving the Boys a Chance, 111

CHAPTER V.

THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND LITTLE LABORERS OF NEW
YORK—CHILD WORKERS—THEIR HOMES AND DAILY LIFE.

One Hundred Thousand Little Workers—Little Mothers—Early Lessons in Drinking—A Sup of the "Craytur"—A Six-Year-Old Nurse—A "Widdy Washerwoman"—"See How Beautiful He Sucks at the Pork"—Heavy Burdens on Small Shoulders—What a Child of Eight Can Do—Feather Strippers—Paper Collar Makers—Tobacco Strippers—Youth and Old Age Side by Side—Cigar-Makers—Deadly Trades—Working in Cellars—"Them Stairs is Killin'"—What Jinny and Mame Did—Pinched with Hunger—"She Could Sew on Buttons when She Wasn't Much Over Four"—A Tiny Worker of Five—"Stitch, Stitch, Stitch, in Poverty, Hunger, and Dirt"—Scenes in Working Children's Homes—"She's Sewed on Millions of Buttons, that Child Has"—"A Hot Place Waitin' for Him"—Preternaturally Aged Faces, . . . 139

CHAPTER VI.

CHILD-LIFE IN THE SLUMS — HOMELESS STREET BOYS, GUTTER-SNIPES AND DOCK RATS — THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DAY-BREAK BOY.

Gutter-Snipes — Imps of Darkness — Snoopers — Rags and Tatters — Life in the Gutter — Old Sol — Running a Grocery under Difficulties — Youthful Criminals — Newsboys and Bootblacks — Candidates for Crime — "He's Smart, He Is" — "It's Business Folks as Cheats" — Dock Rats — Unreclaimed Children — Thieves' Lodging-Houses — Poverty Lane — Hell's Kitchen — Dangers of a Street Girl's Life — Old Margaret — The Reformation of Wildfire — The Queen of Cherry Street — Sleeping on the Docks — Too Much Lickin' and More in Prospect — A Street Arab's Summer Residence — A Walking Rag-Bundle — Getting Larruped — A Daybreak Boy — Jack's Story of his Life — Buckshot Taylor — A Thieves' Run-way — Escaping over Roofs — A Police Raid — Head-first off the Roof — Death of Jack — His Dying Request — Fifteen Thousand Homeless Children, 149

CHAPTER VII.

THE OPEN DOORS OF MERCY — THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN — BRUTES IN HUMAN FORM — THE DEMON OF DRINK — RESCUE WORK.

"That is Mary Ellen" — The First Child Rescued — A Dying Woman's Request — What the Court Saw when the Blanket was Unrolled — A Dramatic Scene — Little Acrobats — Helpless Little Sufferers — Specious Pleas of Criminal Lawyers — Inhuman Parents — A Lovely Face Hidden under Filth and Clotted Blood — Extreme Cruelty — A Fit Subject for the Lash — Restored to Home at Last — A Sad Case — "Before and After" — Two Boy Tramps — Driven from Home — Cases of Special Brutality — Shivering from Fright — Wild-Eyed Children — A Fresh Arrival at the Society's Rooms — "Everything Must be Burned" — "He is Alive" — The First Sleep in a Bed — A Life of Pain — A Drunken Mother of Seven Children — Unspeakable Horrors — A Lily from a Dung-Heap — The Sale of Liquor to Children — Children as Fierce as Starved Dogs — Terrible Tortures, 170

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSION WORK IN TOUGH PLACES — SEEKING TO SAVE — A LEAF FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ALL-NIGHT MISSIONARY — RESCUE WORK IN THE SLUMS.

The Cremorne Mission — A Piteous Cry for Help — "Lock me up" — Mrs. McAuley's Prayer — A Convert from the Lowest Depths — Ragged Kitty, the News Girl — Marks of a Mother's Cruelty — "Let me out" — "I Want me Pat" — Distressing Scenes — "Mashing" the Baby — Begging for Shelter and Warmth — An All-Night Missionary's Story — A Baxter Street Audience — "Roll, Jordan, Roll!" — Story of Welsh Jennie — A Mother's Love — "She is Dead" — Seeking to Save — A Midnight Tour through Dens of Vice and Misery — Horrible Sights — An Emblem of Purity in the Midst of Vice — "It's no Use! It's no Use!" — "Don't you Know me Mother? I am your Jennie" — Affecting Meeting of a Mother and her Erring Daughter — Old Michael's Story — Fifty-three Years in Prisons, . . 185

CHAPTER IX.

THE SLUMS BY NIGHT—THE UNDER-WORLD OF NEW YORK—
LIFE AND SCENES IN DENS OF INFAMY AND CRIME—NIGHT
REFUGES FOR WOMEN—FAST LIFE—CHRISTIAN WORK
AMONG OUTCASTS.

A Nocturnal Population—Dens of Infamy—Gilded Palaces of Sin—The
Open Door to Ruin—Worst Phases of Night Life—Barred Doors and
Sliding Panels—Mysterious Disappearances—The Bowery by Night—
Free-and-Easys and Dime Museums—A Region of the Deepest Poverty
and Vice—Vice the First Product, Death the Second—Nests of Crime—
The Sleeping Places of New York's Outcasts—Lowering Brows and Evil
Eyes—The Foxes, Wolves, and Owls of Humanity—Thieves and Nook-
and-Corner Men—Women with Bent Heads and Despairing Eyes—One
More Victim—Night Tramps—A Class that Never Goes to Bed—The
Beautiful Side of Womanhood—Girls' Lodging-Houses—Homes for the
Homeless—Gratitude of Saved Women—The Work of the Night
Refuges, 208

CHAPTER X.

NIGHT MISSION WORK—NEW YORK STREETS AFTER DARK—
RESCUE WORK AMONG THE FALLEN AND DEGRAVED—
SEARCHING FOR THE LOST—AN ALL-NIGHT MISSIONARY'S
EXPERIENCE.

The "Bloody Sixth Ward"—Hoodlums—The Florence Night Mission—
Where the Inmates Come from—A Refuge for Fallen Women—
Searching for Lost Daughters—Low Concert Halls—Country Boys
Who "Come in Just to See"—A Brand Plucked from the Burning—
Old Rosa's Den of Villainy—In the Midst of Vice and Degradation—
Rescue Work Among the Fallen—Accordeon Mary—"Sing! Sing!"
—Gospel Service in a Stale-Beer Dive—The Fruits of One False Step
—Scenes in Low Dance-Halls and Vile Resorts—Painted Wrecks—An
All-Night Missionary's Experience—Saving a Despised Magdalen—A
Perilous Moment—The Story of Nellie Conroy—Rescued from the
Lowest Depths of Sin—Nine Years in the Slums—The Christian End
of a Misspent Life—Nearing the River—Nellie's Death—Who Was
E—M—?—Twenty-four Years a Tramp—Last Words, . . . 224

CHAPTER XI.

GOSPEL WORK IN THE SLUMS—AN ALL-NIGHT MISSIONARY'S
LIFE—A MIDNIGHT CURBSTONE MEETING—UP SHINBONE
ALLEY.

A Midnight Curbstone Meeting—A Confidence Game that Failed to Work
—An Astonished Thief—"You Ought to be a Christian"—"Will
Christ Pay my Rent?"—A Midnight Sermon—One of the Devil's
Family—Sowing Seed on Stony Ground—"If I'd only Stuck to Sun-
day School"—Dark and Dirty Pell Street—Five-Cent Lodging-Houses
—Shinbone Alley At Three o'clock in the Morning—A Typical Street
Boy—One of the Gang—"Snoozin'" on a Beer Keg—A Suspicious
Looking Wagon—A Whispered Consultation—"Corkey" from "Up
de River"—Fallen among Thieves—A Deep Laid Plot—A Thirsty
Crowd of Desperate Roughs—The Story of the Cross and the Dying
Thief—A Speechless Audience—"De Fust to Preach Religion rou' dese
Corners"—"Wal, I'm Blowed"—Caught by the Great Detective, 247

THE PAPER.

THE paper on which this book is printed was made specially to order *for this particular book*, and is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be made strictly of "all rags," no wood pulp, paper shavings, or clay being used in it. ¶ It is an *A No. 1 paper, the best that can be made*. Notice how very firm and how fine and smooth it is. ¶ So, too, the paper used for the full-page engravings is expensive coated paper made specially to order. Compare it with that used in any other book. It is the same kind, both in quality and price, as that occasionally used for the fine frontispiece engravings in Harper's, the Century, and Scribner's Magazines, and is *much heavier* than is used by *any* of these periodicals.

CHAPTER XII.

SHOP-GIRLS AND WORKING WOMEN—THE GREAT ARMY OF NEW YORK POOR—LIFE UNDER THE GREAT BRIDGE—THE BITTER CRY OF NEW YORK.

Shop-Girls and their Lives—Workers in all Trades—Aching Heads and Tired Feet—The Comforts of Old Shoes—Women in Rags who Sew Silk and Velvet—Stories of Want and Misery—Life among the Very Poor—Working Fourteen Hours for Thirty Cents—The Luxury of Sixty Cents a Day—Skeletons at Work—Brutal Sweaters—Grinding the Faces of the Poor—Human Ghouls Who Drink Blood and Eat Flesh—“Poor Folks Can’t Have Much Rostin’ nor Fine Doin’s”—How Norah Cooked the Steak—“Beans!”—Tea Like Lye—People who have “Known Better Days”—Life Under the Great Bridge—Turning Night into Day—Cries of Despair—Want and Woe—Hope Never Dies—Living on Porridge at Six Cents a Day—Fearful Scenes—Starving Body and Soul—“Never Better, Always Worse and Worse”—The Sorrow of the Poor, . 255

CHAPTER XIII.

HOSPITAL LIFE IN NEW YORK—A TOUR THROUGH THE WARDS OF OLD BELLEVUE—AFFECTING SCENES—THE MORGUE AND ITS SILENT OCCUPANTS.

Wealth and Misery Side by Side—Training Schools for Nurses—A “Hurry” Call—The Ambulance Service—Prejudice against Hospitals—A Place where the Doctors Cut up Folks Alive—Taken to the Dead-House—“Soon they will be Cuttin’ him up”—Etherizing a Patient—A Painless and Bloodless Operation—A Patient Little Sufferer—Ministering Angels—Cutting off a Leg in Fifteen Seconds—A Swift Amputation—Miraculous Skill—Thanking the Doctor for Hastening the End—“Those Last Precious, Painless Hours”—A Child’s Idea of Heaven—“Who Will Mind the Baby”—Flowers in Heaven—The Morgue—Its Silent Occupants—The Prisoners’ Cage—Searching for her Son—An Affecting Meeting—“Charlie, Mother is Here”—“Too Late, Too Late”—A Pathetic Scene, 279

CHAPTER XIV.

FLOWER MISSIONS AND THE FRESH AIR FUND—THE DISTRIBUTION OF FLOWERS AMONG THE SICK AND POOR—ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Along the River Front—A Dangerous Locality—First Lessons in Thieving—Headquarters of River Pirates—The Influence of Flowers in a Region of Vice and Crime—Fighting Bad Smells with Good Ones—A Magic Touch—Bud and Bloom in the Windows of the Poor—Flowers and Plants in Tumble-Down Houses and Tenement Rookeries—Distributing Flowers Among the Sick—Flowers in Hospitals—The Story of a Bunch of Buttercups—Children Carrying Flowers to Bed with Them—“The Pansy Man”—Taking Flowers out for a Walk—Effect of Flowers on a Sick Child—The Story of “Long Sal” and Her Geranium—A Female Terror—Going out to “Catch Raspberries”—Slum Children’s First Week in the Country—A Suspicious Mother—Rich Results from Two Dollars a Week—“Ain’t They God’s?” 305

CHAPTER XV.

A DAY IN A FREE DISPENSARY—RELIEVING THE SUFFERING POOR—MISSIONARY NURSES AND THEIR WORK—A TOUCHING STORY.

From Hod-Carrying to Alderman—Leavening the Whole Lump—A Great Charity—Filthy but Thrifty—A Day at the Eastern Dispensary—Diseases Springing from Want and Privation—A Serious Crowd—Sifting out Impostors—The Children's Doctor—Forlorn Faces—A Doomed Family—A Scene on the Stairs—Young Roughts and Women with Blackened Eyes—A Labor of Love—Dread of Hospitals—"They Cut You Open Before the Breath is out of Your Body"—The Black Bottle—Sewing up a Body and Making a Great Pucker in the Seam—A Missionary Nurse—A Tale of Destitution, Sickness, and Death—A Pathetic Appeal—A Starving Family—Just in Time—Heartbroken—A Fight with Death—"Work is all I Want"—A Merciful Release, 318

CHAPTER XVI.

LIFE BEHIND THE BARS—A VISIT TO THE TOMBS—SCENES WITHIN PRISON WALLS—RAYS OF LIGHT ON A DARK PICTURE.

The Tombs—A Gloomy Prison—The Bridge of Sighs—Murderers' Row—The Procession to the Gallows—"Flop Flop, Flop Flop"—"Many Would Give a V to see it"—Bummers' Hall—Aristocratic Prisoners—Prison Routine—Remarkable Escapes of Prisoners—The Dreary Station-House Cell—A Bitter Cry—The Value of "Infloence"—Shyster Lawyers—Poverty-Stricken Men, Women, and Children—A Wife's Pitiful Plea—Tales of Destitution and Misery—Sad Cases—A Noble Woman—An Unheeded Warning—Bribery, Corruption, and Extortion—A Day in the Police Courts—How Justice is Administered—A Judge's Strange and Thrilling Story—"Give me my Pound of Flesh," 335

CHAPTER XVII.

LURKING PLACES OF SIN—FACE TO FACE WITH CRIME—CELLAR HAUNTS AND UNDERGROUND RESORTS OF CRIMINALS—THE STORY OF JIM, AN EX-CONVICT.

The Slums of New York—Cellar Harbors for Criminals—Face to Face with Crime—Old Michael Dunn—A Tour through Criminal Haunts—Jim Tells the Story of his Life—Sleeping in Packing Boxes, Boilers, and Water Pipes—My Visit to one of his Hiding Places—A Thrilling Experience in a Damp and Mouldy Cellar—Locked in—A Mad Fight for Life—Floating on a Plank—Underground Resorts of Pickpockets and Thieves—How River Thieves Operate—A Midnight Expedition—An Evil Region—Young Ruffians and Sneak Thieves—Patrolling the Streets at Night—The Policeman's Story—Open Vice of Every Form—Lurking Places of Criminals—Sneak Thieves—Dangerous Localities—"Hell's Kitchen," . 352

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—THE DREGS OF A GREAT CITY—WHERE CRIMINALS, PAUPERS, AND LUNATICS ARE CARED FOR—A CONVICT'S DAILY LIFE—"DRINK'S OUR CURSE."

The "Tub of Misery"—A Miserable Sight—Gutter-Soaked Rags and Matted Hair—Rounders—Terrible Scenes—Insanity in Handcuffs—Results of Trying to "See Life" in New York—Aristocrats in Crime—Appeals for Mercy—Sounds that Make the Blood Run Cold—White Heads Brought Low—A Pandemonium—Vermin-Infested Clothes—Insane from the "Horrors"—Suicides—"Famine Meal"—Odd Delusions and Beliefs of the Insane—The Queen of Heaven—The Mother of Forty-five Children—Snakes in his Stomach—"Oh, Lord! They're Squirring Again"—A Contented Tinker—Waiting for the River to Dry up—"For the Love of God, Bring me a Coffin"—A Ghoul in the Dead-House—An Irish Philosopher—The Penitentiary—Daily Life of Prisoners—A Hard Fate—Convict Labor—Secret Communications between Prisoners, 362

CHAPTER XIX.

HEAVENLY CHARITIES—SISTER IRENE'S MYSTERIOUS BASKET—HOMES FOR FOUNDLINGS AND LITTLE WAIFS.

Sister Irene—A Modern Good Samaritan—A Mysterious Little Basket—Its First Appearance—"What Can it be for?"—Its First Tiny Occupant—Crouching in the Shadow—An Agonizing Parting—Babies Abandoned on the Street—Broken-Hearted Mothers—A "Rent-Baby"—A "Run-Around"—How Sister Irene's Basket Grew into a Six-Story Building—Fatherless Children—Babies of all Kinds—How the Record of each Baby is Kept—Curious Requests for Children for Adoption—"Wanted, a Nice Little Red-Headed Boy"—An Inquiry for a Girl with a "Pretty Nose"—"Going to Meet Papa and Mamma"—The Sunny Side of the Work—The Darker Side of the Picture—Pain and Suffering—Worn Little Faces—The Babies' Hospital—Free Cribs for Little Sufferers, 381

CHAPTER XX.

ITALIAN LIFE IN NEW YORK—SCENES IN THE GREAT BEND IN MULBERRY STREET—HOMES OF FILTH AND SQUALOR.

The Home of the Organ-Grinder and his Monkey—Italian Child Slavery—Begging, or Honest Occupation—Grinding Poverty—An Italian's First View of New York—Flashing Eyes and Gay-Colored Raiment—Fatalists—The Great Bend in Mulberry Street—Mouldy Bread and Skinny Poultry—Tainted Meat and Ancient Fish—Unbearable Odors—Rotten Vegetables and Rancid Butter—Strong Flavors in Cooking—The Beehive—Bones, Garbage, and Rags—Squalid and Filthy Homes—Swarming in Great Tenement Houses—Maccaroni and Oil—The Monkey-Trainer—Rag-Pickers in Cellars and Basements—How the Italians Live—Smashed Eggs by the Spoonful—"Little Italy," 398

CHAPTER XXI.

SHANTYTOWN AND ITS DWELLERS—LIFE AMONG NEW YORK SQUATTERS—CHARACTERISTIC SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

The Land of Hans and Pat—A Fertile Field for Artists—The March of Improvement—German Patience and Industry—Pat's Fondness for White-wash—An Accommodating Style of Architecture—Growing up in Shantytown—Nora says "Yes"—Sudden Evictions—The Possibilities of Old Junk—A Persistent Landholder; His Home Blasted from under him—Making the Most of a Little—The Living among the Dead—The Animals of Shantytown—Dogs and Goats as Breadwinners—The Pound—The Aristocracy of the Tenement-Houses—An Irish Landholder—The Stuff Aldermen are Made of—Rapid Rises from Small Beginnings—Cleaning out the Shanties—The Shadow which Overhangs Shantytown, 411

CHAPTER XXII.

UNDERGROUND LIFE IN NEW YORK—CELLAR AND SHED LODGINGS—DENS OF THE VICIOUS AND DEPRAVED—STARTLING SCENES.

Life in Basements and Cellars—Underground Lodging Places—Where Outcasts and Vagrants Congregate—The Worst Forms of Crime, Immorality, and Drunkenness—Sleeping Over Tide Mud—Afloat in Their Beds—A Visit to Casey's Den—A Rope for a Pillow—Packed Like Herrings—Pestilential Places—A Blear-Eyed Crowd—"Full"—Five in a Bed—"Thim's Illigant Beds"—Sickening Sights—Cellar Scenes—Rum Three Cents a Glass—"It's the Vermin that's the Worst"—Standing up all Night—Floors of Rotten Boards—Dreadful Surroundings—Things that Creep and Bite—A "Shake-Down"—The Home of Criminals and Beggars—"Three Cents a Spot"—A Five-Cent Bed—"In God we Trust; All Else is Cash"—The Saloon and the Lodging-House on Friendly Terms—An Army of Impecunious People, 420

CHAPTER XXIII.

JACK ASHORE—AN EASY PREY FOR LAND-SHARKS AND SHARPERS—LIFE ON THE "ST. MARY'S" AND AT THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

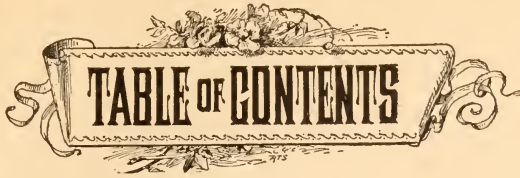
The Universal Love for the Sea—Sailor Life—A Tale of Shipwreck and Starvation—An Unconscious Hero—An Old Sailor's Story—"I Smelled the Sea an' Heard it"—A Voice from the Waves—"Jack, Jack, You Ain't in your Right Place"—Jack's Curious Character—His Credulity and Simplicity—The Prey of Land-Sharks and Sharpers—Sailors' Temptations—Dens of Robbery and Infamy—Life in Sailors' Boarding-Houses—The Seamen's Exchange—A Boy's Life on the School Ship "St. Mary's"—Bethels and Seamen's Homes—Life at the Sailors' Snug Harbor—A Sailor-Clergyman—Fried Fish for Eight Hundred—The Cripples' Room—"A Case of Pure Cussedness"—Admiral Farragut and Old Jim—Bane and Antidote Side by Side—Ending their Days in Peace—Jack Awaiting the Ebbing of the Tide, 434

THE TYPE AND PLATES.

THE sample pages in this canvassing-book are taken at random from the complete book. The complete work will contain 740 pages like these, illustrated with 251 superb illustrations, of which only a very few are shown here. Notice the print! This type was made specially for this book by Farmer, Little & Co., the great type foundry in New York. It is clear and beautiful, good for old eyes and young ones, too.

The plates and engravings cost nearly \$30,000. The publishers might have got them up for *one thousand* if they had wished to produce an inferior book, or had used old or second-hand cuts. The 250 splendid illustrations in this work are *entirely original*. They were made from special photographs, taken *expressly for this work from real life*. These photographs can be seen at any time at the publisher's office by any interested party.





PART II.

BY

Thos. W. Knox.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STREET LIFE—THE BOWERY BY DAY AND BY NIGHT—LIFE IN BAXTER AND CHATHAM STREETS.

A Street Where Silence Never Reigns—Where Poverty and Millions Touch Elbows—“Sparrow-Chasers”—Fifth Avenue—The Home of Wealth and Fashion—Life on the Bowery—Pit and Peanuts—Pelted with Rotten Eggs—Concert Halls—Police Raids—Dime Museums and their Freaks—Fraud and Impudence—Outcasts of the Bowery—Beer Gardens—Slums of the Bowery—Night Scenes on the Streets—Pickpockets and Crooks—Ragpickers and their Foul Trade—“The Black and Tan”—A Dangerous Place—“Makin’ a Fortin’”—“Razors in the Air”—“Keep yer Jints Well Iled”—The Old Clo’ Shops of Chatham Street—Blarney and Cheating, 459

CHAPTER XXV.

TRAINING-SCHOOLS OF CRIME—DRINK, THE ROOT OF EVIL—GREAT RESPONSIBILITY OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC FOR CRIME—PLAIN FACTS AND STARTLING STATEMENTS.

The Ancestry of Crime—Effects of Heredity—Intemperance the Root of Evil—Pest-Holes of New York—Conceived in Sin and Born in Iniquity—Where Criminals are Born and How They are Bred—Parents, Children, and Geese Herded in a Filthy Cellar—Necessity the Mother of Crime—Driven to Stealing—The Petty Thieving of Boys and Girls—How the Stove is Kept Going—Problems for Social Reformers—Dens of Thieves and Their Means of Escape—Gangs and Their Occupations—Pawn-Shops and “Fences”—Eight Thousand Saloons to Four Hundred Churches—Liquor-Dealers as Criminals—A Detective’s Experience on Mott Street—A Mother’s Plea—A Cautious Countryman—An Unsafe Place at Night—A Child’s First Lessons in Crime—Cheap Lodging-Houses—Foul Beds and Noisy Nights, . . . 476

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK—THE DETECTIVE FORCE AND ITS WORK—SHADOWS AND SHADOWING—SLEUTH-HOUNDS OF THE LAW.

- A Building that is Never Closed—Police-Station Lodgings—Cutting his Buttons off—A Dramatic Scene—Teaching the Tenderfeet—The Duties of a Policeman—Inquiries for Missing Friends—Mysterious Cases—Clubbing—Night-Clubs and Billies—Scattering a Mob—Calling for Assistance—Watching Strangers—“Tom and Jerry” in a Soup Plate—The Harbor Police—The Great Detective Force and its Head—Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes—Sketch of his Career—A Proud Record—His Knowledge of Crooks and their Ways—Keeping Track of Thieves and Criminals—Establishing a “Dead Line” in Wall Street—Human Depravity and Human Impudence—The Rogues’ Gallery—Shadows and Shadowing—Unraveling Plots—Skillful Detective Work—Extorting the Truth—The Museum of Crime—What May Be Seen There—Disappearance of Old Thieves—Rising Young Criminals, 498

CHAPTER XXVII.

FIRE! FIRE!—THE LIFE OF A NEW YORK FIREMAN—THE SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION AND THE LIFE-SAVING CORPS.

- The Volunteer Fire Department of ye Olden Time—How Barnum’s Show Was Interrupted—A Comical Incident—Indians and Red-Coats at a Fire—The Bowery B’hoys—Soap-Locks—The School of Instruction and the Life-Saving Corps—Daily Drill in the Use of Life-Saving Appliances—Wonderful Feats on the Scaling-Ladder—The Jumping-Net—Thrilling Scenes and Incidents—The Life-Line Gun—Fire-Department Horses—Their Training—A Hospital for Sick and Injured Horses—A Night Visit to an Engine-House—Keeping up Steam—Automatic Apparatus—How Firemen Sleep—Sliding Down the Pole—The Alarm—Fire! Fire!—A Quick Turn-Out—Intelligent Horses—The Fire-Alarm System—Answering an Alarm in Seven Seconds—A Thrilling Sight—Signal-Boxes and How they are Used—The Perils of a Fireman’s Life, 526

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHINESE QUARTER OF NEW YORK—BEHIND THE SCENES IN CHINATOWN—“JOHN” AND HIS CURIOUS WAYS—A NIGHT VISIT TO AN OPIUM JOINT.

- The Chinese Junk “Key-Ying”—The Heart of the Chinese Community in New York—A Race of Gamblers—A Trip through Chinatown with a Detective—A Raid on a Gambling-House—Spotting the Players—The Opium Habit—A Chinese Drugstore—Marvelous Remedies—A Wonderful Bill of Fare—A Visit to a Joss-House—An Opium Smoker’s “Lay-Out”—The Value of an Opium Pipe—A Night Visit to an Opium-Joint—Carefully-Guarded Doors—How Admission is Gained—The Peep-Hole—Cunning Celestials—Scenes in the Smoking-Room—Victims of the Opium Habit—First Experiences at Hitting the Pipe—A Terrible Longing—A Woman’s Experience—White Opium Fiends—Sickening Scenes—Aristocratic Smokers—Cost of Opium—Spread of the Opium Habit—Solitary Indulgence in the Vice—Certain Death the Result, 549

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY—MOCK AUCTIONS, BOGUS HORSE SALES AND OTHER TRAPS FOR THE UNWARY—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

Ingenious Lawyers—Swindling Advertisements—Mock Auctions—My Own Experience—Mr. Barmore's Purchases—Socks "By the Dozen"—A Stool-Pigeon—The Merchant from Trenton—I am Trapped—A Sudden Cessation of Business—Putting it down to Experience—Perennial Buyers—What "By the Dozen" Means—A Mean Swindle—Easily Taken in—Base Counterfeits—Bogus Horse-Dealers—The Gentleman "Just Going to Europe"—A "Private Stable"—A Considerate Horse-Owner—Business-Like Methods—A Breathless Stranger Arrives on the Scene—"Anderson of New Haven"—A Chance to Make Fifty Dollars in Five Minutes—A Warm Discussion—A "Doctored" Horse—A Trusty Groom—A Critical Inspection—Arrival of Mr. Wakeman—"Dr. Bryan's" Office—"Just Around the Corner"—Looking for the Doctor—Tears and Smiles, 574

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BEGGARS OF NEW YORK—TRAMPS, CHEATS, HUMBUGS, AND FRAUDS—INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES—VICTIMS FROM THE COUNTRY.

The Incomes of Professional Beggars—Resorts of Tramps—Plausible Tales—A Scotch Fraud—My Adventure with him—A Plaintive Appeal—A Transparent Yarn—A Disconcerted Swindler—Claiming Relationship—An Embarrassing Position—Starting to Walk to Boston—A Stricken Conscience—Helping my Poor Relation—Thanks an Inch Thick—Female Frauds—"Gentlemen Tramps"—A Famishing Man—Eating Crusts out of the Gutter—A Tale of Woe—A Fraud with a Crushed Leg and a Starving Family—A Distressing Case—The Biter Bitten—The Californian with a Wooden Leg—The Rattle-Snake Dodge—"Old Aunty" and her Methods—"God Bless You, Deary"—Blind Frauds and Humbugs—Easily Taken in—My Experience with a Bunco-Steerer, 584

CHAPTER XXXI.

"UP THE SPOUT"—PAWN-BROKERS AND THEIR WAYS—A VISIT TO THE SHOP OF "MY UNCLE"—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

"My Uncle"—A Cold-Blooded Friendship—Royal Pawnners—Buried Treasure—A Sharp Lot—Slang of the Trade—Putting a Watch "in Soak"—The Three Gold Balls of the Pawnbroker's Sign—An Anxious Customer—A Cautious Tradesman—How a Sharper Got the Better of his "Uncle"—The "Office"—A Heart-Hardening Trade—Making a Raise—How I Pawned my Watch—A Friend in Need—Simon's Indignation—A Sudden Fall in Values—Suspected of Knavery—Pawning Stolen Goods—Police Regulations—Selling Unredeemed Pledges—What the "Spout" is—"Hanging Up"—One Way of Selling Goods—Fraudulent Pawning—Tales that Pledges Might Unfold—From Affluence to the Potter's Field—Drink the Mainspring of the Pawnbroker's Success, 603

CHAPTER XXXII.

STREET VENDERS AND SIDEWALK MERCHANTS—HOW SKIN GAMES AND PETTY SWINDLES ARE PLAYED—“BEATIN’ THE ANGELS FOR LYIN’.”

Dirty Jake — A Silent Appeal — A Melancholy Face — Three Dollars a Day for Lungs and Tongue — Stickfast’s Glue — A Windy Trade — A Couple of Rogues — Spreading Dismay and Consternation — Partners in Sin — Sly Confederates in the Crowd — How to Sell Kindling-Wood — A Mean Trick and How it is Played — A Skin Game in Soap — Frail Human Nature — Petty Swindles — Drawing a Crowd — “The Great Chain-Lightnin’ Double-Refined, Centennial, Night-Bloomin’ Serious Soap” — Spoiling Thirteen Thousand Coats — The Patent Grease-Eradicator — Inspiring Confidence — “Beatin’ the Angels for Lyin’” — A Sleight of Hand Performance — “They Looks Well, an’ They’re Cheap, . . . 614

CHAPTER XXXIII.


GAMBLERS AND GAMBLING — A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO GAMBLING-HOUSES OF HIGH AND LOW DEGREE — A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Flourishing Evil — A Night Visit to a Fashionable Gambling-House — How Entrance is Gained — “All Right, Charley” — Magnificent Midnight Suppers — Midnight Scenes — Who Pays the Bills? — A Secret Understanding — One Hundred and Eighteen Thousand Dollars Lost in Eight Hours — Dissipating a Fortune — Buried in a Pauper’s Grave — “Square” Games and “Skin” Games — Fleecing a Victim at Faro — How it is Done — Ingenuity of Sharpers — Drugged and Robbed — “Dead Men Tell no Tales” — A Tale that the Rivers Might Unfold — A Club-House with Unknown Members — The Downfall of Hundreds of Young Men — Why Employers are Robbed — An Interesting Photograph — A “Full Night” — Gambling-Houses for Boys — Confidence Men — “Sleepers” — Low Gambling-Houses — “Lookouts” — “Every Man for Himself,” 628

WHAT THE PUBLISHERS GUARANTEE.

Subscribers please notice:—

1st. The Publishers of this new and important book desire to state to subscribers that each copy delivered shall be fully equal to the standard of the Agent's canvassing-book; *otherwise those who order the work need not feel bound to accept or pay for the same.*

2d. This work is sold *only* to those who order it in advance of publication through regularly appointed agents.  *It is not, nor will it ever be, placed on sale in any bookstore.*



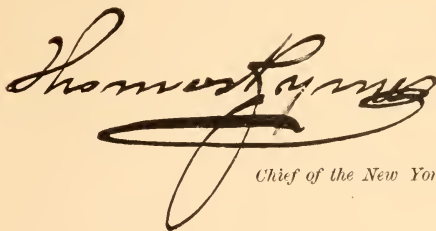
 Our agents are instructed to leave a card with every subscriber embodying the above guarantee and stating the price of the volume.  Subscribers will please notice that *if this work is not just as good as represented by this Canvassing-book, in every particular, then they need not feel under the slightest obligation to receive or pay for the volume when it is delivered.*



TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART III.

BY



Chief of the New York Detective Bureau.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LOW LODGING-HOUSES OF NEW YORK—PLACES THAT FOSTER CRIME AND HARBOR CRIMINALS—DENS OF THIEVES.

The Breeding-Places of Crime—Dens of Thieves—How Boys and Young Men from the Country are Lured to Ruin—From the Lodging-House to the Gallows—A Night's Lodging for Three Cents—Low, Dirty, and Troublesome Places—Hotbeds of Crime—Leaves from my own Experience—Illustrative Cases—A Forger's Crime and its Results—A Unique Photograph—The Pride of a Bowery Tough—"Holding up" a Victim—The Importation of Foreign Criminals—A Human Ghoul—How Ex-Convicts Drift back into Crime—The Descent into the Pit—Black Sheep, 645

CHAPTER XXXV.

SCIENTIFIC BURGLARS AND EXPERT CRACKSMEN—HOW BANK-VAULTS AND SAFES ARE OPENED AND ROBBED—THE TOOLS, PLANS, OPERATIONS, AND LEADERS OF HIGHLY-BRED CRIMINALS.

An Important Profession—Highly-Bred Rogues—The Lower Ranks of Thieves—Professional Bank-Burglars and their Talents—Misspent Years—A Startling Statement about Safes—The Race between Burglars and Safe-builders—How Safes are Opened—Mysteries of the Craft—Safe-Blowing—How Combination Locks are Picked—A Delicate Touch—Throwing Detectives off the Scent—A Mystery for Fifteen Years—Leaders of Gangs—Conspiring to Rob a Bank—Working from an Adjoining Building—Disarming Suspicion—Shadowing Bank Officers—Working through the Cashier—Making False and Duplicate Keys—The Use of High Explosives—Safe-Breakers and their Tools—Ingenious Methods of Expert Criminals—Opening a Safe in Twenty Minutes—Fagin and his Pupils—Taking Impressions of Store Locks in Wax—Teaching Young Thieves, 657

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BANK SNEAK-THIEVES AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS—PLOTS AND SCHEMES FOR ROBBING MONEYED INSTITUTIONS—A DARING LOT OF ROGUES.

Characteristics of Bank Sneak-Thieves—Rogues of Education and Pleasing Address—Nervy Criminals of Unlimited Cheek—How Bank Thieves Work—Some of their Exploits—Carefully Laid Plots—Extraordinary Attention to Details—A Laughable Story—A Wily Map-Peddler—Escaping with Twenty Thousand Dollars—A New Clerk in a Bank—Watching for Chances—A Decidedly Cool Thief—A Mysterious Loss—A Good Impersonator—Watching a Venerable Coupon-Cutter—Story of a Tin Box—Mysterious Loss of a Bundle of Bonds—How the Loss was Discovered Three Months Afterwards—An Astonished Old Gentleman—A Clerk in an Ink-Bedabbled Duster—How the Game is Worked in Country Banks—Unsuspecting Cashiers—Adroit Rogues, . . . 672

CHAPTER XXXVII.

COMMON HOUSEBREAKERS—THIEVES WHO LAUGH AT LOCKS AND BOLTS—RECEIVERS OF STOLEN GOODS—HOW A "FENCE" IS CONDUCTED.

Useless Locks and Bolts—The Sneak-Thief and His Methods—Masks on Their Faces and Murder in Their Hearts—Faithless Servants—Frightened Sleepers—Criminals but Cowards—Scared Away by Rats—Dogging Their Victims Home—Thefts of Diamonds—Second-Story Thieves—Pillaging Houses During the Supper Hour—Ranks in Crime—Hotel and Boarding-House Thieves—Unsuspecting Prey—A Hotel Thief's Tools and Methods—A Man Who Laughs at Bolts and Bars—A Bewildering Mystery—Manipulating a Thumb-Bolt—Watching the Hotel Register—Disastrous Female Vanity—Why the Boarder did not go Down to Dinner—Prompt to Escape but Hard to Track—How Stolen Property is Disposed of—Receivers or "Fences," . . . 679

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ROGUES' GALLERY—WHY THIEVES ARE PHOTOGRAPHED—TELL-TALE SIGNS—PECULIARITIES OF CRIMINALS.

"Where Have I Seen That Man Before?"—Who is it?—A Sudden Look of Recognition—A Notorious Burglar in Fashion's Throng—A Swell-Cracksman—The Rogues' Gallery—Its Object and its Usefulness—How Criminals Try to Cheat the Camera—How Detectives Recognize Their Prey—Ineffaceable Tell-Tale Signs—The Art of Deception—Human Vanity Before the Camera—Slovenly Criminals—Flash Criminals—The Weaknesses of Criminals—Leading Double Lives—A Strange Fact—Criminals Who are Model Husbands and Fathers at Home—Some Good Traits in Criminals—Mistaken Identity—Peculiarities of Dress—A Mean Scoundrel—Picking Pockets at Wakes and Funerals—A Solemn Looking Pair of Rascals—The Lowest Type of Criminals. 689

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CUNNING SHOPLIFTERS AND SKILLFUL PICKPOCKETS—FEMALE OPERATORS AND HOW THEY WORK—YIELDING TO SUD- DEN TEMPTATIONS.

- A Congenial Crime for Women—An Open Field for the Shoplifter—The Shoplifter's Dress and its Many Pockets—A Detective's Ruse—Working with a Confederate—Kleptomaniacs—Conscience Stifled by Cupidity—Detection, and its Results—An Adroit Thief and his Wonderful Bag—Working in Gangs—Swallowing Gems—Pickpockets and their Rovings—Personal Appearance of Pickpockets—How a Woman lay Concealed for Years—Working under a Shawl or Overcoat—The Use of the Knife—An Overcoat without Pockets—Robberies at Churches and Funerals—“Working” Horse-Cars and Railroad Trains—Quarrels among Thieves—How a Victim Betrays Himself to the Gang—“Working a Crowd”—A Delicate Touch—Signals between Confederates—Stealing Watches, 698

CHAPTER XL.

FORGERS AND THEIR METHODS--WILY DEVICES AND BRAINY SCHEMES OF A DANGEROUS CLASS—TRICKS ON BANKS—HOW BUSINESS MEN ARE DEFRAUDED.

- A Crime That is Easily Perpetrated, and Detected with Difficulty—Professional Forgers—Men of Brains—Secret Workshops—Raising Checks—A Forger's Agents and Go-betweens—The Organization of a Gang—How They Cover Their Tracks—In the Clutches of Sharpers—The First Step in Crime—Various Methods of Passing Forged Paper—Paving the Way for an Operation—Dangerous Schemes—Daring and Clever Forgeries—Interesting Cases—How Banks are Defrauded—Establishing Confidence with a Bank—A Smart Gang—Altering and Raising Checks and Drafts—How Storekeepers and Business Men are Defrauded—Cashing a Burnt Check—Crafty and Audacious Forgers—A Great Plot Frustrated—Deceiving the Head of a Foreign Detective Bureau—A Remarkable Story—Startling and Unexpected News, 711

CHAPTER XLI.

FRAUDS EXPOSED—ACCOMPLISHED ADVENTURERS AND FASHIONABLE ADVENTURESSES—PEOPLE WHO LIVE BY THEIR WITS—GETTING A LIVING BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

- Human Harpies—Confiding Boarders—Relieving a Pretty Woman's Embarrassment—The Tables Turned—A Fashionable and Accomplished Adventuress—Swindlers in Society—Ingenuous Money-Making Schemes—“Engineering Beggars”—Plying a Miserable Trade—“Hushing it up for His Family's Sake”—Literary Blackmail—Practising upon Human Vanity—Matrimonial Advertising—A Matrimonial Bureau and its Victims—Bogus Detectives—A Mean and Contemptible Lot—Running with the Hare and Hunting with the Hounds—Getting a Living by Hook or by Crook—Shyster Lawyers—Quack Doctors Who “Cure All Diseases”—The Heraldic Swindler—Free-Lunchers and Floaters—Fortune-Tellers and Clairvoyants—Transparent Stratagems, . 721

CHAPTER XLII.

SHARPERS, CONFIDENCE-MEN AND BUNCO-STEERERS—WIDE
OPEN TRAPS—TRICKS OF "SAWDUST" AND "GREEN-
GOODS" DEALERS.

The Bunco-Steerer's Victims — Glib Talkers and Shrewd Thieves — Watching Incoming Trains and Steamers — Accomplished Swindlers — Personal Appearance of a Confidence Gang — Robbing the Same Man Twice — Headquarters of Bunco Men — Plausible Stories — Different Forms of Bunco Games — A Noted Bunco Operator — Hungry Joe and his Victims — How a Confiding Englishman was Robbed — The Three Card Trick — Arrest of "Captain Murphy's Nephew" — A Game of Bluff — Swindling an Episcopal Clergyman — Pumping a Victim Dry — Working the Panel-Game — A Green-Goods Man's Circular — The Spider's Instructions to the Fly — Seeking a Personal Interview — Victims from the Rural Districts — The Supreme Moment of the Game — Seeing the Victim off — Moral, 728

of life, its lights and shadows, sunshine and darkness; the misery and horror that surround the lowest forms of human existence in such a great city; the sights and scenes concealed by night and rarely revealed by the light of day are here faithfully depicted. The story will hold the reader's attention with a fascination greater than the tales of "Arabian Nights," or the weird fancies of "Monte Cristo."

If some of the incidents and experiences narrated here are painful, they should nevertheless be told, in order that the public may be brought face to face with life as it exists among the poor and criminal classes of the great metropolis. In his preface to "Oliver Twist," Charles Dickens truthfully says:—"I have yet to learn that a lesson of the purest good may not be drawn from the vilest evil. I have always believed this to be a recognized and established truth, laid down by the greatest men the world has ever seen, constantly acted upon by the best and wisest natures, and confirmed by the reason and experience of every thinking mind." In the following pages the reader will be taken up to the topmost garrets and down to the lowest cellars, in dens and hovels given over to thieves, and in tenements crowded by the poor. There is a Bill Sykes and a Nancy in scores of these places. Little girls are often sent for Nancy's gin, and little boys look up, half with awe and half with admiration, at Bill's flash style, and delight in gossip concerning his adventures as a pickpocket. Thus the constant association of the poor and criminal classes is steadily deadening in the former nearly all sense of right and wrong, and children are brought up in an atmosphere of crime.

Bad, however, as is the condition in which thousands of men, women, and children live in New York city, from the cradle to the grave, it is hoped that out of the very repulsiveness of this life a remedy may be found for some of the evils portrayed.

The text has been most carefully and very fully illustrated by upwards of two hundred and fifty engravings selected from nearly a thousand photographs taken from life especially for this volume. In the production of these remarkable illustra-

tions the sun has been chained to serve in giving faithful delineations of the life and scenes described; and not only the sun but the artificial flash-light as well, without the aid of which many of these pictures could not have been obtained.*

To the student of human nature, to the moralist and philosopher, to him who is a part of the active life of the city and feels its heart-throbs day by day, — to him whose home is in rural retreats, to the lover, yes, and the hater of his race, it is believed that the following pages will prove not only interesting but a mine of information and amusement, besides supplying material for profound thought. He who reads but to laugh will find what he seeks, as well as he who reads only that he may weep. The humorous side of life is depicted no less than its serious and pathetic phases; for among the poor there is humor as well as pathos, there is food for laughter as well as for tears, and the rays of God's sunshine lose their way now and again and bring light and gladness into the vilest of New York slums. The story ranges "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and tragedy and comedy are found side by side. The smile and the tear are often blended and succeed each other as darkness and daylight come and go as time rolls onward.


* See Publishers' Preface for full explanation of how the photographs were taken from which the illustrations in this volume were made.

PART I.

PART I was written by Mrs. Helen Campbell, the well-known author and philanthropist, a Christian woman and a brilliant writer, who has devoted the best years of her life to Christian work among the lower classes. She certainly was an officer commissioned of God, and "In His Name" ministered not only to the sick and the poor, but to degraded and desperate men and women in haunts of wickedness and vice. Her narrative is a thrilling record of mission work and Christian endeavor packed with pathetic and amusing experiences. Her account of Gospel work as now carried on in vile localities by converts from the lowest depths; of underground life in basements and cellars where lodgings may be had for "three cents a spot"; of child life in the slums; of homeless street boys; of hospital life, flower missions, etc., will chain the readers close attention from beginning to end.

Perhaps the strongest interest, however, centers around her experiences in tough places, in which she describes night life as it is in the great under world of New York. Her vivid account of night mission work, interspersed with pathetic incidents and heart-breaking scenes, shows the beautiful side of womanhood, as well as the reverse. Her description of how all-night missionaries and rescue bands search for the lost in stale-beer dives, in lodging cellars, and on the streets; of the wonderful power of the Gospel to move hard hearts and save the lost from the lowest depths; of the marvelous effect of familiar hymns sung in haunts of vice; of scenes in night refuges for women — noticeably the Florence Night Mission — is a story of profound and thrilling interest, that will bring tears to every eye.

She has often been asked to give this wonderful record to the world, but she has always declined to do so until now. Not long ago some of the most eminent men and women of the times urged her to write it, and she finally consented. This volume is the result, and it is the best testimony to the mighty power of the Gospel that was ever written.

 *The Gospel and Charity are the beacon lights of Mrs. Campbell's story.*



PART I.

BY

Helen Campbell.

CHAPTER I.

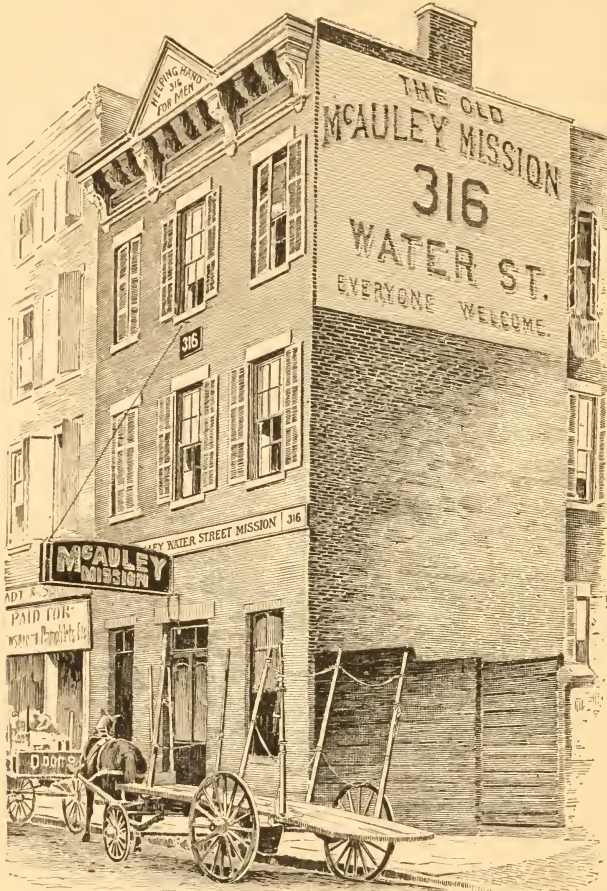
SUNDAY IN WATER STREET — HOMES OF REVELRY AND VICE —
SCENES IN THE MISSION ROOM — STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

Water Street, its Life and Surroundings — A Harvest Field for Saloons and Bucket-Shops — Dens of Abomination — Sunday Sights and Scenes — The Little Sign, "Helping Hand for Men" — Inside the Mission Building — An Audience of ex-Convicts and Criminals — A Tough Crowd — Jerry McAuley's Personal Appearance — A Typical Ruffian — A Shoeless and Hatless Brigade — Pinching Out the Name of Jesus — "God Takes what the Devil Would Turn up His Nose at" — "O, Dear-r, Dear-r, Dearie Me!" — Comical Scenes — Quaint Speeches — Screams and Flying Stove-Lids — A Child's Hymn — "Our Father in Heaven, We Hallow Thy Name" — Old Padgett — A Water Street Bum — "God be Merciful to Me a Sinner" — A Terrible Night in a Cellar — The Empty Arm-Chair.

FOR six days in the week the gray-fronted warehouses on Water Street, grim and forbidding, seem to hold no knowledge that Sunday can come. All the week, above the roar of heavy teams, and the shouts and oaths of excited drivers as wheels lock and traffic is for a moment brought to a standstill, one hears the roar of steam, the resounding beat of great hammers, the clash of metal as the iron plates take shape.

ment-house holds its quota of defrauded, vicious, and well-nigh hopeless human life!

A step or two farther, and the question is answered. A plain brick building shows itself; a carefully kept walk before



THE WATER STREET MISSION.

it. The wide doors are closed with a spring lock, and on the steps stands a policeman, waiving off the children and half-grown boys who make occasional rushes toward the building and smash its windows by volleys of stones. It is the Water Street Mission; and though the rare soul of its founder has passed on

to the larger life for which it waited, his work is still done as he planned at the beginning.

Jerry McAuley, born a thief, and with a lengthening record of crime; a bully, drunkard, and convict!—who does not know his story and the work of the thirteen years in which he labored for the ward in which he had grown up, and which he

Quaker bonnet, and announced herself an inveterate drunkard, I could not have been more profoundly amazed. I studied the sweet, steady face; not a line of it bearing any meaning but that of love and cheer and helpfulness, with an even, merry expression about the lips, that smiled involuntarily at the unexpected turns of thought and speech from one and another.

Half a dozen spring up at once, and sit down smiling, watching their turn. A flood of experience pours out, some eight or ten occupying not more than five minutes:

“I came in here fresh from a three-years term, and Jesus saved me.”

“Fifteen weeks ago to-night I rolled in here so drunk I couldn't stand, and God saved me that very night.”

“Eight months ago I was a wicked woman, none but God knows how wicked, though some here has had a taste of it, and Jesus saved *me*.”

Then a woman rose; a markedly Jewish face, and the strong accent of the German Jew.

“I bless Gott dat ever I come here. O, my tear friends, how vill I tell you how vicket I vas! So vicket! I schvear, und tell lies, und haf such a demper I trow de dishes at mine husband ven he come to eat. And I hated dem Christians so! I say, dey should be killed efery one. I would hurt dem if I could. One time a Bible reader she come und gif me a Bible. Ven I see de New Testament, I begin mit mine fingers, und efery day I pinch out de name of Jesus. It take a goot vhile. Efery day I haf to read so to see de name of Jesus, und efery day I pinch him out. Den at last it is all out und I am glad. Oh, vhat shame it makes me now to see dat Bible so! Den mine husband runs away und leaf me und de five children, und I cannot get vork enough, und ve go hungry. I vas in such drouble. Und one day mine neighbor comes, und she say, ‘Come mit me. I go to a nice place.’ All de time I remember some vords I read in dat Testament, und dey shtick to me. So I come, but I say, ‘I am a Jew, I like not to come.’ Dere vas a man, und he say he been a Jew, too, und I could spit on him; but den I begins to gry, I feels so queer, und den some

one say, 'Come; it vont hurt you to be prayed for,' but I say, 'Go away mit you, I vill not.' I keep comin'. It seem good, und at last I did understand, und I pray, un' beg eferybody pray. Oh, my sins are so big! I vant to lose dem. I vant to lofe Jesus! I keep prayin', und in one day dey are all gone. Oh, I am so happy. You vill not believe. I do not ever vant to schvear any more. No, not any more. I do not vant to holler und be mad. No, not any more. I do not vant to tell lies; no, not any more. Gott is so goot to me. I could not be vicket any more. Oh, pray for me, und help me to be goot."

At this point an interruption occurred. An old man in a sailor's blue shirt had taken his place among the rougher men near the door,—a man between sixty and seventy, with every mark of long dissipation. His hat was gone, as is often the case, and he had come from across the street barefoot, having pawned his shoes for a final drink. Heavy and gross; his nose bulging with rum-blossoms; his thin white hair gone in patches, like the forlorn mangy white dogs of this locality; trembling with weakness and incipient "horrors," and looking about with twinkling, uncertain blue eyes, he seemed one of the saddest illustrations of what the old Water Street had power to do. His seat had not satisfied him. Once or twice he had changed, and now he arose and stumbled up the aisle to the front, sitting down with a thump, and looking about curiously at the new faces. Jerry eyed him a moment, but apparently decided that the case at present needed no interference. The organ sounded the first notes of "The Sweet By and By," and the old man dropped his head upon his breast and shed a drunken tear. Then looking at Jerry, he said:

"O, dear-r, dear-r, dearie me! Here I be! here I be!" As the words ended, it seemed to occur to him that, like Mr. Wegg, he had "fallen into poetry unawares," and with great cheerfulness and briskness he repeated his couplet, looking about for approbation. One of the "regulars" came and sat down by him and whispered a few words.

"All right," was the prompt answer, and for a time he remained silent.

Another hymn, "Have you trials and temptations?" was sung, and another man stood up.

"I want to tell you, my friends, salt's salt, an' if the salt you salt with ain't salt, how you goin' to salt it?"

A pause, and the man, flushing deeply, sat down.

"You're tangled up, like, that's all," said Jerry. "I see well enough, you want us to be lively Christians; plenty o' seasonin', and no wishy-washiness. Ain't that it!"

"That's it," said the embarrassed speaker with a smile of relief, and another arose.

"I tell ye a man's passions ride up jest the way his collar does sometimes. You ever fought with your own shirt-collar, when a button's off an' it rides up an' rasps your ears an' skins your neck, an' you'd give half a dollar to keep it down? That's me, an' between tobacco, an' liquor, an' swearin', I tell ye I had more'n I could do. I thought I'd reform on me own hook. I didn't want no hangin' on to somebody's skirts an' goin' into Heaven that way. But I had to come to it. I was jest beaten every time. An' now I hang on, an' the harder I hang the better I get along, an' that's me."

It was a July evening, and doors and windows were all open. I had taken my place at the organ, to relieve for a time Mrs. McAuley, who usually presided. Street sounds mingled with the hymns and testimonies, and the policeman found it all and more than one could do to preserve any degree of order outside. Back of the Mission building is a high tenement-house, the windows overlooking the chapel and within speaking distance. Listening to the speeches of the men, and fanning to bring some breath of coolness into the stifling air, I heard from the upper rooms of this tenement-house the sound of a fierce quarrel. A man and woman were the actors, the man apparently sitting quietly and at intervals throwing out some taunting words, for the woman's voice grew louder and shriller. Then came the crash of breaking furniture; a scream, and the throwing of some heavy piece of iron; probably a stove lid. The door banged furiously, and for a moment there was silence. Then began the snarling, raging cry of demoniac

passion; a wild-beast rage that it curdled the blood to hear, interspersed with screams and oaths. No one went to her. The house was well used to such demonstration, and as her fury slackened slightly she leaned from the open window and looked into the chapel. Then followed a volley of oaths.



THE PLATFORM FACING THE AUDIENCE IN THE WATER STREET MISSION ROOM.

“Cursèd heretics. Bunch o’ liars. I sphit on ye all. Ah, but wouldn’t I like to get at the eyes of yees, ye ivery one! An’ me fine lady there at the organ! Oh, ye sit there an’ fan at yer ease ye——, do ye? Think ye could earn yer own livin’,——ye! Comin’ down an’ sittin’ there an’ niver carin’ a—— if all of us has our hids knocked off! What do ye know about throuble,——ye? Ah, let me get at ye once, an’ I’ll tear ye to slithers. I’d slatter ye if I had the handlin’ of ye. Turn round, will ye, an’ show yer face an’ I’ll sphit on it.”

As the torrent of oaths and abuse went on, so fierce and furious that one instinctively shrunk back, fearing some missile must follow, a child’s voice from the room below—a voice not

shrill and piercing, like that of many children, but clear, pure, and even—began singing, to the air of "Home, Sweet Home," a hymn learned in the Howard Mission; "Our Father in Heaven, we hallow Thy Name."

The oaths redoubled, the child now being the object of attack, but she did not stop, and each word came distinct and sweet. The man who had risen to speak stood silent. Straight through to the end the little voice sung on. The storm of words above slackened, then ceased, and silence settled down; a silence that seemed the counterpart of that which came upon the wild waves of Galilee when—then as now—the Saviour's voice had power to bring quietness out of the storm.

The men, to whom such horrible scenes were no novelty, continued to narrate their experiences:

"If Heaven had cost me five dollars I couldn't 'a' got there," said another. "I was that ragged an old-clothes man wouldn't 'a' bid on me; no, nor a ragpicker 'a' taken me up on his hook; but here I am. Oh, I tell ye, anybody can be saved. I said I couldn't be. I was too far gone, but here I am, clean, an' good clothes too. You say you can't be saved. You can be. Jesus took holt of me just the way he saved wretches when he was down here, an' don't you suppose His arm is long enough to reach across eighteen hundred years and get a holt of you? Try it."

"Damned hypocrites, every one of you!" growled a man in the background, and shuffled out, turning to shake his fist as he opened the door.

"There's many a one here has said the same in the beginning," said a young man who had sprung to his feet and stood looking intently about. "I did, for one. I said Jerry McAuley was the biggest liar goin', and a fraud all the way through. 'Twas me was the liar, and I said so when I'd got strength to stop my drinkin' and chewin' and smokin' and keep out o' the gin-mills. I'm clean inside and I'm clean outside now, and I bless the Lord it's so. Oh, believe, every one o' you."

"He's told the truth!" cried another: "He was a sneak,

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN WATER STREET—THE STORY OF JERRY McAULEY'S LIFE TOLD BY HIMSELF—A CAREER OF WICK- EDNESS AND CRIME—THE MISSION NOW.

The Historic Five Points—Breeding-Ground of Crime—Dirty Homes and Hard Faces—"The Kind God Don't Want and the Devil Won't Have"—Jerry McAuley—The Story of His Life Told by Himself—Born in a New York Slum—A Loafer by Day and a River Thief by Night—Prizefighter, Drunkard, Blackleg, and Bully—A Life of Wickedness and Crime—Fifteen Years in Prison—His Prison Experiences—Unexpected Meeting with "Awful" Gardner—Jerry's First Prayer—He Hears a Voice—Released from Prison—His Return to Old Haunts and Ways—Signing the Pledge—His Wife—Starting the Water Street Mission—An Audience of Tramps and Bums—Becomes an Apostle to the Roughs—Jerry's Death—Affecting Scenes—Old Joe Chappy—The Hadley Brothers—A Mother's Last Words—A Refuge for the Wicked and Depraved.

THE Five Points was once the terror of every policeman, as well as of every decent citizen who realized its existence. It was for years the breeding-ground of crime of every order, and thus the first workers in City Mission work naturally turned to it as the chief spot for purification. Here the Water Street Mission was begun just after the Civil War, and here it still continues its work. Its story has often been told, yet the interest in it seems no less fresh than at the time of its inception. For years it was headed by Jerry McAuley, a man whose absolutely unique personality has stamped itself forever in the minds of all who dealt with him in person. It is to him that every mission of the same general order owes its standard of effort, and the knowledge of methods without which such work is powerless; and though personally he never claimed this place, all who knew him would accord it unhesitatingly.

I have often talked with Jerry and his wife on the origin of

already gone out into the world. S. H. Hadley, the younger, born in 1843, shall tell the story in his own way and words :

S. H. HADLEY'S STORY.

A friend, who was the miller of the county, told me he would never speak to me again if I did not drink, and that he would think I had some grudge against him or felt myself above him socially. I took the bottle after he had coaxed me a full half hour, and put it to my lips and drank. Will I ever forget that moment? The vow I had made to my mother was broken, and the devil came in and took full possession. My mother died a short time after this, happily in ignorance of my sin. I was away from home that day, but her last words were, "Tell Hopkins to meet me in Heaven."

By the side of my dead mother, I vowed never to drink again, but in three days yielded to the temptation. It was thus far only occasional. My father died, and I began the study of medicine with the village doctor, who was himself a heavy drinker, though a brilliant member of the profession. Both of us went down swiftly, the doctor soon drinking himself to death. I left the place, and after a little experience as traveling salesman, became a professional gambler, and for fifteen years followed this life. In 1870 I came to New York, where I had a fine position offered me, which I soon lost. *Delirium tremens* came more than once, and in spite of a strong constitution the time was reached when I knew that death must soon result.

One Tuesday evening I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring drink. I could not sleep unless I was drunk. I had not eaten for days, and for four nights preceding I had suffered with *delirium tremens*, or the horrors, from midnight till morning. I had often said, "I will never be a tramp. I will never be cornered. When that time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the river." But the Lord so ordered it that when that time did come I was not able to walk a quarter of the way to the river. As I sat

there thinking, I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I walked up to the bar, and pounding it with my fist till I made the glasses rattle, I said I would never take another drink if I died in the street, and I felt as though that would happen before morning.

Something said, "If you want to keep this promise go and have yourself locked up." I went to the nearest station house and had myself locked up. I was put in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came into that place with me. This was not all the company I had either. No, that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present and said, "Pray."

I did pray, and kept on praying. When I was released I found my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While lying in bed the admonishing spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sunday morning I felt that that day would decide my fate. Toward evening it came into my head to go over to the Cremorne Mission and hear Jerry McAuley.

I went. The house was packed, and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle to the drunkard and outcast, Jerry McAuley. He rose and amid deep silence told his experience. There was something about this man that carried conviction with it, and I found myself saying, "I wonder if God can save me."

I listened to the testimony of many who had been saved from rum, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there. When the invitation to kneel for prayer was given I knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. I was a total stranger, but I felt I had sympathy, and it helped me. Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said, "Dear Saviour, won't you look down on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord; they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord. Do, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then Jerry said, "Now, all keep on your knees, and keep

praying while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves." He spoke to one after another as he placed his hands on their heads. "Brother, you pray. Now tell the Lord just what you want Him to do for you."

How I trembled as he approached me. I felt like backing out. The devil knelt by my side and whispered in my ear, reminding me of crimes I had forgotten for months. "What are you going to do about such and such matters if you start to be a Christian to-night? Now you can't afford to make a mistake. Hadn't you better think this matter over awhile, and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start?"

Oh, what a conflict was going on for my poor soul! Jerry's hand was on my head. He said, "Brother, pray." I said, "Can't you pray for me?" Jerry said, "All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself."

I halted but a moment, and then I said with breaking heart, "Dear Jesus, can you help me?"

Never can I describe that moment. Although my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sun shine into my heart. I felt I was a free man.

From that moment to this I have never tasted a drink of whiskey, and I have never seen enough money to make me take one. I promised God that night that if He would take away the appetite for strong drink I would work for Him all my life. He has done His part, and I have been trying to do mine. It took four years to make my brother believe I was in earnest. He believed it fast enough when he was converted himself. He is a splendid-looking man, a colonel in the army, and is doing rescue work, and will as long as he lives, with all his money and all his strength. He had a newspaper run in the interest of gin-mills, and the day after he was converted he cut out every advertisement that they had given him. "This paper is converted, too," he said, and it was a queer looking paper when he got through.

I was called to take charge of the Water Street Mission

after I had been working with all my might for four years in the Cremorne, and here I am settled with my wife and two other missionaries, one of whom everybody in the ward knows as well as ever they knew Jerry. "Mother Sherwood" they all call her. We run low in funds often, for it costs \$4,000 a year to carry on the work. When a man starts on a better life the odds are often against him, and he must be helped for awhile with food, clothing, and whatever else may be wanted.

Saturday night is "coffee night" at the Mission room. Many a poor discouraged fellow, who has been looking for work and found none, and gone on short commons a whole week, drifts in here on Saturday afternoon, knowing that he will get a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the evening. There are plenty of bummers and tramps in our Saturday night crowd, and some a good deal worse than either, too. We weed out a few, but we try to keep nearly all, for who knows what may come to them? Empty cups are placed on the seats, and each man picks one up as he sits down, and patiently waits for hours. At seven o'clock our own workers carry the big coffee-pots among the audience, and laugh for joy as they see the look on some of the faces. The men begin to pile in by three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, though our service does not begin till half-past seven. Time is of no account with them, you know, and the room is packed full in half an hour. We are often obliged to lock the doors and turn the rest away. Many have nowhere else to go. After lunch we have a service of song, followed by an experience meeting, lasting till half-past nine, when the men depart. Most of them sleep in cheap lodging-rooms or police station-houses, though some walk the streets all night. On several cold nights this winter we let some of them sleep on the floor of the Mission room all night. Coffee night is one of our institutions, and always draws a big crowd, though generally a pretty tough one.

No matter how dirty, how vicious, how depraved a man may be, he will find a welcome here. We will take him down stairs and wash him. If he is sick we will have a doctor for him, or get him into a hospital, and we won't lose sight of

Coffee Night at the Water Street Mission.

THIS scene may be witnessed any Saturday night at the old Water Street Mission, — the one established by the notorious Jerry McAuley. Jerry's whole life is told by himself in this book. Saturday night is "coffee night" here, and early on Saturday afternoon the Mission room is filled with tramps and criminals. They sit here for hours, knowing that they will get a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the evening. This photograph was made by flash-light, and it faithfully represents the character of the audiences that meet every night in this famous Mission room. On Saturday nights the crowd is tougher than usual. The men who are passing the sandwiches and coffee are mission workers. Every portrait is true to life.



COFFEE NIGHT AT THE WATER STREET MISSION.—A WEEKLY FEAST FOR TRAMPERS, OUTCASTS, AND BUNS.

Many a poor and discouraged fellow, who has been looking for work and found none, and gone on short commons a whole week, drifts into the Water Street Mission room on Saturday afternoon, knowing that he will get a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the evening. The Saturday night crowd is a tough one, composed of hummers, outcasts, and tramps. They begin to file in by three o'clock, and the room is quickly filled. It is often necessary to lock the doors and turn the rest away. At seven o'clock the Mission workers carry the big coffee-pots among the audience, and laugh for joy as they see the look on some of the faces. A service of song is followed by an experience meeting, lasting until half-past nine, when the men depart. Most of them sleep in cheap lodging-rooms, police station-houses, or walk the streets all night.



CHAPTER III.

UP SLAUGHTER ALLEY, OR LIFE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE—A TOUR THROUGH HOMES OF MISERY, WANT, AND WOE —DRINK'S DOINGS.

Why Called Slaughter Alley—Kicking a Missionary Downstairs—Life and Scenes in Tenement-Houses—Voices and Shapes in the Darkness—My Tour with the Doctor—Picking our Way through Slime and Filth—"Mammy's Lookin' for You"—"Murtherin' Dinnis"—Misery and Squalor Side by Side—Stalwart Tim—In the Presence of Death—"I Want to go, but I'm Willin' to Wait"—Patsy—A Five-Year-Old Washerwoman—Sickening Odors—Human Beasts—Dangerous Places—"Mike Gim'me a Dollar for the Childer"—The Charity of the Poor—"Oh, Wurra, me Heart's Sick in me"—Homes Swarming with Rats—Alive with Vermin and Saturated with Filth—The Omnipresent Saloon—A Nursery of Criminals and Drunkards—The Terrible Influence of Drink—Conceived in Sin and Born in Iniquity—The Dreadful Tenement-House System.

WHY "Slaughter" Alley, who shall say, since among its inhabitants not one can tell. No map of New York holds the name, but from the fact that one of the oldest inhabitants reports that it was once Butcher Alley one may conclude two things: either that more than one murder done at this point has given it right to the name, or that it has arisen from the slaughter of the innocents,—the babies, who die here in summer like rats in a hole. And in the old days, when this whole seething, turbulent spot was quiet meadows sloping to the East River, there may have been, as vague tradition indicates, an actual slaughter-house, cleaner, we will warrant, than any successor found to-day.

Be this as it may, the name has established its right to permanence, and the alley shall make its revelation of what one form of New York tenement-house has for its occupants.

To one familiar with the story of old New York, Roose-

savoriness. In the back room three lads, also asleep, lay across a bed, and on the floor was stretched a woman, her sodden face, with a great bruise over one eye, indicating what kind of orgie had been held there. The doctor closed the door.

At the top of the house we entered a low and narrow room under the eaves; the bed was pushed as far as it would go against the sloping wall; a chair or two, a small table, and a tiny cooking-stove, over which a man bent stirring something in a saucepan, made up the furniture of the room. So deadly and heavy was the smell, as the door opened, that a mighty effort was necessary before I could enter at all.

"She's a grain easier, but only a grain," said the man, coming forward and addressing the doctor. "She's been prayin' to be released, if it's the Lord's will, an' I've come to be willin'. Look at her."

The bandages had been removed, and I saw a painful sight; cancer of the face and head; yet life enough in the poor lips to smile in the doctor's face.

"I'm most through, ain't I?" she whispered. "O, I hope so; I want to go, but I'm willin' to wait."

"Yes, you are almost through," answered the kind voice of the doctor. "You have only a day or two longer."

The man knelt by the bed, shaking with sobs, and the doctor prayed for release, for patience and strength to bear whatever pain must still be borne.

"That does me good," the dying woman whispered. "Come to-morrow an' every day till I'm gone."

With a pressure of the wasted hand we hurried down the stairs.

"I thought you would faint," the doctor said, as we reached the street and the wind blew up cool from the river. "Stand still a minute. You're trembling."

"Why does not such a case as that go to the hospital?" I asked, when the fresh air had brought back color and voice. "She could at least have decent comfort there."

"We wanted her to, but her husband wouldn't hear to it. He wanted to be near the Mission, and so did she, and she said

of facetiousness might not rouse the public to some sense of what lies below the surface of this fair-seeming civilization of to-day.

An extreme case? If it only were,—but these are tenements built within a comparatively recent period, and thus nominally more comfortable than older dwellings. The older buildings still show their dormer windows here and there, and



SICK AND DESTITUTE. A GROUP AS FOUND IN A CHERRY STREET TENEMENT.

give to the tenants of upper rooms walls sloping at the back almost to the floor, and but one window to the room. Yet they swarm no less than the newer ones, with the added disadvantage that the ancient timbers and woodwork are alive with vermin and saturated with all foulness beyond even the possibilities of brick. The older tenements are battered and worn-looking, so hideously massed together in places as to be without yards, or huddled together like styes among stables, factories, and vile-smelling outhouses. Rows of dirty houses are crowded on the narrow sidewalk, with still more forlorn rear tenements crowding behind them.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW YORK NEWSBOYS—WHO THEY ARE, WHERE THEY COME FROM, AND HOW THEY LIVE—THE WAIFS AND STRAYS OF A GREAT CITY.

The Newsboys' Code of Morals—Curious Beds for Cold Winters' Nights—Shivering Urchins—Sleeping in a Burned-out Safe—Creeping into Doorways—The Street Arab and the Gutter-Snipe—A Curious Mixture of Morality and Vice—His Religion—"Kind o' Lucky to say a Prayer"—Newsboys' Lodging-Houses—First Night in a Soft Bed—Favorite Songs—Trying Times in "Boys' Meetings"—Opening the Savings Bank—The "Doodles"—Pork and Beans—Popular Nicknames—Teaching Self-Help—Western Homes for New York's Waifs—"Wanted, a Perfect Boy"—How a Street Arab Went to Yale College—Newsboy Orators—A Loud Call for "Paddy"—"Bummers, Snoozers, and Citizens"—Specimens of Wit and Humor—"Jack de Robber"—The "Kid"—"Ain't Got no Mammy"—A Life of Hardship—Giving the Boys a Chance.

HOW shall one condense into one chapter the story of an army of newsboys in which each individual represents a case not only of "survival of the fittest," but of an experience that would fill a volume? They are the growth of but a generation or two, since only the modern newspaper and its needs could require the services of this numberless host. Out of the thousands of homeless children roaming the streets as lawless as the wind, only those with some sense of honor could be chosen, yet what honor could be found in boys born in the slums and knowing vice as a close companion from babyhood up?

This question answered itself long ago, as many a social problem has done. The fact that no papers could be had by them save as paid for on the spot, and that a certain code of morals was the first necessity for any work at all, developed such conscience as lay in embryo, and brought about the tacitly understood rules that have long governed the small heathen

ponds with the number of the locker in which he keeps his clothes. When he is ready to retire he applies to the superintendent's assistant, who sits beside the keyboard. The lodger gives his number and is handed the key of his locker, in which he bestows all his clothing but his shirt and trousers. He then mounts to the dormitory, and after carefully secreting his shirt and trousers under his mattress is ready for the sleep of childhood.



BOYS APPLYING TO THE SUPERINTENDENT FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING.

The boys are wakened at different hours. Some of them rise as early as two o'clock and go down town to the newspaper offices for their stock in trade. Others rise between that hour and five o'clock. All hands, however, are routed out at seven. The boys may enjoy instruction in the rudimentary branches every night from half-past seven until nine o'clock, with the exception of Sundays, when devotional services are held and addresses made by well-known citizens.

A large majority of the boys who frequent the lodging-houses are waifs pure and simple. They have never known a mother's or a father's care, and have no sense of identity. Generally they have no name, or if they ever had one have preferred to convert it into something short and practically

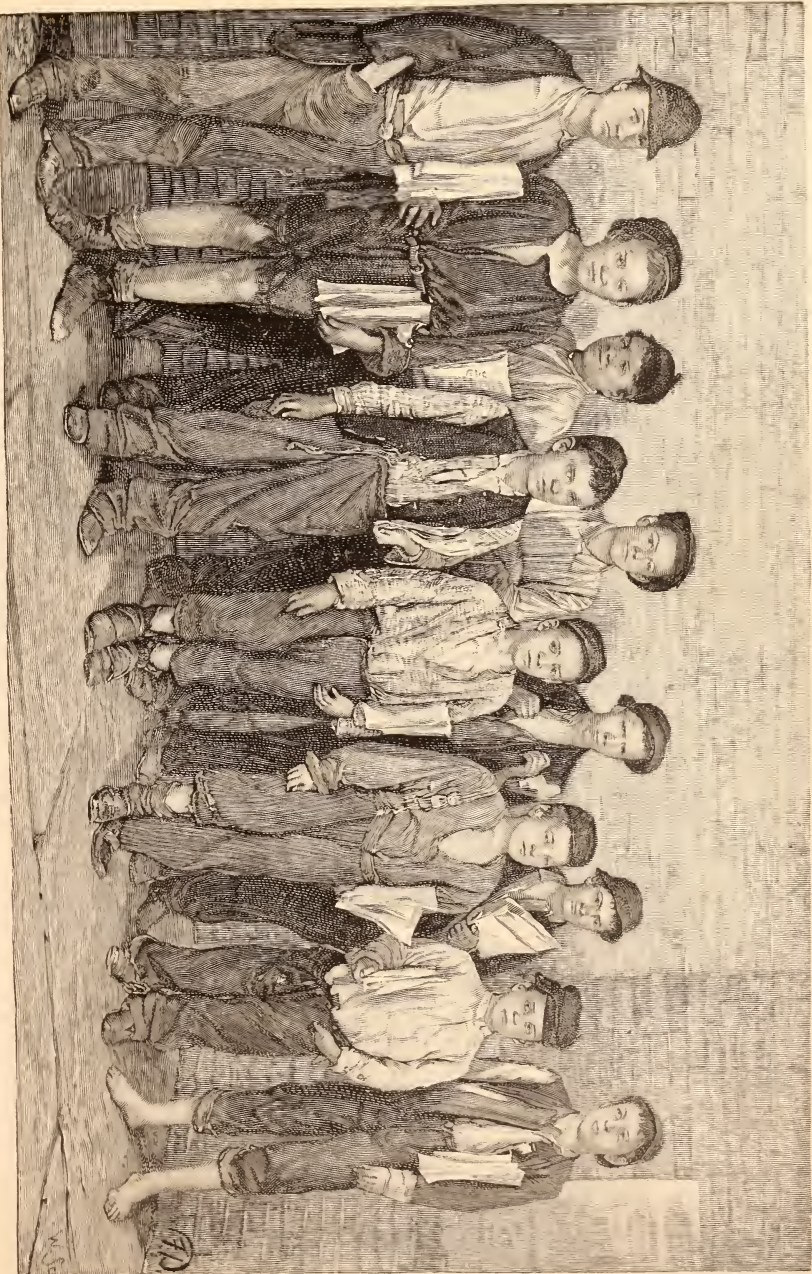
descriptive. As a rule they are known by nicknames and nothing else, and in speaking of one another they generally do so by these names. As a rule these names indicate some personal peculiarity or characteristic. On a recent visit to a Newsboys' Lodging House pains were taken to learn the names of a group of boys who were holding an animated conversation. It was a representative group. A very thin little fellow was called "Skinny"; another boy with light hair and complexion, being nearly as blonde as an albino, was known only as "Whitey." When "Slobbery Jack" was asked how he came by his name, "Bumlets," who appeared to be chief spokesman of the party, exclaimed, "When he eats he scatters all down hisself." "Yaller" was the name given to an Italian boy of soft brown complexion. Near him stood "Kelly the Rake," who owned but one sleeve to his jacket. In newsboy parlance a "rake" is a boy who will appropriate to his own use anything he can lay his hands on. No one could give an explanation of "Snoddy's" name nor what it meant,—it was a thorough mystery to even the savants in newsboy parlance. In the crowd was "The Snitcher,"—"a fellow w'at tattles," said Bumlets, contemptuously, and near by stood the "King of Crapshooters." "A crapshooter," said Bumlets, "is a fellow w'ats fond of playin' toss-penny, throwin' dice, an' goin' to policy shops." The "King of Bums" was a tall and rather good-looking lad, who, no doubt, had come honestly by his name. The "Snipe-Shooter" was guilty of smoking cigar-stubs picked out of the gutter, a habit known among the boys as "snipe-shooting." "Hoppy," a little lame boy; "Dutchy," a German lad; "Smoke," a colored boy; "Pie-eater," a boy very fond of pie; "Sheeney," "Skittery," "Bag of Bones," "One Lung Pete," and "Scotty" were in the same group; and so also was "Jake the Oyster," a tender-hearted boy who was spoken of by the others as "a reg'lar soft puddin'."

Every boy shown in the full-page illustration was proud of the fact that he "carried the banner," i. e., was in the habit of sleeping out doors at night. Only the bitterest cold of winter



Waits and Strays of a Great City.—A Group of Homeless New York Newsboys.

These eleven boys were photographed from life just as they were picked up on the street. The name of each boy is given under his portrait. They are all waifs, and not one of them ever had a home or knew a father's or a mother's care. They sleep out doors at night in deserted alleys and empty boxes. They are known by nicknames and nothing else. The portraits are perfect and each face is a study.



WAIFS AND STRAYS OF A GREAT CITY.—A GROUP OF HOMELESS NEW YORK NEWSBOYS.

WHITNEY.
 DUTCHEY.
 YALLER.
 KING OF BUMS.
 STORBERY JACK.
 KING OF GRAPSHOOTERS.
 BRUMLERS.
 SHEENY.
 THE SNITCHER.
 SNODDY.
 KELLY THE LAKE.

Most of the boys who frequent the Newsboys Lodging Houses are waifs, pure and simple. They have never known a mother's or a father's care, and have no sense of identity. As a rule they are known by nicknames, and they generally speak of each other only by these names.



drove them to seek the shelter and warmth of the lodging house. An empty barrel or dry goods box; deserted hallways, dark alleys, or the rear of buildings were the only sleeping places these boys had at night from early spring to mid-winter.

The sixty thousand dollars required for fitting up the building was raised in part by private subscription and in part by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars from the Excise fund, by the

Legislature, it being regarded as just that those who do most to form drunkards should be forced to aid in the expense of the care of drunkards' children. This fund grew slowly, but by good investment was increased



THE WASH-ROOM IN THE NEWS-BOYS' LODGING HOUSE JUST BEFORE SUPPER TIME.

to eighty thousand dollars, and with this the permanent home of the newsboys in this part of the city has been assured. It is their school, church, intelligence-office, and hotel.

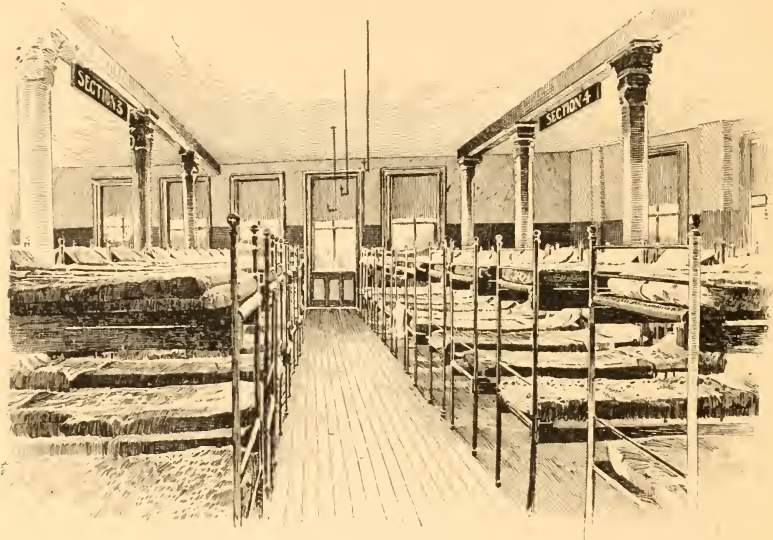
Here the homeless street boy, instead of drifting into thieves' dens and the haunts of criminals and roughs, is brought into a clean, healthy, well warmed and lighted building where he finds room for amusement, instruction, and religious training, and where good meals, a comfortable bed, and plenty of washing and bathing conveniences are furnished at a low price. The boy is not pauperized, but feels that he is

a neatly-sewed patch, and noted that his naked feet were too white for a "bummer." He took him to the inner office.

"My boy! Where do you live? Where's your father?"

"Please, sir, I don't live nowhere, an' I hain't got no father, an' me mither's dead!" Then followed a long and touching story of his orphanage, the tears flowing down his cheeks. The bystanders were almost melted themselves. Not so the Superintendent. Grasping the boy by the shoulder,

"Where's your mother, I say?"



IN ONE OF THE DORMITORIES IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

"Oh, dear, I'm a poor orphant, an' I hain't got no mither."

"Where is your *mother*, I say? Where do you live? I give you just three minutes to tell, and then, if you do not, I shall hand you over to the police."

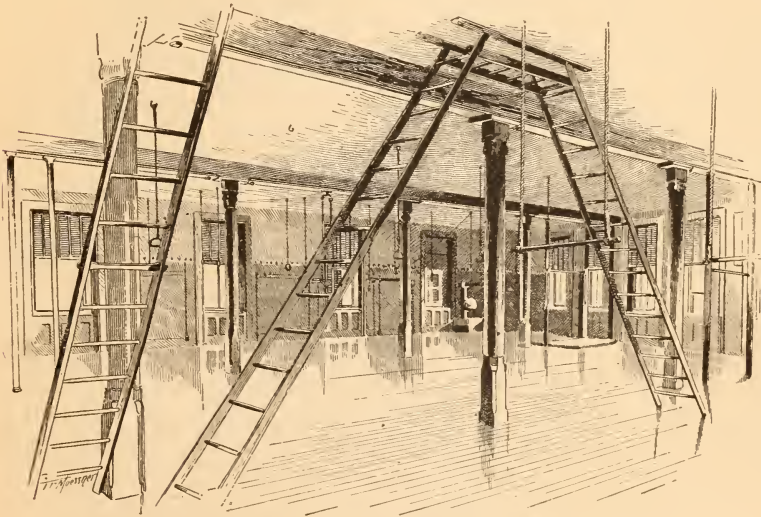
The lad yielded, his true story was told, and a runaway restored to his family.

An average of three thousand a year is sent to the West, many of whom are formally adopted. A volume would not suffice for the letters that come back, or the strange experiences of many a boy who under the new influences grows into

“Paddy, Paddy!” they shouted. “Come out, Paddy, an’ show yerself.”

Paddy came forward and mounted a stool; a youngster not more than twelve, with little round eyes, a short nose profusely freckled, and a lithe form full of fun.

“Bummers,” he began, “Snoozers, and citizens, I’ve come down here among yer to talk to yer a little. Me an’ me friend



THE GYMNASIUM IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

Brace have come to see how ye’re gittin’ along an’ to advise yer. You fellers w’at stands at the shops with yer noses over the railin’, a smellin’ of the roast beef an’ hash,—you fellers who’s got no home,—think of it, how are we to encourage yer. [Derisive laughter, and various ironical kinds of applause.] I say bummers, for ye’re all bummers, [in a tone of kind patronage.] I was a bummer once meself. [Great laughter.] I hate to see yer spending yer money for penny ice-creams an’ bad cigars. Why don’t yer save yer money? You feller without no boots over there, how would you like a new pair, eh? [Laughter from all the boys but the one addressed.] Well, I hope you may get ’em. Rayther think you won’t. I have hopes for yer all. I want yer to grow up to be rich men,

soon. I thank ye, boys, for yer patient attention. I can't say no more at present, boys. Good bye."

The newsboys' lodging-houses are like the ancient cities of refuge to these little fellows, and yet there are cases which the lodging-houses never reach.



AN EVENING GAME OF DOMINOES
IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-
HOUSE.

"Recently," said a gentleman, "I found a tiny fellow playing a solitary game of marbles in a remote corner of the City Hall corridors. His little legs were very thin, and dark circles under his big gray eyes intensified the chalk-like pallor of his cheeks. He looked up when he became aware that some one was watching him, but resumed his game of solitaire as soon as he saw he had nothing to fear from the intruder.

"What are you doing here, my little fellow?" I asked.

The mite hastily gathered up all his marbles and stowed

“Dat ere kid,” he resumed, “ain’t got no more sand’n a John Chinee. He’d be kilt ony fur me. He can’t come along de Row or up de alley widout gitin’ his face broke. So I gives him papers to sell and looks arter him meself.”

I asked Jack where the “Kid” and himself slept. “I ain’t givin’ dat away,” said he, “ony taint no lodgin’-house where you has to git up early in the mawnin’. De ‘Kid’ and me likes to sleep late.”



OLD WOMEN WAITING AT THE DINING-ROOM DOOR FOR SCRAPS FROM THE NEWSBOYS' TABLE.

The “Kid,” however, was now eager to be off with his papers, and without another word the protector and protégé sped into the street, filling the air with their shrill cries.

This is one case of a class which the lodging-houses do not reach, and other instances might be given. One little fellow of six years makes a practice of frequenting the lobby of one of the big hotels after dark. As soon as the streets become deserted, and the market for his papers ceases to flourish, he

of gold-leaf a good many are employed, though chiefly young girls of fifteen and upwards. It is one of the most exhausting of the trades, as no air can be admitted, and the atmosphere is stifling.

Feathers, flowers, and tobacco employ the greatest number. A child of six can strip tobacco or cut feathers. In one great firm, employing over a thousand men, women, and children, a



TIRED OUT. — A FACTORY GIRL'S ROOM IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE.

woman of eighty and her grandchild of four sit side by side and strip the leaves, and the faces of the pair were sketched not long since by a popular artist. With the exception of match-making and one or two other industries there is hardly a trade so deadly in its effects. There are many operations which children are competent to carry on, and the phases of work done at home in the tenement-houses often employ the entire family. In cellars and basements boys of ten and twelve brine, sweeten, and prepare the tobacco preliminary to stem-

that child has, an' she but a little past ten. May there be a hot place waitin' for him!"

From the notes of a physician whose name is a guarantee of accurate and faithful observation, and whose work is in connection with the Board of Health, I have a series of facts, the result of eighteen months' work. During this period of daily observation in tenement-house work, she found among the people with whom she came in contact 535 children under twelve years old, most of them between ten and twelve, who either worked in shops or stores or helped their mothers in



MAKING ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS AT TWELVE CENTS A GROSS.

some kind of work at home. Of these 535 children but 60 were healthy.

In one family a child of three years old had infantile paralysis easily curable. The mother had no time to attend to it. At five years old the child was taught to sew buttons on trousers. She is now, at thirteen years, a helpless cripple, but she finishes a dozen pairs of trousers a day, and the family are thus twenty cents the richer. In another family she found twin girls four and a half years old, sewing on buttons from six in the morning till ten at night; and near them a family of

CHAPTER VI.

CHILD-LIFE IN THE SLUMS — HOMELESS STREET BOYS, GUTTER-SNIPES AND DOCK RATS — THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DAYBREAK BOY.

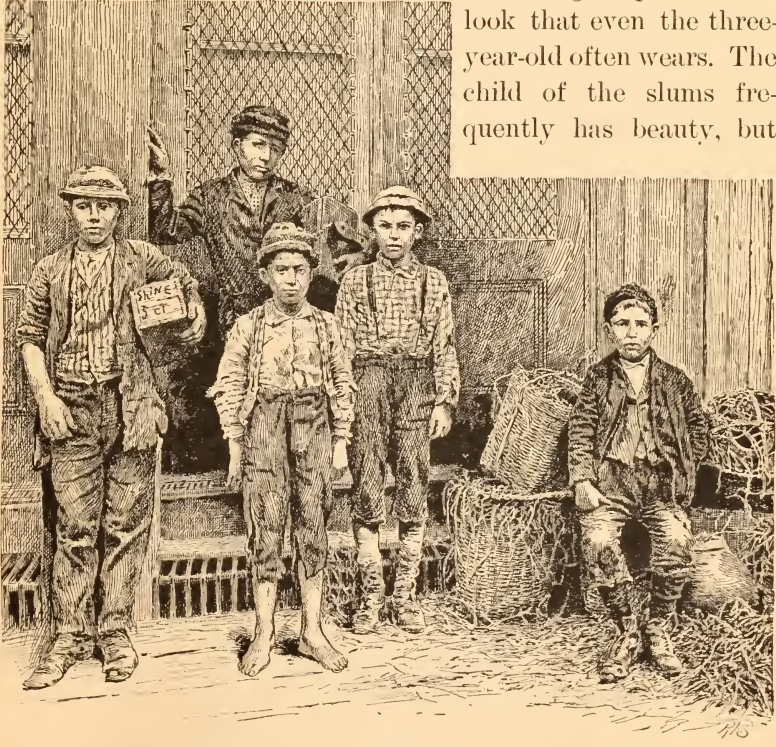
Gutter-Snipes — Imps of Darkness — Snoopers — Rags and Tatters — Life in the Gutter — Old Sol — Running a Grocery under Difficulties — Youthful Criminals — Newsboys and Bootblacks — Candidates for Crime — “He’s Smart, He Is” — “It’s Business Folks as Cheats” — Dock Rats — Unreclaimed Children — Thieves’ Lodging-Houses — Poverty Lane — Hell’s Kitchen — Dangers of a Street Girl’s Life — Old Margaret — The Reformation of Wildfire — The Queen of Cherry Street — Sleeping on the Docks — Too Much Lickin’ and More in Prospect — A Street Arab’s Summer Residence — A Walking Rag-Bundle — Getting Larruped — A Daybreak Boy — Jack’s Story of his Life — Buckshot Taylor — A Thieves’ Run-way — Escaping over Roofs — A Police Raid — Head-first off the Roof — Death of Jack — His Dying Request — An Affecting Scene — Fifteen Thousand Homeless Children.

“GUTTER-SNIPES! That’s what I call ’em. What else could they be when they’re in the gutter all day and half the night, cuttin’ round like little imps o’ darkness. Not much hair on ’em either — not enough to catch by, and clothes as is mostly rags that tears if you grab ’em. The prison barber wouldn’t get any profit out of ’em, I can tell you. Men around here don’t shave till their beards stick out like spikes, and the women cut the children’s hair to save combin’. Gutter-snipes. That’s it, and they snoop around stores and slink off a salt fish or a bundle of wood or anything as comes handy, and home with it like the wind. Mother is there, you may be sure, and washin’ may be. Do you suppose she asks any questions like, ‘Lor, Billy, where did you get that?’ Not she. She takes the fish, or whatever it is, as innocent as a lamb and sends Billy for some bits o’ coal to cook it.

“Yes, that’s the way it is down here. Rags and tatters are

memorial mud-pie, or they play with such pieces of string or paper as may have been deposited there. A gay bit of cloth, a rejected paper-box, is a mine of enjoyment; but it is the other children and a consideration of their ways that most fascinates the baby, whose eyes still hold baby innocence, too

soon to give place to the look that even the three-year-old often wears. The child of the slums frequently has beauty, but



A GROUP OF STREET BOYS, AS FOUND ON DOYERS STREET.

on all of them is the look of experience, of cunning, or a self-reliance born of constant knocking about. When eight or ten years old such care as may occasionally have been their portion ceases. They must begin to earn, and are allowed the utmost freedom of choice.

The most energetic and best endowed by nature turn to the newsboys' calling and often find it the way to their first fragments of education, as well as to the comfort learned in the Newsboys' Lodging-Houses. Next comes bootblacking,

whatever there was to lay his hands on, down to the teapot. So his aunt took Dick, an' he slep' along with the other lodgers, an' had what he could pick up to eat unless she happened to think, an' then she let him buy pie.

That was Dick, but he turned into the Buster, an' that's what I'll call him now, so you'll know. My father was a ragpicker on Baxter Street, an' our house was 47; do you know it? When you go in there's a court an' a hydrant in the middle, an' out o' that court opens seven doors as like as seven peas, an' there's seven rooms with the window alongside o' the door, an' so on all the way up the five stories. It's all Eytalian now, an' they've got big Eytalian beds that hols six or seven easy, an' over them they slings hammocks an' piles the children in, an' then fills up the floor, an' so they make their rent an' may be more.

We wasn't so thick, and lucky, for my father wanted room to tear round when he stopped pickin' rags an' had a drunk. He'd smash everything he could reach, an' my mother, who was little an' kind o' delicate like, she'd hang everything high, so's he couldn't get at it. He knocked her round awful, an' one night, when he come home a little worse than any one ever seed him, he just kicked us both downstairs an' broke her all to smash, ribs an' everything; an' then when he'd smashed up the room too, he just sat down an' cut his own throat awful, so when they come to arrest him on account o' my mother that they had picked up an' sent to Bellevue, there wasn't nothin' to get but a stiff.*

I hung round a bit till I saw the ambulance, an' then I made sure they'd do somethin' awful with me, an' I cut. I made a run for the river, because I allus liked it along the docks. You could often pick up oranges an' bananas, an' many a time I've licked molasses off the barrels. I'd often slep before in barges an' most anywhere, an' so I knew a good place where there was most always some bales o' hay, an' so I put for that. There was lots o' boxes an' barrels piled up, an' empty ones too; an'

* A corpse.

way behind 'em, where they hadn't looked for a good while, was some big bales o' hay.

It was rainin', peltin' straight down, an' sleet with it, an' awful cold. I remember because Buster cried awful when I found him. He wasn't bigger'n a rat much, an' when I come pitchin' along he made certain I was goin' to turn him out. There he was, you see, in my box, that I hadn't never let on about, an' he just snivelled an' turned out an' started to run. So I took him by the scruff an' I says, "Where you goin', an' who are you?" an' drew him back by one o' the legs o' his pants, that was big enough for



STREET BOYS SLEEPING ON THE DOCKS.

six like him, an' then he told me. He'd had so much lickin' at home that he couldn't stand up straight, an' his aunt wanted to lick him more because he couldn't, an' so he made up his mind to run. Well, he'd slep' in that box a good while, an' the boys had fed him. He'd earned bits holdin' a horse or something like that, an' he'd picked up odds an' ends; but he was most naked an' hungry, an' when he dried up his eyes after a good cry, I says to him, "We'll go hunks, an' whatever I have you shall have the same."

That's the way Buster an' me come to be pardners, but I expect we was both smaller than we thought we was, for we couldn't get much to do till a boy gave me his old blackin' kit an' taught me to shine. So I did that when I got a chance, an' Buster sat round an' admired, an' we did fust-rate an' slep in the box the whole winter.

the two. Cherry an' Hamilton Streets back up together, an' there's only three feet between 'em at the rear tenements. Now if you're chased on Cherry Street, all you've got to do is to run up to the roof of the rear house an' jump to the other, go down the skylight, an' there you are in Hamilton Street an' can get off easy, while the policeman is comin' round the corner. The crooks have fixed it to suit themselves. They go climbin' round over roofs an' fences till they've got it plain as a map. Sometimes they hammer in blocks of wood for steps an' they don't come out where the cops are expectin' 'em. There's a hundred run-ways, an' they knows 'em all.

I was awful worried over Buster. I know'd if he could only get away he'd do well enough, an' I planned to hire him to go West an' try it. They'd dyed his hair an' made him all up different; but I knew where he hung out, an' so a week ago I went in one night, bound to find him. The police had laid for a raid that night, but I nor nobody knew it. Buster was there, sure enough, an' he was way down in the mouth. We talked awhile, an' he had about promised me he'd do as I wanted when the woman in the next room gave the alarm.

I don't know how Buster ever took such a thing in his head, but he did. He made for the roof, an' I after him, an' just as we got there he drew on me. "You meant to give me away, did you?" says he. "D—n you! Take that!" an' he gave it to me in the side. I pitched over, an' down I went into the run-way, an' there they picked me up an' brought me here. He didn't mean it, an' he got away, an' so I don't care, an' he sent me word the other day that when I got well he'd go West or anywhere I wanted. So you see it's come out pretty good after all, an' I don't mind lyin' here because I go over it all in my mind an' it's good as the the-a-ter to think they haven't got him an' won't. An' when I get well, —

Jack's voice had grown steadily weaker. "I'm so tired," he went on. "I think I'm goin' to sleep. If" — and here he looked up silently for a moment; "If I ain't goin' to get well, Buster'll go to the bad certain, for there ain't nobody but me

Their Only Bed. — Supperless and Homeless Street Boys Sleeping Out at Night.

SHOWING a group of homeless street boys, just as they were photographed at night by flash-light while sleeping in a corner of a dark alley. One boy has taken refuge in an old barrel, feet first. His backing-box is the only pillow he has. Another one is curled up on some straw in an old basket, and behind him are two others lying close together. One little fellow is fast asleep in an old packing-box, hugging what is left of his stock of newspapers. Close beside the box is another boy who has thrown over his legs an old piece of tea-chest matting, the only bed-covering he has. In his lap, and almost naked, is the smallest boy in the group, a poor little fellow who has cuddled close beside his companion for warmth. The whole scene is one of profound pathos. These boys have no homes. They are newsboys and bootblacks, and sleep wherever night overtakes them.



THEIR ONLY BED.—SLEEPLESS AND HOMELESS STREET BOYS SLEEPING OUT AT NIGHT.—A NIGHT SCENE IN AN ALLEY.

Many of the newsboys and street boys of New York have no homes. Driven out from the alleys and by-ways of the slums, and from the dens in tenement districts, where most of them were born, they sell papers, black shoes, beg or steal, as need be, and sleep wherever night overtakes them. Their faces are old from constant exposure as well as from the struggle for existence. Their thin clothes afford small protection against the winter's cold. It is not till one sees them at night curled up on some doorstep, tucked away in old barrels and empty packing boxes, lying in any and every sheltered spot in dark alleys or deserted hallways, that one begins to realize that there is no softer pillow for them.



he'll listen to. But I shall get well soon, an' now I'll have a sleep an' thank you for comin'."

"Will he get well?" I whispered to the nurse as we went down the ward.

"At first we thought he would," she made answer. "Now it is doubtful, for there is something wrong internally. He may live and he may go at any time," and she turned away to another patient.

A week later came this note from the nurse:—

"Jack asked to have you sent for yesterday, and when we said you were out of town he begged for pencil and paper and made me promise to seal his note up at once and let no one see it. It is inclosed herein, just as he dropped it when the end came. We found him lying there quite dead, and you will see a smile bright as an angel's on his beautiful face when you come, which must be at once if you want to see him before he is buried."

On the scrap of paper within he had traced in staggering letters,

"Plese find Buster at ——."

There it ended, nor has any questioning yet revealed who it was for whom he sold his life,—unwittingly, it is true, but given no less fully and freely.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

No work in the great city so appeals to all that is just, all that is generous in man, as the welfare of these street children, and none yields larger reward. And yet the final word must be that fifteen thousand homeless, hungry, cold, and naked children wander to-day in our streets, and as yet no agency has been found that meets their need, and the hands that would rescue are powerless. The city money jingles in Tammany pockets, and the taxpayers heap up fortunes for Tammany politicians, while these thousands of little ones are outcasts and soon will be criminals.

The children of the slums are with us, born to inheritances that tax every power good men and women can bring to bear on them for their correction. Hopeless as the outlook often

Cava, a seven-year-old child who for a year after the mother had forsaken husband and children had been in the care of a woman living in the "Great Bend" on Mulberry Street.

In this case an anonymous letter called the attention of the Society to the case. The woman, whose husband kept a stale-beer dive, drank, and the two had spent their drunken fury on the child, who when found was a wild-eyed creature shrinking in abject terror from whoever came near. She had reason. Her hair was matted with blood, and her face, arms, and body were covered with wounds around which the blood had dried and remained. A few rags of clothing could not hide the hideous bruises, and yet a lovely face was hidden under this mask of filth and clotted blood. Transferred, as is the custom of the Society, to those of her own faith, the Sisters of St. Dominick have

good reason to be proud of this marvelous change, no greater, however, than that encountered a little farther on.

Here is a boy barely ten years old, whose left eye is nearly destroyed, and whose ears have been partially torn from his head by a drunken father, who at the same time threw the eighteen-months baby across the room and beat his wife till she escaped and ran to the street for help. This man, already

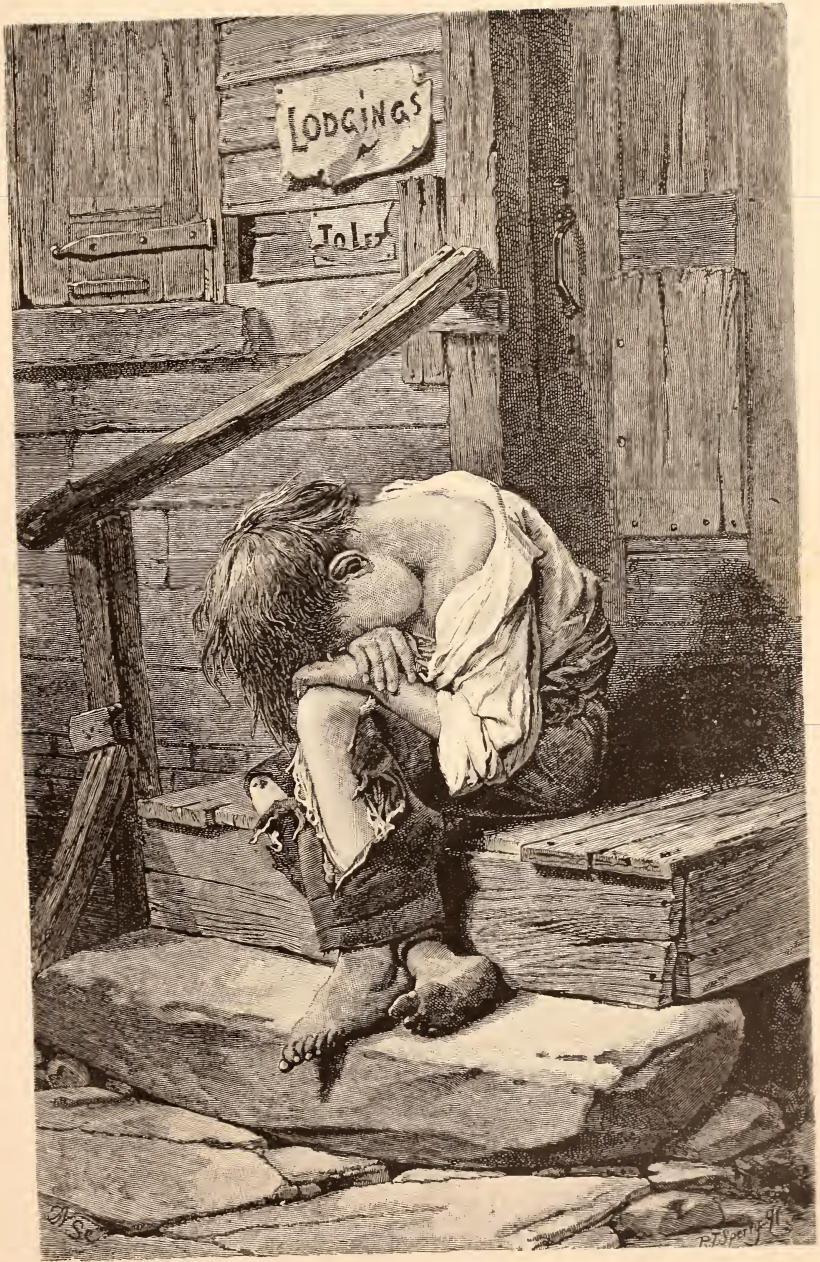


PATRICK LACEY — AGE 10.

As rescued by the Society's officers. — Face cut, bruised, and swollen by beatings from drunken parents.

Homeless and Friendless.

THIS is a really superb picture, one that has brought tears to many eyes. It shows a poor, homeless little boy, without a friend in the world, sitting on the doorstep of a cheap lodging-house, the door and shutters of which have been closed against him. The little fellow's rags, his loneliness and tears, and his utter despair, tell the story more eloquently than words. It is a remarkable illustration, and was made from an instantaneous photograph from life. It is full of pathos, and is considered by many able critics to be the gem of the series.



HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS.



Society's building at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. Here is an arrangement like that of the Rogue's Gallery at the Police Headquarters; and though it is impossible to give every case, all the representative ones may be looked at in turn. "Before and after" is the order of the photographs, but often there is no "after" save that brought by merciful death.

Here on a soap-box is a picture of the body of an eleven-months baby starved to death by a drunken mother. The little frame is only a skeleton, and the pitiful face has a strange smile, as if of triumph at escape. Near it is the figure of a seven-year-old child found far up town on the East side, with her hands tied with a bit of old rope cutting into old sores. Body, head, and face were covered with bruises and cuts, many of them fresh and bleeding. This had been done by a drunken father and stepmother,



PATRICK KIELEY — AGE 11.

As found half starved by the Society's officers.— Face cut and body bruised by inhuman parents.

who had also nearly starved her; and an indignant policeman on the beat had taken the law into his own hands and arrested both without waiting for any process. Both were convicted, and the child herself recovered with that marvelous recuperative power of even the most defrauded childhood, and looks out with happy eyes from the photograph taken a few weeks later.

Farther on one encounters the photographs of two street Arabs, brothers, John and Willie D—, two small beggars, made so by their father, whose only object in life was dis-

came one, a baby of three, the child of an Irishwoman and a Chinaman, dressed in Chinese costume, and a subject of fierce dispute in these unsavory regions, as the Chinaman wished to send her to China, and had planned to do so when the Society was notified and interfered.

Some of these waifs are as fierce and wild as starved dogs, but for the most part they are silent, scared, trembling little wretches, covered with bruises, knowing no argument but the strap, and looking with feeble interest at the large collection, at the Society's headquarters, of whips, knives, canes, broomsticks, and all the weapons employed in torture, many



NELLIE BRADY — AGE 7.
As found by the Society's officers.

of them still blood-stained or bent from the force of the blows given. There they hang on the wall of the inner room, a perpetual appeal to all who look, to aid in the work of rescue and make such barbarity forevermore impossible. Face after face comes up, each one an added protest against the misery it has known. Here is little Nellie Brady, with hair a painter would gaze at with delight, found hungry and abandoned, wandering in the streets. The gallery of photographs shows what one day of care had brought about, and gives a face full of sweetness and promise like hundreds of others in like case.

What has been the actually accomplished work of the Soci-

ety? During the sixteen years of its existence it has investigated nearly 55,000 complaints, involving about 160,000 children. Of these complaints over 18,000 cases have been prosecuted; over 17,500 convictions secured; about 30,000 children relieved and rescued; 7,500 sheltered, fed, and clothed in its reception rooms, and upwards of 70,000 meals furnished.



NELLIE BRADY.

After a day in the Society's care. Never claimed.

By its action and example 227 Societies have been organized and are now in active operation throughout the world, working in unison with it. It has framed and secured the passage of laws for the protection and preservation of children, which have been copied and re-enacted not only throughout the United States but in Europe. And it enforces those laws by the prosecution of offenders with a vigor which has made it a terror to every cruel brute. Its work never ceases by day or night, during summer or winter.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSION WORK IN TOUGH PLACES—SEEKING TO SAVE—A LEAF FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ALL-NIGHT MISSIONARY—RESCUE WORK IN THE SLUMS.

The Cremorne Mission—A Piteous Cry for Help—"Lock me up"—Mrs. McAuley's Prayer—A Convert from the Lowest Depths—Ragged Kitty, the News Girl—Marks of a Mother's Cruelty—"Let me out"—"I Want me Pat"—Distressing Scenes—"Mashing" the Baby—Begging for Shelter and Warmth—An All-Night Missionary's Story—A Baxter Street Audience—"Roll, Jordan, Roll!"—Story of Welsh Jennie—A Mother's Love—"She is Dead"—Seeking to Save—A Midnight Tour through Dens of Vice and Misery—Horrible Sightings—An Emblem of Purity in the Midst of Vice—"It's no Use! It's no Use!"—"Don't you know me Mother? I am your Jennie"—Affecting Meeting of a Mother and her Erring Daughter—Old Michael's Story—Fifty-three Years in Prisons—Taking the Last Chance.

"IT'S life and death! Don't stop me! Clear the way, I tell you, or there'll be mischief done!"

Truly it looked like it. The man's face was flushed to a dark red, and yet was curiously pale about the lips. He was tall and powerful; a bullet head and heavy jaw, and long strong arms that swung like flails as he ran wildly down the street.

"It's murder," some one said, as with frightened eyes all made way for the fleeing man. A policeman hastened his steps as the fugitive rounded the corner into Thirty-second Street, for the first rush had been down Seventh Avenue from one of the high tenement-houses not far away. The broad doors of the Cremorne Mission swung open the instant the man reached them as if some one behind them had felt the rush and answered the cry of a need unknown as yet, but of the sorest.

"Lock me up!" he cried, as the doors swiftly closed behind him, and he fell limp and breathless on one of the long benches.

“Lock me up! You promised to help me. Help me now or I’m gone. It’s on me, I tell you. I’m going mad if I ain’t helped.”



ENTRANCE TO THE CREMORNE MISSION.

Frank, to whom this appeal was addressed, was the faithful man in charge of the Cremorne Mission rooms, and was himself a convert from the lowest depths. He had been a drunken sailor, dragged into the Water Street Mission by a friend, and to his own intense and always fresh surprise was converted before the evening ended. The most secret cranny of a drunkard’s mind was an open book to him. He knew every possibility and phase of this and of every other malady of soul that could possibly be brought before the Mission, and he regarded each fresh case as another chance for him to bear

Then there was the "Midget," with innocent, doll-like face, and others of less notoriety.

The room was well filled, so I brought the song service to a close and was about to read the Scripture, when the discordant sounds of an approaching street band caused the audience to rise *en masse* and rush down the stairs, leaving me alone save one or two tramps whose deep slumbers could not by any possibility have been disturbed. It was a common occurrence for my audience to leave without ceremony. A dog-fight or any disturbance on the street would empty the room immediately.

I was obliged to go out again and "compel them to come in." When order was restored I read the story of the Prodigal Son. All listened quietly, and I was only interrupted by the stertorous snores of the sleepers, and by the yells and cat-calls of street boys who persistently hooted at the door. The story was familiar to many, some of whom had literally left good homes, gone into a far country, spent their substance in riotous living, and had arrived at the pig-pen point of the journey; and my prayer was that some might arise and come back to their Father.

I was urging them to do this when a woman entered and crouched near the door. My attention was drawn to her at once,—she was such a wreck. Though not over twenty she looked forty. Ragged, dirty, bruised, and bloated, she had hardly the semblance of a woman. I told for her benefit the story of the Scotch lassie who had wandered away from home, and of her return and welcome by a loving mother. I ended by saying, "There are those here to-night who have a loving mother still praying for them." This shot at a venture struck home. Her lips quivered; tears ran down her cheeks. She was the first to come forward for prayers. She told me between her sobs that she was the only daughter of a praying mother, then living in another part of the city. She had erred in the choice of her company, and an elder brother in anger had put her out of the house, threatening to kill her if she returned to disgrace the family. Driven from home she

gradually sank from one level to another until she became an outcast on the street. For five years she had neither seen a relative nor heard from home. I urged her to return, but she hesitated, doubting her welcome. I promised to visit her mother and plead for her, and the girl finally promised to be at the meeting the next night.

The next day I visited her mother. She was a Welsh woman, sixty years of age, living on the top floor of a cheap tenement-house. She had been a Christian for many years. After conversing with her on other matters I cautiously inquired if she had a daughter named Jennie, and was surprised when she calmly answered "No." I told her I had been informed that she had.

"Well, I once had a daughter by that name," she slowly said; "but she is dead."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes. At least I think she is. Yes, I am sure she is. We have not heard from her in five years. Then we heard she was dead."

I told her she was still alive and anxious to return home. The mother's love returned. In great agitation and with tears streaming down her face she exclaimed:—

"Tell her she is welcome. Oh, find her and bring her to me, and all shall be forgiven. For God's sake do not disappoint me. It will kill me if you do."

I promised to bring Jennie home without fail. But that night she was not at the meeting. In vain I searched all the haunts of vice in the neighborhood, but found no trace of her.

In one of the saloons I met an acquaintance,—a young prize-fighter. He had drifted into the mission room one night and had disturbed the meeting so much that in sheer desperation I suddenly seized him by the collar and bounced him through the door with such quick despatch that it had won his profound admiration and warm friendship. I told him the object of my search. He said that Jennie was probably in some stale-beer "dive," adding that stale-beer dives were underground cellars or small rooms kept by Italians, where liquor

help any one out of them dives. I ain't religious like, yer understand? Yer can't be religious an' fight, can yer? Well, that's how I makes my eat. No fight, no eat, see? So its either eat or religion, an' as I takes naterally to eat an' don't to religion, I eats an' fights an' fights an' eats. See? I may reform some day an' git religion. I hain't got nothin' agin it nohow."

We walked rapidly through a narrow dark street; then turned into a long alleyway leading into an area or back yard, in which stood a typical rear tenement-house. We entered and climbed up the rickety stairs. My guide unceremoniously pushed open a door, and we found ourselves in a room dimly lighted by a peddler's lamp. The English language cannot describe the scene before us. The room was crowded with men and women of the most degraded type. Misery, rags, filth, and vermin were on every side, and above all arose a stench so utterly vile that, the nostrils once assailed, it could never be forgotten. All were more or less intoxicated and stared idiotically at us. A quick survey was all I could stand; the stench and sights were so horrible I beat a hasty retreat and was about to return to the street, when the fighter informed me that there were six other places of like character in that one house. He then led me downstairs into an underground room, the floor of which was bare ground; the walls were covered with green slime, and water was dripping from the ceiling. Yet crowded into this hole and huddled together were fifteen men and women.

As we entered, some one shouted, "What's wanted?" "A girl named Jinny," said the fighter. As he said this a young girl started up, but was knocked back by a big ruffian who rushed forward, cursing fearfully and asking "What's wanted with the girl?" As he advanced in a threatening manner and seemed about to annihilate me, I felt like withdrawing. But when he had nearly reached us the fighter struck out, knocking the brute over several others into the corner, where he lay rubbing his head. The fighter, satisfying himself that Jenny was not there, quietly withdrew.

We visited several other places, and finally one worse than

all, kept by an Italian hag named Rosa. We entered a hall and stumbled over several sleepers who lay on the floor too drunk to notice our stepping on them. Propped up on either side along the walls were men and women dead drunk or fast asleep. A dim light shone through the alley and into the hall from the street lamp, and by crouching down we soon ascertained that Jennie was not there. "We will go into this room if we kin git in," said my guide as he banged away at a door at the farther end of the hall. "Yer see de old gal, when dey gits full an' can't set up an' spend money, chucks 'em out into de hall an' pulls de knob of de door in so dey can't git back agin."

Sure enough the knob was in, and it took several vigorous raps to get a response from within. At last the door was cautiously opened by old Rosa, and the fighter pushed his way in.

The place was crowded. Our advent caused a flutter and muttered comment among those sober enough to notice us. Some tried to escape, taking us for detectives. Others said, "It's the Doctor, don't be afraid." I had a kind word for them all; the fighter, too, reassured them, and confidence was in a measure restored. While he was searching for Jennie, I looked around.

The room was filled with the hardest, filthiest set of men and women I had ever seen. Many were nearly naked. Bloated faces were cut and swollen, and eyes blackened, while on the neck, hands, and other exposed parts of the body could be seen on many, great festering sores. Vermin large enough to be seen with the naked eye abounded.

Boards placed on the top of beer-kegs made seats. Under these, piled in like sacks of salt, were those who had become too drunk to sit up. Others occupied the seats and dangled their feet in the faces of those underneath, often stepping with drunken tread on some upturned face. In one corner of the room was a bed made from dry-goods boxes, covered with an old mattress and rags. On this were lying two little Italian children. Their innocent faces were in strong contrast to

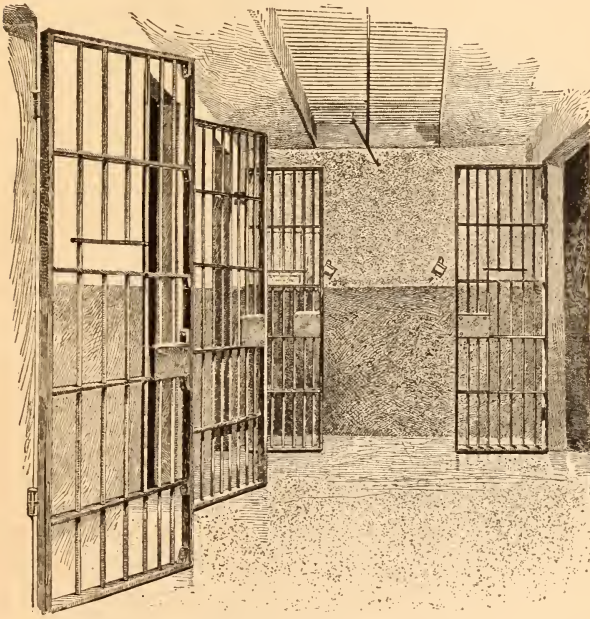
listened to my appeal now joined us in urging her to go home. He said, "You had better go; you know if you stay around here likely as not I'll be ordering the dead-wagon for you, and you'll be carted off and dumped in the Morgue and buried in Potters' Field." This had no effect. Finally, losing patience, he gave her a poke with his club, saying, "Get out o' here. You've got a good chance. If you don't take it I'll club the life out o' you if I ever catch you on my beat again."

Once on the street she became more tractable but more despondent, saying, "It's no use; it's no use."

The fighter, who had become intensely interested, exclaimed: "What yer want to do is to brace up an' go home an' do de straight thing. Don't give in. You'll get along. Don't it say, mishener, that de Lord will percure? I ain't religious much meself, but I think it does. For when I was a doin' ten days on de island a lady gave me a track that said something like that on it."

At length, though very reluctantly, she consented to go with us. She was in a terrible plight, being half naked and covered with filth. We took her to the house of a Christian woman who gave her a bath, combed her matted hair, and gave her clothing. Then we started for her home, reaching there about three o'clock. All was dark, but we groped our way to the top of the house, to her mother's door. The poor woman, worn out with watching, had fallen asleep, but woke at our rap. She told us to go into the front room. We did so. Jennie had been weeping silently, but now, as the old familiar pictures on the wall became visible by the dim light of the candle, she began to sob aloud. The mother entered with a lamp in her hand. She gave one glance at the girl, then quickly stepped back, nearly dropping the lamp. "That is not my daughter," she wildly cried. "You have made a mistake. No, no, that is not my Jennie. It can't be." She covered her face with her hands and sank to the floor beneath the burden of her grief. "Yes, mother, it is your Jennie, your poor, lost Jennie. Don't you know me? There's Willie's picture, and that's Charlie's," she said, pointing to some photographs on the

at the end o' your tether, Michael Dunn,' says he. 'Yes, you are. You've got brains an' you've used them for naught, since God give 'em to you, but to do rascality an' teach the same to others. It's time now to turn round an' see if you can't undo some o' your wicked work. Do you like it! Do you want to keep on servin' terms till you go up to your last Judge? I be-



STATION HOUSE PRISON CELLS.

lieve you can be an honest man an' a happy one if you will.'

"I looked at him kind o' dazed like. *Me* — honest and happy! *Me* — that had never had wife nor home nor naught but from hand to mouth, in the few months I'd be' out!

I laughed,

but it wasn't a very cheerful laugh, an' Jerry says, stern-like as ever I heard: '*Michael Dunn, it's your last chance.* Come here to-night, an' see what you think o' what goes on in this place.'

"Well I come to the Mission that night. I was that sick an' sore inside I was ready for anything, an' when the door opened an' I heard 'em a-singin',—

" 'For weary feet remains a street,
Of wondrous pave and golden,'—

"I says to myself, says I, 'I want to walk it some time, an' if there's any way o' learnin' how, I'll stay here till I find out.'

CHAPTER IX.

THE SLUMS BY NIGHT—THE UNDER-WORLD OF NEW YORK—
LIFE AND SCENES IN DENS OF INFAMY AND CRIME—NIGHT
REFUGES FOR WOMEN—FAST LIFE—CHRISTIAN WORK
AMONG OUTCASTS.

A Nocturnal Population—Dens of Infamy—Gilded Palaces of Sin—The Open Door to Ruin—Worst Phases of Night Life—Barred Doors and Sliding Panels—Mysterious Disappearances—The Bowery by Night—Free-and-Easys and Dime Museums—A Region of the Deepest Poverty and Vice—Vice the First Product, Death the Second—Nests of Crime—The Sleeping Places of New York's Outcasts—Lowering Brows and Evil Eyes—The Foxes, Wolves, and Owls of Humanity—Thieves and Nook-and-Corner Men—Women with Bent Heads and Despairing Eyes—One More Victim—Night Tramps—A Class that Never Goes to Bed—The Beautiful Side of Womanhood—Girls' Lodging-Houses—Homes for the Homeless—Gratitude of Saved Women—The Work of the Night Refuges

SUNSET has come, diffusing mellow light over the beautiful harbor and the fair islands of New York bay. Nowhere is the soft twilight more enchanting. By five o'clock the great warehouses along the river front, and the office buildings and stores in the lower part of the city, begin to empty themselves, and merchants, brokers, lawyers, and clerks stream up town to their homes, or to the substitutes for them found in boarding-houses. The heavy iron shutters are lowered. Office-boys skip away with such alertness as is left in their tired little legs. Weary porters straighten boxes and strive to bring order out of the day's confusion. Presently the night watchman comes in, and, save for the rush of the elevated trains, lower New York, silent and forsaken, rests in quiet till morning once more brings the stir and roar of traffic and the anxious or eager or preoccupied faces of the men who are rulers in the business world.

They have come from homes where also quiet has reigned ;

journey lay through hell, and whose "Inferno" holds no more terrible picture than those to be encountered at a hundred points in a single night among the outcasts who call the streets their home.

In all this region there is a blaze of light till long after midnight. Troops of wayfarers come and go, and the many bars do a thriving business. Then one by one lights dwindle and



HOMELESS BOYS SLEEPING IN A COAL CELLAR UNDER THE SIDEWALK.

go out, and the foxes, wolves, and owls of humanity come forth and watch for their prey. From South Ferry up toward the Old Slip they lurk at corners, vigilant and silent, taking account of every passer-by, and robbing if a favorable moment comes. Thieves, smugglers, "nook-and-corner" men are seen for a moment and then vanish as swiftly as they came. Women are there, too,—some singing, or laughing a laugh with no merriment in it; but for the most part they, too, are silent. Now and then one who has walked with bent head and despairing eyes makes a sudden resolve; there is a swift, flying rush toward the dark water beyond, and the river closes over one more victim. Such a sight is a familiar fact to the policemen

and a cup of coffee. It was in this dingy basement that a woman of about thirty drifted only the other day. She was a comely woman, with regular features and dark hair. A thin shawl was drawn over her shoulders; her dress was ragged and worn, her face deathly pale. She had no money, and when she faintly begged for food a swarthy Italian paid five cents for the coffee and a crust of bread that were served to her.

She drank the coffee, and thrust the crust into her pocket. She would have gone then, but she was trembling with weakness and the man who paid for her food held her back. She sat silent and thoughtful on the narrow bench until long after nightfall. Then she drew the crust from her pocket and began to nibble it.

"Let me warm the bread for you," said the keeper's little boy. He put it on the stove, warmed it, and brought it back to the woman, who suddenly gasped, and died.

The police propped her up on the bench, and all night long her lifeless body waited for removal in the dead wagon to the Morgue. In her pocket was found the remnant of the crust, and a copy of these verses printed on red paper :

On the street, on the street,
 To and fro with weary feet ;
 Aching heart and aching head ;
 Homeless, lacking daily bread ;
 Lost to friends, and joy, and name,
 Sold to sorrow, sin, and shame ;
 Ruined, wretched, lone, forlorn ;
 Weak and wan, with weary feet,
 Still I wander on the street !

On the street, on the street,
 Midnight finds my straying feet ;
 Hark the sound of pealing bells,
 Oh, the tales their music tells !
 Happy hours forever gone ;
 Happy childhood, peaceful home —
 Then a mother on me smiled,
 Then a father owned his child —
 Vanish, mocking visions sweet !
 Still I wander on the street.

On the street, on the street,
 Whither tend my wandering feet?
 Love and hope and joy are dead—
 Not a place to lay my head;
 Every door against me sealed—
 Hospital and Potter's Field.
 These stand open!—wider yet
 Swings perdition's yawning gate,
 Thither tend my wandering feet,
 On the street, on the street.

On the street, on the street;
 Might I *here* a Saviour meet!
 From the blessed far off years,
 Comes the story of *her tears*,
 Whose sad heart with sorrow broke,
 Heard the words of love He spoke,
 Heard Him bid her anguish cease,
 Heard Him whisper, "Go in peace!"
 Oh, that I might kiss His feet,
 On the street, on the street.

Of the dens of crimes hiding in the narrow streets opening up from the river the police have intimate knowledge. We leave them behind as once more the little light of the Water Street Mission comes in sight. In the midst of dark and bloody ground its rays shine forth, and behind the Mission doors—open day and night alike—is the chief hope that illumines the night side of New York.

It is to the Children's Aid Society that New York owes the first thought of protection and care for homeless girls, whose condition till girls' lodging-houses were opened was in many points far worse than that of boys. Actual hardships were perhaps no greater, but the very fact of sex made their position a more critical one, while it doubled and trebled the difficulties of the work to be done.

Years ago Mr. Brace, whose faith was of the largest, and whose energy never flagged, wrote of them:—

"I can truly say that no class we have ever labored for seemed to combine so many elements of human misfortune, and to present so many discouraging features as this. They form, indeed, a class by themselves. . . . It is no exaggeration

CHAPTER X.

NIGHT MISSION WORK—NEW YORK STREETS AFTER DARK—
RESCUE WORK AMONG THE FALLEN AND DEPRAVED—
SEARCHING FOR THE LOST—AN ALL-NIGHT MISSIONARY'S
EXPERIENCE.

The "Bloody Sixth Ward"—Hoodlums—The Florence Night Mission—
Where the Inmates Come from—A Refuge for Fallen Women—
Searching for Lost Daughters—Low Concert Halls—Country Boys
Who "Come in Just to See"—A Brand Plucked from the Burning—
Old Rosa's Den of Villainy—In the Midst of Vice and Degradation—
Rescue Work Among the Fallen—Accordeon Mary—"Sing! Sing!"
—Gospel Service in a Stale-Beer Dive—The Fruits of One False Step
—Scenes in Low Dance-Halls and Vile Resorts—Painted Wrecks—An
All-Night Missionary's Experience—Saving a Despised Magdalen—A
Perilous Moment—The Story of Nellie Conroy—Rescued from the
Lowest Depths of Sin—Nine Years in the Slums—The Christian End
of a Misspent Life—Nearing the River—Nellie's Death—Who Was
E—M—?—Twenty-four Years a Tramp—Last Words.

THOUGH the old Fourth Ward, of which Water Street was
once the symbol and summary, is still counted as the worst
in New York, yet there is small choice between that and
the "Bloody Sixth" Ward, named long ago in the days of the
notorious "Bowery Bhoys." That once name of terror has
given place to a type far beyond it in evil,—the "Hoodlum,"
born most often of Irish parents and knowing liberty only as
the extremity of license. Even fifty years ago the trees still
grew all the way up from Water Street out into Chatham
Square and on through the old street, and the generation before
that knew it as a region of gardens and thickets and orchards.
For years the remnant of one of old Peter Stuyvesant's pear-
trees offered its blossoms and fruit to the passer-by, till a
memorial shoot was transplanted to a more congenial spot, and
the old tree which had known the very beginning of things for

prayer meeting where a stranger rose and described a Mission which had recently been begun on Baxter Street by himself and Mr. Henry B. Gibbud. Mr. Crittenton listened, was interested, went with the speaker, Mr. Smith Allen, saw for the first time the degradation and horror of the life, and later visits deepened the impression made upon him. When the baby he idolized was taken from him, there seemed no interest in life so strong as this one of offering redemption to the class of men and women who filled the slums and dives of this part of the city. The house at 29 Bleeker Street was chosen; the two rooms of the lower part were thrown into one for a meeting-room, and the upper part fitted up with beds, while the lower served as kitchen and dining-room. Mr. Allen was engaged as the all-night missionary, a matron was put in charge, and a superintendent of home work appointed.

It was in April, 1883, that the Mission opened, the card for night work bearing these words:

“ANY MOTHER’S GIRL WISHING TO LEAVE A CROOKED LIFE, MAY FIND
FRIENDS, FOOD, SHELTER, AND A
HELPING HAND

BY COMING JUST AS SHE IS, TO THE FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION.”

In the first year one hundred and seventy-six fallen women and girls were received into the Home. They had had a terror of the ordinary reformatory or Home, and often hesitated when the Mission card was given them.

“I want to do better; but, oh, I can’t be shut up in one of those places,” was the cry of numbers. To find that no stipulations were made, that the utmost liberty was given, that they were cared for with food, clothing, and medicine if necessary; told to stay as long as they wished, or to leave if they felt they must,—all this was a method quite unknown to them. Soon every bed filled. Many begged to sleep on the floor, and each night the number of unhappy creatures at the meetings increased. To meet this demand the house next door was bought, and both thrown into one, with a building at the rear, so that to-day it has the accommodations of the

average small hotel, and there are rooms for every order of work that must be done.

All who enter the house have a share in the work, which is under the general direction of the Matron. Here the inmates



THE FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION BUILDING.

stay till employment can be secured, till they can be sent to their own homes, or, as must sometimes be the case, to the hospital to die. On entering the Mission a full record of the case is made in the record book, with a statement of age, nationality, denomination, residence, whether father or mother are living and if so, where, when received, by whom brought;

The Florence Night Mission.

THIS is a fine picture of the Florence Night Mission building. Mrs. Campbell gives a splendid account of this famous mission and the good work done by its all night missionaries and rescue bands. On the opposite page is a picture made by flash-light, in the mission room, of a midnight lunch for street girls after evening service. Please look particularly at this picture, and especially at the woman's figure on the right, for something interesting can be told about it. A short time ago an old woman, nicknamed "Shakespeare," was murdered in a cheap lodging house on Water Street. She was supposed to have been murdered by "Jack the Ripper," and there was a great deal of excitement about it. Inspector Byrnes took hold of the case, and he finally ran down a desperate character known as "Frenchy." He was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced for the crime. Now the wonderful part of this story is told in a Note (given on page 246), which see.

and when the guest leaves, a record is made of the date of discharge, to whom and where sent, and if subsequently heard from this fact is noted, with any information that will enable the Mission to keep track of her.

This, it will be seen, is in reality a short history of each life that finds shelter here, and each year has seen an increasing number. In 1890 there were three hundred and sixty-five inmates. The average age was twenty-eight. There were double the number of Protestants as compared with



MIDNIGHT LUNCH FOR STREET GIRLS AFTER EVENING SERVICE AT THE FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION.*

Catholics, and in the entire number but four Jews. In nationality Americans led, there being one hundred and seventy-three. Seventy-three Irish, fifty-five English, ten Scotch, two Swedish, nineteen Germans, one Welsh, one colored, and thirty-one whose nationality is unknown, made up the list, which for the student of social problems is a most suggestive one.

Every night the women who saunter past these Mission Rooms can hear gospel hymns being sung,—hymns that remind many of them of happy homes and the days of their youth. There is a welcome for any who choose to enter and spend an hour. A few words of Gospel truth, a reminder in

* See note on page 246.

Christ's own words that whosoever comes to him shall not be cast out, and then more singing and a prayer. From the houses around come sounds of uproarious merriment, coarse jests and laughter; but here in the midst of all the vice and degradation is a haven of peace and rest. Many women come and come again. Some are glad to stay.

It is the night work of the Mission in which the strongest interest centers. The congregation, when it assembles in the little chapel, is made up not only of the women and their companions, who are cabmen, freight-handlers, saloon-keepers, and countrymen who have come to see city sights, but also of thieves, drunkards, and beggars. Sixty thousand women and men are estimated to spend the night in the streets of New York city, and thousands of them are never seen in the daytime. It is impossible to reach this class unless one goes among them, and this takes one into low concert saloons, cellar lodging-rooms, or to any point where experience has taught that they may be found. Now and then a father or mother who has heard of the Mission work comes and begs that they may be helped to find a long-lost daughter. A photograph is sent, or a minute description is given, and the missionary looks critically at the throng of faces assembled in the Mission room, hoping that he may find the one for whom home is waiting.

The low concert-halls and stale-beer dives offer the fullest field. These places are most often in the basement, reached by rickety stairs, or through dimly lighted hallways. Often the rooms are small, the ceiling low, and the air is always full of the fumes of tobacco and beer. The little tables placed against the walls are all taken, and the center of the room is filled with dancers, most of them young men and girls, and nearly all of them still in their teens. Many of the men are loafers, living in part on the girls' wages and in part by thieving and gambling. Some of them are country boys who have come in "just to see." They will come again, and in the end find the woe and shame that lurk under this cover of amusement.

**An Underground State-Beer Dive Late at Night in Mulberry
Street Bend,**

Showise the kind of places in which mission-workers and rescue bands often hold religious services. The room is crowded and the air is full of fumes of tobacco and stale beer. The men are thieves, loafers, and "crooks" of the most dangerous order, and the women are of the most degraded type. Here liquor of the cheapest kind is sold in buckets, pails, and bottles; and children are often sent by drunken parents to these places for more drink. Here may be seen a little girl standing on tiptoe, reaching for a pail of beer. This photograph was taken by flash-light, and every face in it is a perfect portrait from life, and all the surroundings are true to the scene.



AN UNDERGROUND STALE-BEER DIVE LATE AT NIGHT IN MULBERRY STREET BEND.

The low concert halls and stale-beer dives offer the fullest field for night mission work. These vile places are most often in cellars. The rooms are small, the ceilings low, and the air is always full of the fumes of tobacco and stale beer. The men are hives, hoards, and "crooks," often of the most dangerous order. The women are of the most degraded type. Here beer and spirits are sold in buckets, pails, and bottles, and the inmates spend what they have earned, begged, or stolen for these vile drinks. Children are often sent to these places for liquor.



The girls? Some of them are country girls, drawn by this magnet of city life, who came seeking honest employment and found betrayal. Many are honest working girls who wanted dress and "fun," and were caught in the meshes of this net before they realized what the danger was. Now and then the keeper of one of these dens will himself warn a girl to leave before it is too late. He knows the unsuspecting girl who has been brought in by some villain, quite unconscious of danger.



AN EVERY DAY AND EVERY NIGHT SCENE IN A STALE-BEER DIVE.

In a dance hall near Hester Street is a man who has often worked against his own nefarious business in this fashion, and he has a waiter equally ready to send away such a case.

A girl of this type sat at one of the tables one evening as the missionary entered bringing with him the photograph of a girl he hoped to find. He showed it to Tom, the waiter, who studied it attentively. He had never seen her, and said so, but as if he felt urged to help some one in like case, said,

"There's a girl acrost there that needs you, but she won't hear to have you go right up to her. I'll fix it. Wait a little."

The soft, troubled blue eyes of the girl looked up surprised as Tom said in her ear,

beer at a cent a pint is the drink, and a description of one of them, kept by Rosa, an Italian woman, may stand for all. The room was small and it owned no furniture, save a bed, a stove, and benches around the walls. At the foot of the bed stood a bench used as a counter, where Rosa perched when she looked up to the picture on the wall, a high-colored saint with a halo, before whom she crossed herself when difficulty arose. A



A STALE-BEER DIVE ON MULBERRY STREET BY DAY.

crowd of men and women in all stages of drunkenness sat about on the benches, some listening to "Accordeon Mary" playing an asthmatic accordeon, some of them singing to it. They looked up interestedly at a fresh arrival, and watched a chance to pick a pocket. When the last stage of drunkenness came on, the victim was thrown out to make room for a fresh comer.

On the floor lay a woman who had reached this stage. She was behind the door, as if she had tried to hide, and Rosa with many nods indicated that she was brought in by roughs, who had given her drink on the Bowery and then enticed her here. It is the story of many. The missionary slipped a card into her

pocket. When she wakes, homeless and despairing, she may possibly turn toward the Mission.

On the benches poor creatures were stretched, with swollen eyes and cut faces, some of them beaten almost to a jelly. One of them, as we looked, rose up suddenly, a woman with dishevelled gray locks and mad, wild face.

“Sing! sing!” she wildly screamed, and Rosa nodded assent.

“Sing, ‘Where is my wandering boy to-night,’” she cried again. Instead the missionary sang,

“ Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Christ and know in coming
He will give thee rest.”

“More! More!” called the crowd, and the shrill voice of the gray-haired woman rose above the rest. To satisfy the crazy mother the missionary sang in rich and melodious voice, —

“Where is my wandering boy to-night,
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?”

“Go, find my wandering boy to-night;
Go, search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.”

Silence reigned. One by one the noisy inmates had settled down, and when the last line was sung scarce a whisper was heard. A man crawled out from under the benches, and sat on the floor looking up through tears. A woman who had lain in the fireplace, her hair filled with ashes, burst into sobs, — maudlin tears, perhaps, but sometimes they mean repentance.

The missionary read a few verses, looking about to see who were listening. Over in one corner sat a pair whose appearance was unlike the rest, and he wondered how they came there, for they were clean and of a different order. As he reached the corner the young man slowly rose and whispered,

We talked of home and mother; soon the tears ran down his bronzed cheeks, and he said, "Heave ahead; I'll go for old times' sake, if you don't think the walls will fall on me." So, one by one, I induced them to leave the dance-hall and cross over to the meeting.

I had just come out of the place named "Hell Gate" when I saw a partially intoxicated woman supporting herself against a lamp-post, and near by stood a burly negro. The woman was tall and thin, and it was plain even then that consumption was doing its fatal work. She had no hat, no shoes; a dirty calico dress was all the clothing she had on, and that was not in condition to cover her nakedness. Her hair was matted and tangled, her face bruised and swollen; both eyes were blackened by the fist of her huge negro companion, who held her as his slave and had beaten her because she had not brought him as much money as he wanted. I invited her to the meeting and passed on. Near the close of the service she came in; with tearful eyes she listened to the story of Jesus, and was one of the first to request prayers. After the meeting she expressed a desire for a better life, but she had no place to go, save to the dens of infamy from which she came. I decided at once to take her to the Florence Night Mission, and, accompanied by a friend who had assisted me in the meeting, we started.

We were going toward the horse-cars, and congratulating ourselves that we had gotten away unobserved, when we were confronted by the very negro from whom we sought to escape. With an oath he demanded,

"Whar you folks takin' dat gal to?"

It was a fearful moment, near midnight, a dark street, and not a soul in sight. I expected every moment that he would strike me. I was no match for him. Signaling my friend to go on with the girl, and taking the negro by the coat, I said excitedly,

"I am taking her to a Christian home — to a better life. If ever you prayed for any one, pray for her; I know you are a bad man, but you ought to be glad to help any girl away from this place. So pray for her as you have never prayed before."

All this time my friend and the woman were going down the street as fast as possible. I had talked so fast that the negro did not have a chance to say a word, and before he could recover from his astonishment I ran on. He did not attempt to follow.



THE GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL ROOM AT THE FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION.

Four cars were hailed before one would let us on. The drivers would slacken up, but, seeing the woman's condition, would whip up their horses and drive on. Finally, when the next driver slackened, we lifted our frail burden to the platform before he could prevent us.

Arriving at the Mission, we helped her up the steps and rang the bell; she turned to me and said, "You will be proud of me some day." I smiled then, as I thought the chances of being proud of her were slim, but how many times since, when vast audiences have been moved to tears by the pathos of her story, or spellbound by her eloquence, have I indeed been proud of her.

She was admitted to the house, giving the assumed name of Nellie Conroy. For nine years she had lived in Baxter

Street slums, becoming a victim to all the vices that attend a dissipated life until at last she became an utter wreck. Everything was done for her at the Mission, and in time permanent employment was found.

Some time after, word reached the Mission that Nellie had left her place and gone back to her old haunts in Baxter Street. A card with the address of "The Florence" was left at one of her resorts, and the whole matter was forgotten, until late one night the doorbell of the Mission rooms softly rang, and the poor wretched object admitted proved to be Nellie. At the meeting the next night she was the first to come forward. When asked to pray, she lifted her pale face to heaven, and quoted, with tearful pathos, that beautiful hymn :

"The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door."

Then followed a touching prayer, a humble confession of sin, an earnest pleading for pardon, a quiet acceptance of Christ by faith, a tearful thanksgiving for knowledge of sins forgiven.

Her life from that time until her death—nearly two years later—was that of a faithful Christian. She gave satisfaction to her employers; she was blessed of God in her testimony at the Mission, and soon she was sought after by churches, temperance societies, and missions to tell what great things the Lord had done for her. She spoke to a large assemblage of nearly 3,000 people in the Cooper Union, New York, holding the audience spellbound with her pathetic story. She possessed a wonderful gift of language and great natural wit, that, combined with her thrilling story, made her a most interesting and entertaining speaker. She was uneducated, but she had a remarkable memory; she soon became familiar with the Bible, and many were won to Christ through her testimony. Her pale face would become flushed with a hectic glow as she spoke of the wonderful things God had done for her.

"Glory be to His great name!" she would say; "it was no common blood that washed Nellie Conroy from her sins, and

Gospel Work in the Slums. Midnight Service of a Mission Rescue Band in an Underground Dive.

Here is a rescue band from the Florence Night Mission holding a midnight Gospel service in one of the worst state-beer dives in New York. This photograph was made by flash-light, and shows the scene exactly as it occurred at twelve o'clock at night. In the center is Mrs. Reassigne, who was converted only four years ago from just such a place as this. She is now a Christian woman, and a living witness of the mighty power of the Gospel to save sinners from the very lowest depths. She is well known in all of these vile places, and has consecrated her life to mission work in her old haunts and among her old companions. She is reading aloud from the Bible. Standing by her side is a young man—a member of the band—ready to join in singing the Gospel hymn that will soon follow. At his side is another Christian worker, leaning over and talking kindly to a rough. Around the room are tough women, some of them laughing, some in drunken sleep. Around the room that one or two of them are affected by the service. Gospel hymns often awaken memories of the past, and recall to these poor creatures other and happier days. Some of the tramps are too intoxicated to take any interest in what is going on; others try to break up the service by rude remarks. A perfect idea of mission work in tough places can be obtained from this truthful illustration. It is not unusual for a father or mother who has heard of the noble work done by these all-night missions, to beg for help to find a lost daughter, who is sometimes traced to these very places. The missionaries always look closely at the faces around them, hoping that they may find one for whom home is waiting.



GOSPEL WORK IN THE SLUMS. — MIDNIGHT SERVICE OF A MISSION RESCUE HAND IN AN UNDERGROUND DIVE.

It is the midnight work of the Florence Night Mission in which the strongest interest centers. Sixty thousand men and women spend the night in the streets and low resorts of New York, and thousands of them are never seen in the daytime. To reach this class it is necessary to go into low concert saloons, cellar jolting-rooms, stable-ber dives, and other points where experience has taught that they may be found. Now and then a father or mother, who has heard of the night Mission work, begs for help to find a lost daughter. During the service held in these dives by members of Rescue bands the missionaries look critically at the faces, hoping that they may find one for whom home is waiting.



no common power that reached down and took her from the slums of Baxter Street after nine years of sin and dissipation. It was nothing but the precious blood of Jesus that saved me. Where are my companions who started down life's stream with me, young, fresh, and happy? We started out to gather the roses of life, but found only thorns. Many of them to-day sleep in nameless and dishonored graves in the Potter's Field, and their souls—oh! where are they!—while I am spared, redeemed!"

Her life was indeed a changed one; from idleness, filth, drunkenness, and sin, she was transformed into a neat, industrious, sober, godly woman. But sin had sown its seed and she must reap the harvest; she grew weaker until at last she went to the hospital to linger for months in great suffering and pain, borne with Christian resignation. Her constant testimony was—

"The love He has kindled within me
Makes service or suffering sweet."

One day a visitor said, "Nellie, you are nearing the river." "Yes," she said, "I have already stepped in, but God's word says, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.' The promise is true; I am dry shod."

At the last she could scarcely speak; she knew her end was near, and when the 14th chapter of St. John's gospel was read to her she said, "My mansion is there, the Comforter is here; the promise is fulfilled. Sing at my funeral, "I am going home to die no more."

Summoned to her bedside, the nurse bent down to hear her faintly whisper, "Jesus, precious Jesus." These were her last words, her face lit up as she seemed to catch a glimpse of the better land, and, with the name of Jesus on her lips the spirit of the once poor, despised Magdalene took its flight to the bright mansions of whose possessions she had been so sure.

At her funeral many Christian workers and friends gathered to do honor to her remains. Many converts from the

slums who had been won to Christ by her testimony were among the mourners, and not a few came to look on that pale face who still lived in sin and shame, but who sincerely loved one who had so often entreated them to turn and live.

On the coffin plate was engraved :

E—— M——
Aged 29 years,
 DIED MARCH 16TH, 1885.

The cities and towns of almost every State find representatives in this throng of wanderers, and each one means a heart-break for some one at home. The work of the Florence Mission is typical. It is simply a variation in the form of this work that goes on at the sister Mission on Greene Street, where much the same methods are used. Without the freedom attached to both, successful work would be impossible in this special field. There are many Homes and reformatories where a certain amount of force enters in, but none do just the work of these two. They labor for women, but in the evening meetings at the Florence Mission men are admitted, and the rules of the institution are much the same as those governing the Water Street Mission. Like that, also, one hears every form of testimony, pathetic, solemn, or grotesque as it may happen, but all with the same spirit of earnestness. Let an Irish brother, whose voice still lingers in my memory, and who had tried all depths of sin, have the last word from the Florence Night Mission.

“A word on this whiskey, me friends. I heerd a man say whiskey was right enough in its place, which place is hell, says I. It brought me down to hell's dure, an' I well know what it's loike. For twinty-four years I was a tramp; a dirty spalpeen of a tramp. The brother forninst me there said God found him in his hotel. 'Twasn't in nary a hotel nor lodgin'-house, nor yet a flat, the Lord found me in, but in the gutther, for I'd niver a roof to me head. I came in here cold, hungry,

an' wet, an' stood by the shtove to dlry meself, an' I heerd yees all tellin' an' tellin', an' I begun to pray meself thin. I prayed God to help me, an' He did. I was talkin' to a naygur outside, an' he said to me, says he, 'I was an Irishman like yer-self in the ould counthry, but I got black whin I come to Americy.' Ye can laugh all ye loike, but I tell yees me heart was as black as that naygur whin I come in here, but it's white now in the blood o' the Lamb. There' hope for every wan o' yees if there was a ghost o' chance for me, an' you'd betther believe it."

NOTE.—While this volume was passing through the press a proof of page 229 was sent by the Publishers to Mrs. A. L. Prindle, Matron of the Florence Night Mission, with a request to verify the statistics thereon given in order to ensure absolute correctness. From her letter returning the revised proof we make the following interesting extract:—

“FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION.

“NEW YORK, April 23, 1891.

. “At this hour, ten P. M., word has just been received at the Mission of a very sad occurrence. The woman at the right in the picture on page 229, whose head is bowed, whom I remember well as ‘Shakespeare,’ a notorious outcast, well known in all this region, was found murdered this morning in a cheap lodging-place on Water Street. She frequently came to the Mission and was present the night you made the flash-light picture of the girls at lunch, though too intoxicated to hold up her head.”

CHAPTER XI.

GOSPEL WORK IN THE SLUMS—AN ALL-NIGHT MISSIONARY'S LIFE—A MIDNIGHT CURBSTONE MEETING—UP SHINBONE ALLEY.

A Midnight Curbstone Meeting—A Confidence Game that Failed to Work—An Astonished Thief—"You Ought to be a Christian"—"Will Christ Pay my Rent?"—A Midnight Sermon—One of the Devil's Family—Sowing Seed on Stony Ground—"If I'd only Stuck to Sunday School"—Dark and Dirty Pell Street—Five-Cent Lodging-Houses—Shinbone Alley At Three o'clock in the Morning—A Typical Street Boy—One of the Gang—"Snoozin'" on a Beer Keg—A Suspicious Looking Wagon—A Whispered Consultation—"Corkey" from "Up de River"—Fallen among Thieves—A Deep Laid Plot—A Thirsty Crowd of Desperate Roughs—The Story of the Cross and the Dying Thief—A Speechless Audience—"De Fust to Preach Religion roum' dese Corners"—"Wal, I'm Blowed"—Caught by the Great Detective.

AN all-night city missionary's life is full of strange experiences. Mr. Gibbud's faithful work in this capacity was unique, and from his store of reminiscences I give, in his own words, the following interesting incidents:

A MIDNIGHT CURBSTONE MEETING.

Late one night I was pleading with a drunken man on the Bowery while two friends stood waiting for me not far off. Suddenly I noticed one of a gang of thieves, who were lounging around the door of a low concert-hall, leave his companions, approach my friends, and enter into conversation. I left my man and joined them. Seeing that I was the leader of the party, he addressed himself to me, suggesting that we try our hands at a "game." "My friend," I said, "I know you and your confidence game. I should think a man like you would want to be in some better business than swindling people. It's mighty mean business—that of a thief—don't you think so?" At first he was too much astonished to do

anything but glare savagely at me; then, recovering himself, he acted as though he was about to spring upon me. I laid my hand on his arm and gently said: "You ought to be a Christian."

He started back as though struck, but quickly recovered, and said with a sneer and in a loud voice: "Me a Christian? Will Christ pay my rent? Will Christ feed me?"

"Well," I said, "I have seen a good many begin serving Christ without a cent or even a place to lay their heads, and I never knew one He let go down who was really in earnest."

"But, see here, did you ever see Christ?"

"No, but I expect to see Him; I have His word that I shall."

Turning to his companions he shouted: "Come here, fellows, and see a chump who's got a promise of seein' Christ."

We were standing under an electric light, it being long past midnight. Quite a number who were passing stopped, the thief's companions gathered around, and I soon found myself in the center of a typical Bowery crowd — Jew and Gentile, a number of sporting-men and thieves, two or three fallen women, several drunken men, and others attracted by the noise, eager to see what was going on.

Again turning to his companions the thief said in loud and jeering tones: "Here's a fellow as is goin' to see Christ."

"Yes," I said, opening the Bible, "I have His word for it; I will read it to you: 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.'"

"Oh, you're a son of God, are you?" he exclaimed contemptuously.

"Yes, and I have His word for that," reading the Bible again; 'As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.' I was once far away from God, a great sinner, but I believed and received, and became his child."

If I'd chosen the other thing while I'd a pretty face of my own, I'd 'a' had ease and comfort an' a quick death. The river's the best place I'm thinking, for them that wants ease. Such life as this isn't living."



IN A POOR SEWING WOMAN'S HOME.

"She don't mean it," the first speaker said apologetically. "She knows there's better times ahead."

"Yes, the kind you'll find in the next room. Take a look in there, ma'am, an' then tell me what we're going to do."

One look into the dark fireless room was enough. A pantaloon-maker sat there, huddled in an old shawl, and finishing the last of a dozen which, when taken back, would give her money for fire and food. She had been ill for three days.

down. It is quite true. Convict labor, here as elsewhere, is the foe of the earnest worker, and complicates a problem already sufficiently complicated. There is a constantly increasing army of scrub women who clean the floors of offices and



A NIGHT SCRUB WOMAN'S HOME.

public buildings at night for a pittance, whose life is of the hardest.

However conditions might differ, the final word was always the same, and it stands as the summary of the life that is lived from day to day by these workers, — "Never better; always worse and worse." The shadow of the great pier seems the natural home of these souls who have forgotten sunshine and lost hope and faith in anything better to come. It lingers here and there. It looked from the steady eyes of some of

CHAPTER XIII.

HOSPITAL LIFE IN NEW YORK — A TOUR THROUGH THE WARDS OF OLD BELLEVUE — AFFECTING SCENES — THE MORGUE AND ITS SILENT OCCUPANTS.

Wealth and Misery Side by Side — Training Schools for Nurses — A "Hurry" Call — The Ambulance Service — Prejudice against Hospitals — A Place where the Doctors Cut up Folks Alive — Taken to the Dead-House — "Soon they will be Cuttin' him up" — Etherizing a Patient — A Painless and Bloodless Operation — A Patient Little Sufferer — Ministering Angels — Cutting off a Leg in Fifteen Seconds — A Swift Amputation — Miraculous Skill — Thanking the Doctor for Hastening the End — "Those Last Precious, Painless Hours" — A Child's Idea of Heaven — "Who Will Mind the Baby" — Flowers in Heaven — The Morgue — Its Silent Occupants — The Prisoners' Cage — Weeping Friends — Searching for her Son — An Affecting Meeting — She Knew her Own — "Charlie, Mother is Here" — "Too Late, Too Late" — A Pathetic Scene.

THE wayfarer on Fifth Avenue passing through miles of stately homes, fashionable churches, great club houses, and all that exhibits the most lavish expenditure of wealth for personal enjoyment, comes suddenly upon a spot which in an instant recalls the fact that, under all this pomp of external life, suffering and want still hold their place. Not a stone's throw from the avenue and its brilliant life, one passes through the always open gates of St. Luke's Hospital, under the shadow of great trees whose friendly protecting branches are welcome and greeting for all alike. Flowers bloom here as brightly as if pain had no place. Impertinent sparrows swarm and chatter under the eaves, and, perching on window sills or frames, look in with curious eyes on the long lines of cots.

Within are broad corridors, high ceilings, and great windows. A flood of sunshine is there and the freshest of air blows straight from the sea. A cleanliness that is spotless; quiet, purity, efficient ministrations, form the atmosphere of this

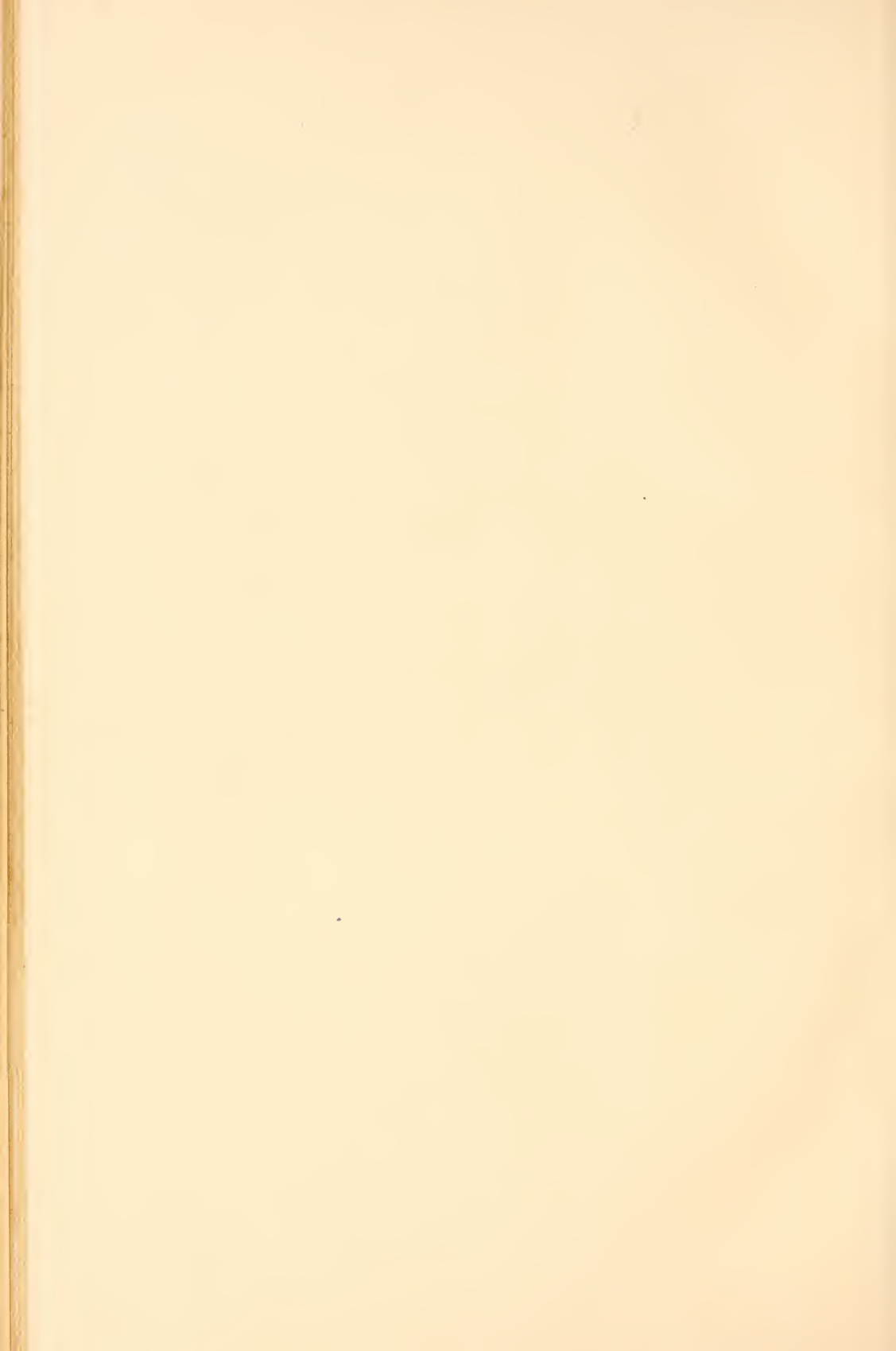
A Critical Case.—A Bedside Consultation for the Benefit of Students and Nurses in Bellevue Hospital.

Nurses is one of the best illustrations in the volume. Everybody likes to look at it. It was made from a photograph taken from an actual scene in Bellevue Hospital. It shows a class of young doctors and nurses at the bedside of a patient—a young woman—whose beautiful face lies peacefully on the pillow. There by her side, holding her hand, is an old, kind-faced hospital surgeon, who is describing the case, and giving directions to the young doctors and nurses. The latter are dressed in the uniform of Bellevue Hospital nurses. Every face in this picture is an accurate portrait from life. This is said by many to be one of the choicest illustrations in the volume.

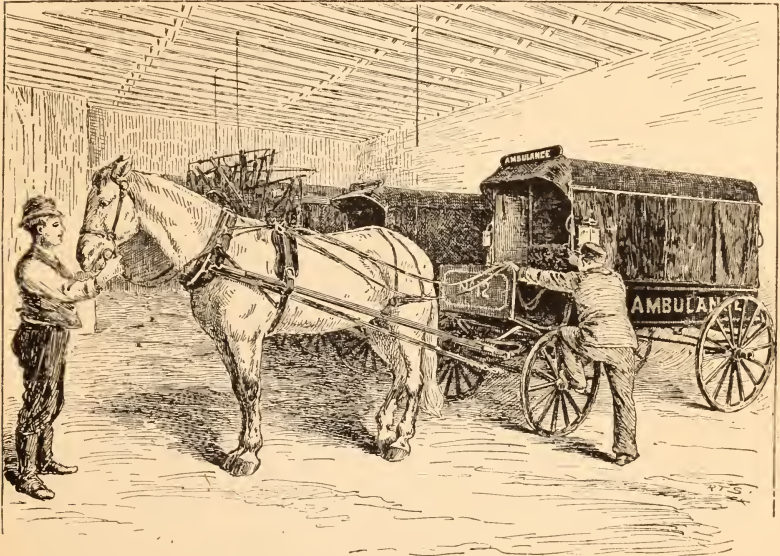


A CRITICAL CASE. — A BEDSIDE CONSULTATION FOR THE BENEFIT OF STUDENTS AND NURSES IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

In critical or unusual cases demanding extra attention a class of medical students and hospital nurses is often present at a bedside consultation. As the experienced surgeon describes the case and lays down the appropriate law to the students, he is supplemented by the more experienced head-nurses, the younger ones eagerly drinking in every item mentioned by the authorities they strive to follow.



sounding a loud and incessant alarm as they gallop on. The call has come from Sixteenth Street, and as they turn the corner a crowd is seen gathered about something on the sidewalk. Two or three policemen are there trying to keep free space about the huddled heap. The driver slows up and backs the ambulance to the sidewalk. Before this the surgeon has



THE AMBULANCE ROOM AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL. ANSWERING A "HURRY"
CALL.

sprung out and is bending over a man who lies there deathly white but quite unconscious, his head in a little pool of blood.

"It's out of a third-story window he come head foremost," one of the policemen says. "When I got to him, not a word could he say. It's dead he is, maybe, doctor."

The surgeon's quick and practised hands are passing swiftly over the prostrate figure. He has seen in a moment that the cuts on the head from which the blood streams are only superficial, but in another moment he discovers that the right leg is broken and the fracture a serious one. A temporary splint must be put on before he can be moved, and it is produced at once from the ambulance. The man comes to

The white-capped nurse comes again shortly with something in a glass, and Pat takes the opiate without question. The ward grows quiet, for night has come. Now and then there is a groan from some cot, or the snore of a sleeping patient. The nurse tells him the pain will soon leave him,



A BELLEVUE HOSPITAL NURSE.

and he looks at her white cap and admires it and her neat apron, and wonders if she and the others are like the Sisters of Charity, and, wondering, he falls asleep and knows no more till daylight.

By the end of the second day he feels quite at home and has begun to take an interest in his temperature card. At first this puzzles him, but he listens attentively as the nurse explains, and he looks at the card respectfully. After this he studies it for himself from day to day and sees how he is gaining. This and the three meals a day are a

constant interest, and the fixed routine seems to make the time go faster. The men on either side of him tell their stories and listen to his.

He had meant to resent the coming in of the students, but they do no harm and he is rather interested in watching them and seeing how pleased they are with the way his fractured bones are knitting. There are books and papers, and as he mends he reads them. When he is promoted to crutches and takes his first unsteady steps on them, he is as proud as is a mother of her baby's first attempt, and his neighbors in adjoin-

partment at Bellevue annually dispenses for use in this hospital alone about 135,000 yards of surgical gauze, 600 pounds of lint, 3,500 pounds of absorbent cotton, 50 bales of oakum, and vast quantities of drugs, including nearly 1,000 pounds of ether. In the cellar about 75,000 bottles are washed annually.

Though many are free, it is the endeavor to make patients pay where possible, though at Bellevue the highest charge is



IN ONE OF THE FEMALE WARDS AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

only three dollars and a half a week. In the New York Hospital prices range from seven to thirty dollars a week, and in the private rooms one may receive a care impossible in any private house even with a trained nurse. But the prejudice against hospitals as a whole runs through all ranks, and naturally enough. The freedom of home; the desire that those who are best loved may be near one, and the fear of dying alone, save for hired attendance, will always deter the great majority from accepting the hospital as the best place for quick and effectual treatment of disease.

For the mass who have no choice or who are incapable of

Here are deformed little ones, some with feet bent double, some with bodies set laterally from hips, twisted, bent, held up by iron belts and trusses and all devices of modern surgery; and here on the roof, far remote from the din of streets, they play as if sickness were not and pain had been forgotten. Wonderful cures go out from here, and if there are not always cures, there is always relief.



IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

An hour spent in the children's ward of any great hospital convinces one that for the majority, home could offer nothing so perfect in care and often nothing so wise and tender. The first entrance into such a ward fills one with pity and sympathy that is often heartbreaking. They are so patient, these suffering little ones, who obey implicitly, and bear their pain so mutely that even the experienced doctors and nurses are often moved to tears of wonder and pity. They are easily entertained. A scrap-book of bright pictures, a doll that can be hugged close, a toy or flower, are dear delights. Many

In the ordinary wards there is a medley of cases. Of those seen in a recent visit to a children's ward, some were on the floor playing, while others watched them from the spotlessly white little beds. One small boy, who had been beaten almost to a jelly by a drunken father, howled at the top of his



DISCHARGED. A PATIENT RECEIVING HER BUNDLE OF CLOTHES IN THE OLD CLOTHES ROOM AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

lungs while his wounds were being dressed, and when all was over proceeded to torment every other child in the ward. There is always one nuisance of this description, and it complicates the nurse's work immensely. He was sent back to bed finally, and lay there kicking off the coverlet or winding it about him till quieted by a fresh scrap-book. Next to him was

under the window. "That's father," the child said; "he comes home tipsy every night." The nurse looked at the little face, and thought it was terrible that the child should die having known nothing of this world but its sin. She spoke of God and of heaven, but the child could not understand. Taking some violets from a cup on the table, the nurse said, "Look at these; the flowers in heaven are more beautiful than violets." "Oh, then may I pick them?" said the child.

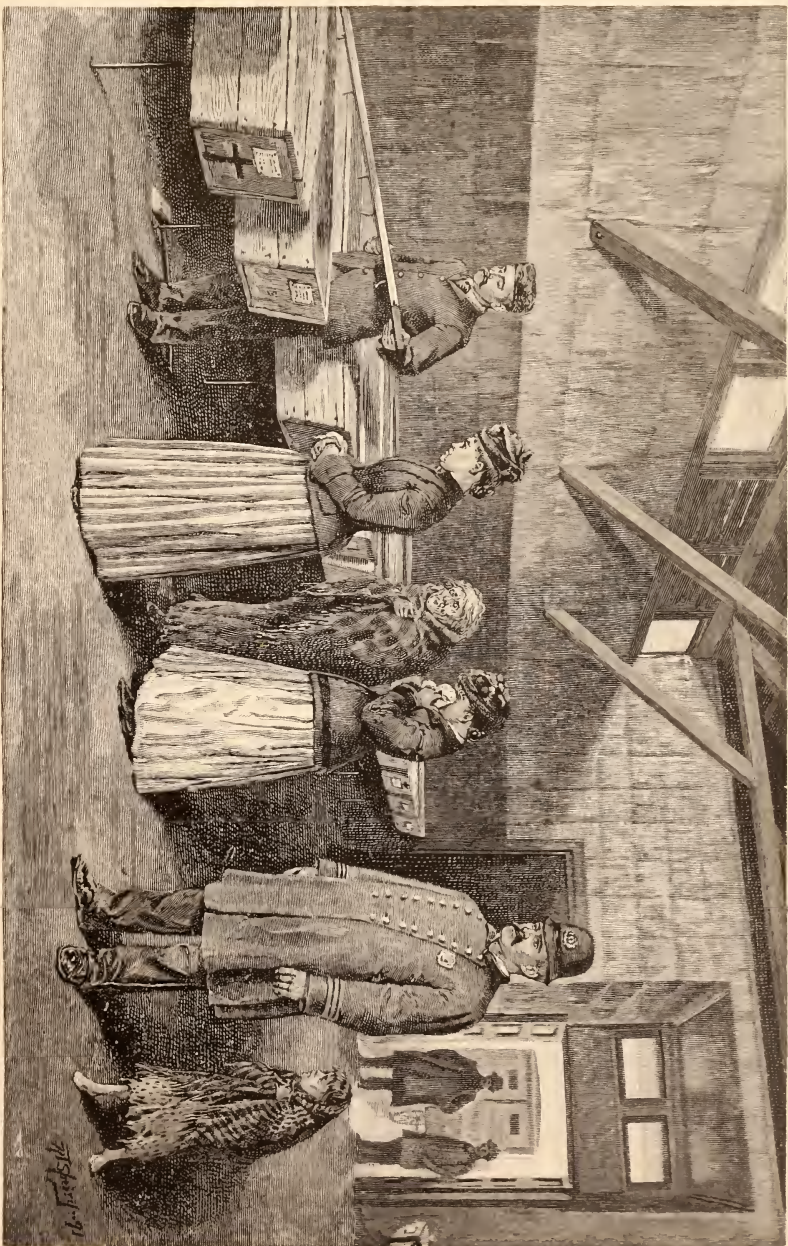
In spite of the loving care lavished on the little sufferers, and the flower-like way in which those who are getting over their sufferings open to the sunshine, sadness must be the dominant outcome of a walk through the children's ward,—all the more so if the visitor has healthy, rollicking children of his own waiting to welcome him at home.

At the end of the lawn at Bellevue, close by the river and partly extending over the water, is a long, low building. It is the Morgue, where lie—often to the number of thirty or forty—the unclaimed and unknown dead in rough pine boxes of the very cheapest description. At the head of each coffin is tacked a card giving all the information that is known of each case. Of those who die in hospital it is generally possible to give the name, age, native place, and date of death, and these items are carefully noted on the card. It is also stated whether the person died friendless or the body is waiting for friends. But the majority of the silent occupants of the Morgue are unknown. They wait in vain for friends to identify them, and find rest at last in nameless graves in the Potter's Field.

There is one portion of Bellevue seldom seen by the public, and holding almost as much tragedy as the Morgue not far beyond. It is the Prisoners' Ward, where are cells for sick prisoners of every order. Slight ailments are treated by police surgeons in the various jails of the city where prisoners happen to be lodged. The numerous police station-houses also have cells where an army of prisoners is confined every night; but the Tombs is the great receiving center, over fifty thousand prisoners passing through it annually.

An Everyday Scene in the Morgue.—Identifying the Unknown Dead.

THIS is an accurate picture of a scene that can be witnessed any day at the Morgue. Here may be seen a long row of rough pine boxes of the cheapest description. They contain the unknown dead from hospitals and city streets. At the head of each coffin is tacked a card giving all the information that is known of each case. This photograph was taken by flash-light when two women, evidently of the poorer class, were in search of a missing friend and hoped to find the body here. The man in charge of the room is in the act of taking off the cover of a coffin. Near by stand the two weeping women, and close beside them is a ragged old hag who has come in from the street out of pure curiosity. At the right is the big policeman who is always on duty here, and near him is a little street girl who has no business there at all, but who, like the old woman, has evidently come in "just to see." The dead wagon has just backed up to the door, and its attendants are waiting for the women to leave so that another body can be deposited in the room. The majority of those taken to the Morgue are unknown and are buried in nameless graves in the Potter's Field.



AN EVERY-DAY SCENE IN THE MORGUE.—IDENTIFYING THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

It is the Morgue, where life—often to the number of thirty or forty—the unclaimed and unknown dead in rough pine boxes of the very cheapest description. At the head of each coffin is tacked a card giving all the information that is known of each case, and stating whether the person died friendless or the body is waiting for friends. But the majority of the silent occupants of the Morgue are unknown. They wait in vain for friends to identify them, and find rest at last in nameless graves in the Potter's Field.

Naturally, then, there are many patients, and all critical cases are removed to Bellevue. Often, too, in attempted murder, where the murderer seeks suicide as his only way out, both murderer and victim may be taken here. Men, women, and even children, who stab and throttle even more than the newspapers record, lie under guard, knowing that when recovery



THE "CAGE" OR PRISONERS' WARD AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

comes the law and its course awaits them. Here come weeping friends, sadder even than those who seek the Morgue, and breathe freer when they find that death has ended the career that was disgrace and misery for both sinner and sinned against.

To one of these cells there came one morning a woman bearing the usual permit to visit a patient. She was a slender, pale little woman, with the look of delicate refinement that sor-

row had only intensified, and she looked at the physician, who was just leaving the patient, with clear eyes which had wept often, but kept their steady, straightforward gaze.

"I am not certain," she said. "I have searched for my boy for a long while, and I think he must be here. All the clues have led me here. I want to see him."

The doctor looked at her pitifully as she went up to the narrow bed where the patient lay, a lad of hardly twenty, with his face buried in the pillow. His fair hair, waving crisply against the skin browned by exposure, had not yet been cut, for the hospital barber who stood there had found it so far impossible to make him turn his head.

"He's lain that way ever since they brought him in yesterday," said the barber, and then, moved by something in the agitated face before him, turned his own away. The mother, for it was quite plain who this must be, stooped over the prostrate figure. She knew it as mothers know their own, and laid her hand on the burning head.

"Charley," she said, softly, as if she had come into his room to rouse him from some boyish sleep,— "Mother is here."

A wild cry rang out that startled even the experienced physician.

"For God's sake take her away! She doesn't know what I am. Take her away!"

The patient had started up, and wrung hands of piteous entreaty. "Take her away!" he still cried, but the mother gently folded her arms about him and drew his head to her breast.

"Oh, Charlie, I have found you," she said through her sobs, "and I will never lose you again."

The lad looked at her for a moment. His eyes were like hers, large and clear, but with the experience of a thousand years in their depths; a beautiful, reckless face, with lines graven by passion and crime. Then he burst into weeping like a child.

"It's too late! it's too late!" he said in tones almost inaudible. "I'm doing you the only good turn I've done you, mother. I'm dying, and you won't have to break your heart over me

any more. It wasn't your fault. It was the cursed drink that ruined me, blighted my life and brought me here. It's murder now, but the hangman won't have me, and I shall save that much of disgrace for our name."

As he spoke he fell back upon his pillow; his face changed, and the unmistakable hue of death suddenly spread over his handsome features. The doctor came forward quickly, a look of anxious surprise on his face. It was plain that the end was near.

"I didn't know he was that bad," the barber muttered under his breath, as he gazed at the lad holding still to his mother's hand. The doctor lifted the patient's head and then laid it back softly. Life had fled.

"It is better to have it so," he said to himself in a low voice, and then stood silently and reverently, ready to offer consolation to the bereaved mother, whose face was still hidden in the boy's breast. She did not stir. Something in the motionless attitude aroused vague suspicion in the mind of the doctor, and moved him to bend forward and gently take her hand. With an involuntary start he hastily lifted the prostrate form, and quickly felt pulse and heart only to find them stilled forever.

"She is gone too," he softly whispered, and the tears stood in his eyes. "Poor soul! It is the best thing for both of them."

That is one story of the prison ward of Bellevue, and there are hundreds that might be told, though never one sadder or holding deeper tragedy than this one recorded here.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLOWER MISSIONS AND THE FRESH AIR FUND—THE DISTRIBUTION OF FLOWERS AMONG THE SICK AND POOR—ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Along the River Front—A Dangerous Locality—First Lessons in Thieving—Headquarters of River Pirates—The Influence of Flowers in a Region of Vice and Crime—Fighting Bad Smells with Good Ones—A Magic Touch—Bud and Bloom in the Windows of the Poor—Flowers and Plants in Tumble-Down Houses and Tenement Rookeries—Distributing Flowers Among the Sick—Flowers in Hospitals—The Story of a Bunch of Buttercups—Children Carrying Flowers to Bed with Them—“The Pansy Man”—Taking Flowers out for a Walk—Effect of Flowers on a Sick Child—The Story of “Long Sal” and Her Geranium—A Female Terror—Going out to “Catch Raspberries”—Slum Children’s First Week in the Country—A Suspicious Mother—Rich Results from Two Dollars a Week—A City Backyard—Afraid to Pick Flowers—“Ain’t They God’s?”

TWENTY years and more of effort have made a different name for one of the most infamous regions of New York. Corlear’s Hook, once unknown ground to all save the police and the gangs of thieves, murderers, and tramps that infested it, is no longer the scene of murders and other terrible crimes that made it notorious a generation ago; but it is still one of the most lawless regions in the city, and the headquarters for the most daring of the river-thieves.

The Hook proper is at the bend of the East River. The great machine-shops and storage-warehouses that lie along its front are hives of industry by day, but when night comes and workmen and clerks have departed it is a deserted region. Back of these shops and warehouses lies a network of narrow street and lanes, in the squalid rookeries of which the thieves often conceal the plunder obtained in their nightly raids on the river. Like the Five Points it was for years dangerous to ven-

of healing and health does not suggest itself directly, but indirectly many a mother has learned that, if plants would thrive, sun and air and water must be had, and has in degree at least applied the lesson to the little human plants in her keeping.

In the general distribution all classes are cared for. From the sick child in hospital ward or stifling tenement-house, to the sewing-girl working through the long summer days on the heavy woolen garments that must be ready for the Fall and Winter trade, there is always the sorrow of the poor and the bitter want that is so often part of the tragedy. Not till one has seen how pale faces light, and thin hands stretch eagerly for this bit of brightness and comfort, can there be much realiza-



WINNERS OF THE PRIZE. POOR CHILDREN CARRYING HOME GROWING PLANTS.

tion of what the Flower Mission really does and what it means to its thousands of beneficiaries. The poorest know it best. There is a grim tenement-house on Roosevelt Street where a pretty child, with drunken father and hard-working patient mother, lay day after day in the exhaustion of fever. Nothing could rouse him, and the mother said sorrowfully,

CHAPTER XV.

A DAY IN A FREE DISPENSARY — RELIEVING THE SUFFERING POOR — MISSIONARY NURSES AND THEIR WORK — A TOUCHING STORY.

From Hod-Carrying to Aldermen — Leavening the Whole Lump — A Great Charity — Filthy but Thrifty — A Day at the Eastern Dispensary — Diseases Springing from Want and Privation — A Serious Crowd — Sifting out Impostors — The Children's Doctor — Forlorn Faces — A Doomed Family — A Scene on the Stairs — Young Roughs and Women with Blackened Eyes — A Labor of Love — Dread of Hospitals — "They Cut You Open Before the Breath is out of Your Body" — The Black Bottle — Sewing up a Body and Making a Great Pucker in the Seam — A Missionary Nurse — A Tale of Destitution, Sickness, and Death — A Pathetic Appeal — A Starving Family — Just in Time — Heartbroken — A Fight with Death — "Work is all I Want" — A Merciful Release — Affecting Scenes — A Ceaseless Vigil.

IN the lower wards of the city is concentrated the strange foreign life that gives New York its title of "cosmopolitan." One might even say that these streets with their always flowing tide of humanity, a procession never ending and never ceasing its march, was simply the continuation of that begun in the middle ages, of which Michelet says that they presented the spectacle only of a vast funeral pile, on which mounted successively Jew, Saracen, Catholic, and Protestant.

We do not burn the people, but we do stifle and poison them in the tenement-houses which are the disgrace of the city. In the old days — say fifty or sixty years ago — these streets were quiet shaded places filled with the homes of the well-to-do. First came the Irish, and the Americans fled before them. Presently the new-comers vacated the tenement-houses for better quarters a little farther up, and as they left hod-carrying and kindred employments, and developed into the rulers of the city, they ascended still farther, till now Fifth Avenue knows

**Saturday Morning in the Great Eastern Free Dispensary.—Re-
heving Distress among the Sick Poor.**

THIS scene may be witnessed any day in the Free Dispensary, where medicines are given to the poor. Notice the crowd of poor people before the window of the drug department. Here are tired mothers with sick babes in their arms, women with bandaged heads, and little boys and girls sent by sick fathers and mothers at home for needed medicine. Every face is a study. These people come from the lowest tenement-house districts. Standing by the window is a woman holding a little infant in her arms. Notice her refined face and gentle appearance. She has seen better days, and misfortune and poverty have not always been her lot. In marked contrast to her is the wild-eyed old woman at her side, clutching her bottle of medicine. This photograph was made by a flash-light, and every face is a perfect portrait from life.



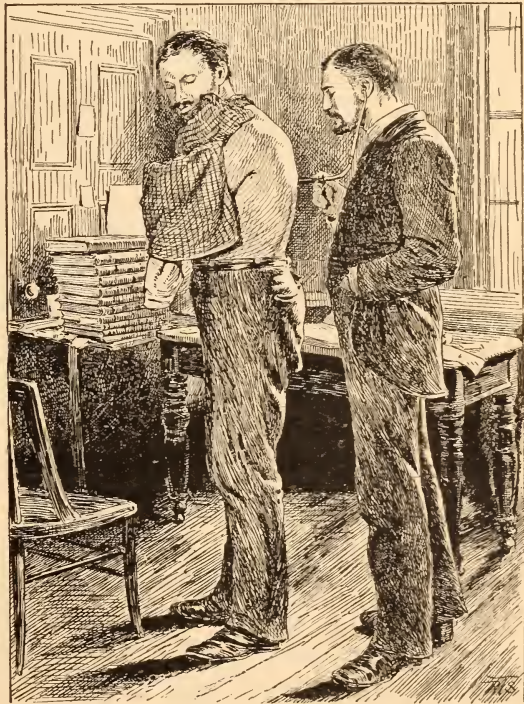
SATURDAY MORNING IN THE GREAT EASTERN FREE DISPENSARY. — RELIEVING DISTRESS AMONG THE SICK POOR.

Before the window of the drug department a motley crowd is already gathered. Here are weary mothers with sick and wailing babes in their arms; women with bandaged heads; men with arms in slings; and children sent by sick fathers and mothers at home for needed medicine. On most of them is the unmistakable look that tells of patient suffering and half-starved lives.



There are shrieks from the dental room as we pass out, but they are mingled with a laugh, so that one knows no tragedy is going on. The tragedy is nearer. On the stairs, waiting for breath to come, sits a little woman, with soft, dark eyes, and the look of a hunted animal. By her is a man, tall and gaunt, with sombre black eyes burning in his pale face.

The woman nods to the doctor as she enters his room, but she cannot speak for the moment, and the man looks at him dumbly, every feature worn with pain. A child presses against him with eyes like his own. The doctor stops for a moment, talks with husband and wife in German, and bids the man bare his back. Applying the stethoscope he listens intently to the patient's breathing, then turns away.



A HOPELESS CASE. EXAMINING A PATIENT'S LUNGS WITH THE STETHOSCOPE.

"There is little to be done," he says. "He is nearly gone in consumption, but he does not know it and I shall not tell him; his wife has asthma, as well as every one of the four children. They are hard workers, but down with sickness half the time, and then they half starve, for they tell no one of their condition till extremity is reached. The patience of these people has something terrible in it."

This is the verdict of all who work among this order of the

CHAPTER XIX.

HEAVENLY CHARITIES—SISTER IRENE'S MYSTERIOUS BASKET —HOMES FOR FOUNDLINGS AND LITTLE WAIFS.

Sister Irene—A Modern Good Samaritan—A Mysterious Little Basket—Its First Appearance—“What Can it be for?”—Its First Tiny Occupant—Crouching in the Shadow—An Agonizing Parting—Babies Abandoned on the Street—Broken-Hearted Mothers—A “Rent-Baby”—A “Run-Around”—How Sister Irene's Basket Grew into a Six-Story Building—Fatherless Children—Babies of all Kinds—How the Record of each Baby is Kept—Curious Requests for Children for Adoption—“Wanted, a Nice Little Red-Headed Boy”—An Inquiry for a Girl with a “Pretty Nose”—“Going to Meet Papa and Mamma”—The Sunny Side of the Work—The Darker Side of the Picture—Pain and Suffering—Worn Little Faces—The Babies' Hospital—Free Cribs for Little Sufferers.

NEAR Lexington Avenue, between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets, stands the New York Foundling Asylum, an enormous building of simplest construction, the main portion six stories high, with various outgrowths, which on examination prove to be hospitals and other departments connected with the institution. Possibly the visitor has come straight from the children's ward in St. Luke's Hospital, with its many free beds endowed by Sunday-school classes, or by some mother in memory of her own little ones. Seeing the perfect care given there, one cannot but wonder how it fares with the myriad other babies, who must be part of the misery that abounds in the swarming tenement-houses of both the East and West Sides. What is done with the hundreds upon hundreds of motherless or worse than motherless little ones?

It is this Asylum which affords one answer, and which twenty-five years ago had no existence. Popular feeling was strongly against foundling asylums of any order. Their need had been often discussed by charitable workers, but it was felt in the various churches to which such work was long confined

that if crime were shielded it must necessarily increase. Paris with its enormous foundling asylums was pointed to as an illustration of all we should most wish to escape, and thus little waifs fared as they could, room being made for them in homes and asylums ill adapted to such use, and where all such work was carried on at the greatest disadvantage.

As usual in these cases, a woman began the solution of the problem. Its ethical bearings did not enter her head. She had long worked among the poor. She knew what temptation meant, and how often an innocent girl betrayed by a villain needed the support denied her by the Pharisee, and even by those who wished to help yet feared some compromising quality in the act. What thoughts went on under Sister Irene's close black bonnet she does not tell. It is sufficient to our purpose that the basket was bought, and that on an October morning in 1869,—the rain pouring as if to wash out any possible stain entailed by the act,—the people in Twelfth Street saw in the doorway of No. 17 a curious little basket softly lined, and for a mysterious purpose which nobody

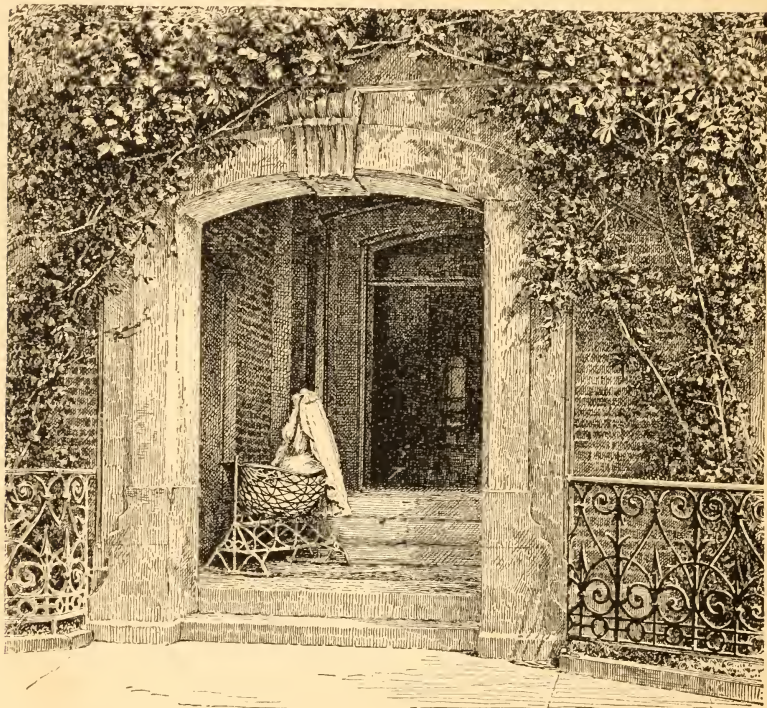


THE MOTHER'S LAST KISS.

could fathom. Men looked at it as they went to business and wondered if anybody had set it down and forgotten to take it in. It was still there when they returned home at night, and a light gleamed above it, but its purpose was no plainer than when day dawned and found it there.

Far into the night, when the solitary footsteps of an occasional pedestrian echoed loudly in the silent street, a frightened woman stole toward the open doorway, casting startled looks around and behind her, and after long crouching in the shadow softly crept up the steps. Something held close in her arms went with her, which she pressed to her breast again and again, and then with a burst of tears she laid it in the basket

and silently hurried down the steps. Crouching again in the friendly shadow she waited, her face turned toward the doorway, till a baby's wail followed by a sharp little cry was heard, and she half sprung up and stretched her arms toward the basket. The door opened even as the cry came. A woman with a calm, gentle face stood for a moment, the flood of



SISTER IRENE'S BASKET AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

light from the hall bringing out every line of face and figure, then stooped and lifted the bundle to her shoulder, pressing the little face close to her own. The baby nestled to her as she passed into the hall; the door closed, and the woman crouching in the darkness stole away, bearing her secret with her. Another babe was found on the stoop during the night, in spite of the rain that was falling in torrents. The next night came two women, each with her burden, which was laid

Sister Irene's Basket.

A FINE picture of Sister Irene's basket and the entrance to the New York Foundling Asylum. Mrs. Campbell gives a most interesting account of this little basket. It has stood here night and day, for over twenty years, and in that time more than 22,000 babies have been dropped into it by poor or unfortunate mothers. A silent watcher stands behind the door day and night, and the moment a baby is left in the basket and the poor mother has departed, it is taken in and cared for.

in the basket, and twice again the door opened and the black-robed figure responded to the feeble cry that had only to sound to be heard. Out of the cold and dark, into warmth and light and care, went each helpless tenant of the waiting basket, and the news soon went out that here no questions were asked, no demands were made, but help and comfort were always waiting. Within a month the number of babies reached forty-five: the house was full.

This is the story of Sister Irene's little house on Twelfth Street,—the first foundling asylum in the United States. Never was anything on smaller scale. Often she rose in the morning utterly uncertain as to where the day's food was to come from, and always before night help came and the work went on. Doubt as one might the wisdom of such undertaking, there were the babies and they must be fed. Ladies sent in food, money, and bundles of little garments, often from the drawer where they had been laid with tears, as the bereaved mother folded them away in memory of the little one who had put on angel raiment. These bereaved mothers took turns at watching, preparing food, and all the thousand cares of the nursery, and Sister Irene and her nuns did the rest.

Up to this time infanticide had been common, and abandonment on the street no less so. Twenty years ago scarcely a morning passed without its being recorded in the daily journals that the body of a new-born babe had been found floating near the docks, buried in an ash-barrel, or flung into some lonely area. Each day an armful of little unfortunates, picked up by the police on their night beats, were carried to the Almshouse on Blackwell's Island, to be bottle-fed by the aged paupers, rarely surviving their infancy. There was no place for these little waifs in charitable institutions, for the charters did not admit them; and even now, with a place offering itself, it was doubtful if it must not depend upon private charity for support. The matter came up for consideration, and the city fathers finally settled to pay a trifling amount per head for the babies' support.

This was the beginning, and during the twenty years that

the doctor's prescription, and in bottles stopped with the latest discovery,—baked cotton batting. Germs of disease being a part of the air one must breathe in cities, or indeed anywhere save on mountain tops, it becomes specially necessary to guard against them in a hospital; and it has been found that they cannot penetrate through baked cotton batting. So baked it



THE LITTLE WAIFS' EVENING PRAYER.

is, and these babies have purer food than often falls to the lot of most Fifth Avenue children.

There is one scene that nightly appeals to those in charge of the homeless little ones at the Five Points House of Industry. It is repeated at other points of the great city; wherever, indeed, rise the walls of a child's asylum or protectory, but here in this first and oldest of all aids for the helpless ones, it seems to have special significance and most touching appeal.

“Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.”—Bedtime in the Homeless Little Girls’ Dormitory at the Five Points House of Industry.

THIS illustration arrests the attention of every one and appeals to every heart. It is a scene in the little girls’ sleeping room at the Five Points House of Industry, just at bedtime. Twenty-five or more homeless little girls of three years and upwards, in white night-gowns, all ready for bed, are kneeling in a circle on the floor, and are repeating in unison the prayer

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

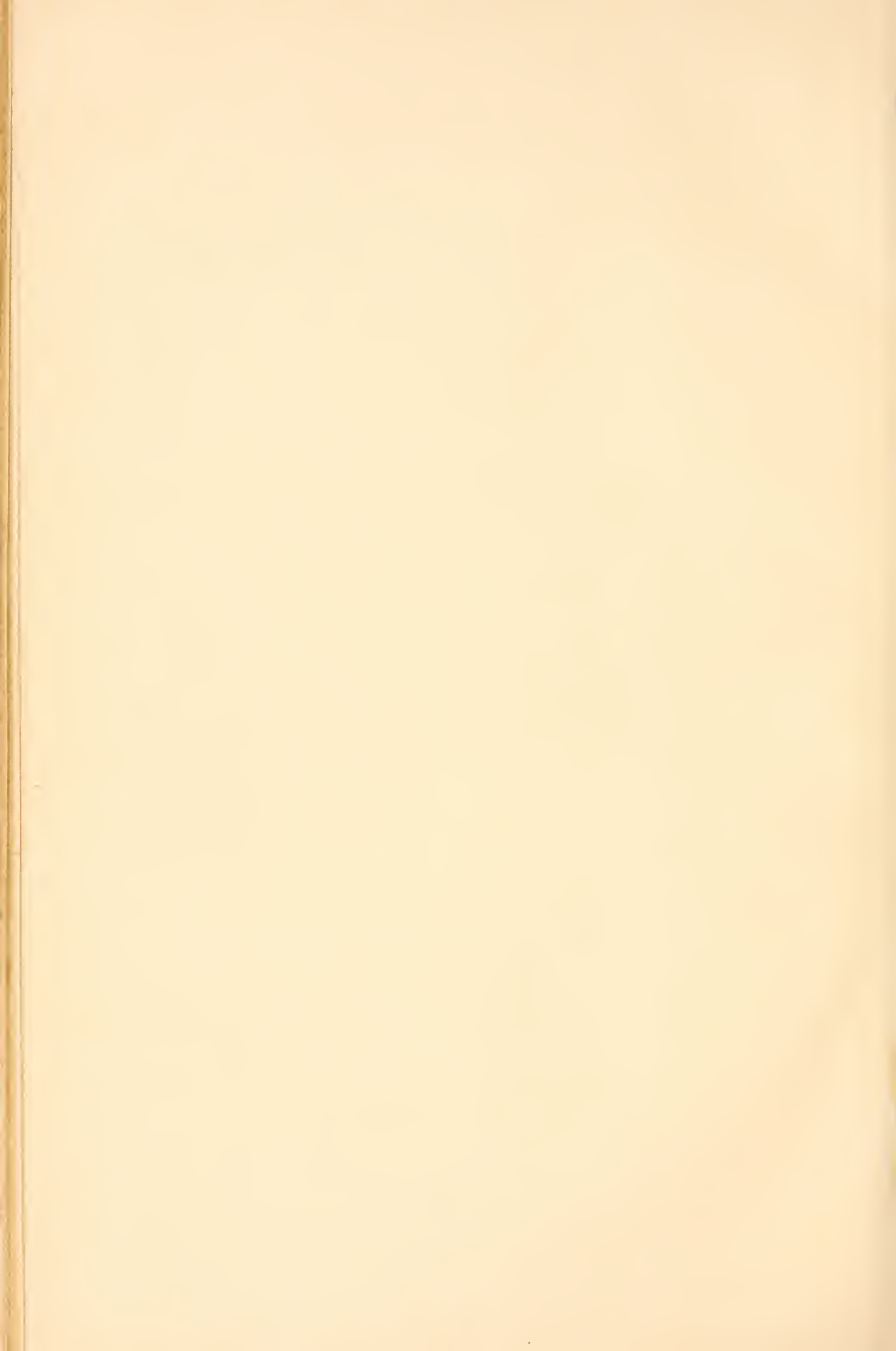
Behind them are the two matrons, and in the background are rows of little cots. Not one of these little girls ever had a home or knew a father’s or a mother’s care. They are all waifs; most of them are foundlings picked up in the streets when babes. This photograph was taken by flash-light when the children were totally unconscious of the presence of photographers. Notice the innocent faces. See the little hands—no two folded exactly alike, yet all true to life. Every face is a perfect portrait. This picture will bear a great deal of study.



“NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.”—BEDDING IN THE HOMELESS LITTLE GIRLS’ DORMITORY AT THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

The most beautiful thing in this life is the faith and trust of a child. Round about the great room at the Five Points House of Industry, with its rows of little iron cots, covered with snowy white spreads, kneed the babies of three years and upwards. With folded hands, and eyes tight shut, the little lips of these homeless ones repeat in unison the prayer that happy mothers in many a home bend to hear:

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”



Round about the great room with its rows of little iron cots covered with snowy white spreads—the only home these tiny waifs have ever known—kneel the babies of three years and upwards. With folded hands, eyes tight shut, or opening for a moment’s survey of the others, the little lips repeat in unison the prayer that happy mothers in many a home bend to hear:

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

Be sure that it is heard, and that for each and all of these little ones, there is watch and ward in that Kingdom, where none may enter save as they become as little children.

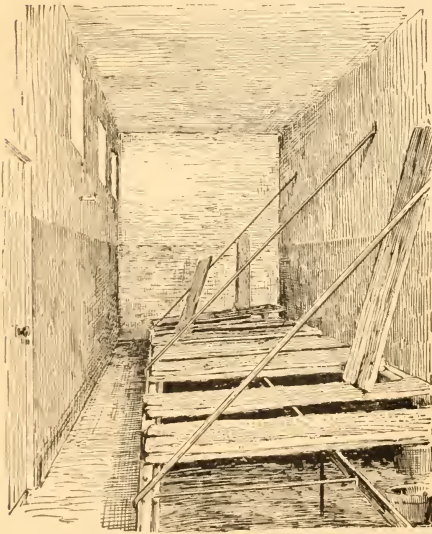
The new Training School for children’s nurses, which is intended to give thorough training to all who are to have the care of young children, has four of its students on duty here through the day, and they may even serve a term as regular nurses after their two years’ course is over. For this and all the other hospitals for children is a type of care impossible even a few years ago. The standard has risen, year by year, till now every appliance of science is brought to bear,—even the hospital for incurables furnishing its quota of experience and suggestion.

There are many institutions devoted to this heavenly charity. The two I have imperfectly described are typical forms in which the passion for helpfulness and the saving of life find marked expression. But the city has other charities no less worthy, and the story of any one told in full would make a volume, each page of which might well, if praise were in question, be printed in letters of gold, and bound like the beautiful missals of old, in vellum, jewel set, and with all rare and costly work of monkish pens and gravers.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNDERGROUND LIFE IN NEW YORK — CELLAR AND SHED LODGINGS — DENS OF THE VICIOUS AND DEPRAVED — STARTLING SCENES.

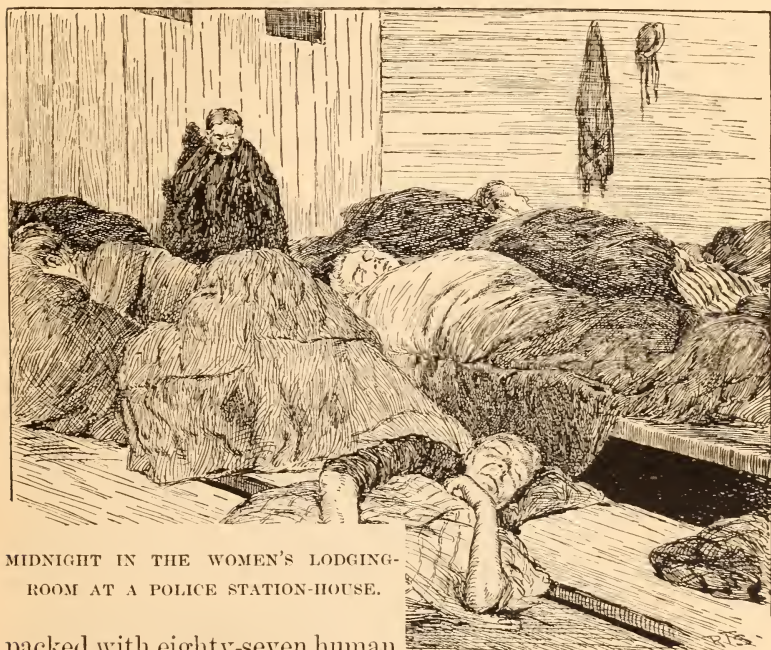
Life in Basements and Cellars — Underground Lodging Places — Where Outcasts and Vagrants Congregate — The Worst Forms of Crime, Immorality, and Drunkenness — Sleeping Over Tide Mud — Afloat in Their Beds — A Visit to Casey's Den — A Rope for a Pillow — Packed Like Herrings — Pestilential Places — A Blear-Eyed Crowd — "Full" — Five in a Bed — "Thim's Illigant Beds" — Sickening Sights — Cellar Scenes — Rum Three Cents a Glass — "It's the Vermin that's the Worst" — Standing up all Night — Floors of Rotten Boards — Dreadful Surroundings — Things that Creep and Bite — A "Shake-Down" — The Home of Criminals and Beggars — "Three Cents a Spot" — A Five-Cent Bed — "In God we Trust; All Else is Cash" — The Saloon and the Lodging-House on Friendly Terms — An Army of Vicious and Impecunious People — Startling Figures.



A POLICE STATION-HOUSE LODGING-ROOM.

A NIGHT in a police-station lodging-room is one of horror. Imagine bare planks raised about two feet above the floor, sloping at a slight angle from the walls of a room about ten by twelve feet, and you have the "lodging." Yet hundreds of men and women, every winter's night, fight like tigers for the bare privilege of being allowed to sleep upon a hard board, or even to be granted the luxury of having a roof above their heads. On one cold night

recently more than six hundred men and women fought, begged, and prayed for shelter at the various police station-houses. In the station-house on Eldredge Street alone, the small, close, and ill-smelling rooms given up to lodgers were



MIDNIGHT IN THE WOMEN'S LODGING-ROOM AT A POLICE STATION-HOUSE.

packed with eighty-seven human beings. In the men's lodging-room fifty-three unfortunates were crowded, many of whom were thankful for the privilege of standing up all night. In winter such scenes are witnessed night after night, and they grow more frequent as the years roll on. "They will not take no for an answer," said the sergeant. "When I tell them the lodging-rooms are full to suffocation, they still beg so hard to be taken in out of the cold that I tell them to go ahead. They go inside and look, and some of them silently turn about and go back into the street to walk around all night, or perhaps crawl unobserved into a cellar." Sometimes the crowd is so great in this station-house that the door of the lodging-room cannot be closed. It is the same story in other police station-houses. The figures differ, but the conditions are the same.

fair percentage to the owners. But they are seldom occupied by the class one may find on Water Street and in its vicinity. For years there was one den at number 336, kept by a man known as Casey, which may serve as type of all the rest. One a grade lower, where a rope stretched a few inches above the



“SITERS” IN THE WOMEN’S LODGING ROOM AT THE POLICE STATION-HOUSE.

floor served as pillow, and where the men and women packed in like herrings, was swept away by the clearing for the building of a warehouse on its site; but Casey’s held its own till very recently, ending for the same reason, but leaving worthy successors at more than one point in the Ward.

Seven steps down,—the dingy walls of a brick tenement rising above it,—one came to a much battered door, mended here and there, and bearing the marks of many kicks as well as of the policeman’s club which did duty as knocker in the present visit. It opened slowly and grudgingly, a head of tangled hair appearing first, followed by the body of a bedraggled, gaunt, and blear-eyed woman, holding a baby to her breast

with one hand, while the other raised a smoky kerosene lamp high above her head. She nodded sulkily.

"Full," she said, and then made way for entrance. The room opened directly from the steps,—fourteen feet square, and so low that the policeman bent his head as he stepped in. At the left was a small bar, with a few cracked tumblers, a broken-lipped pitcher, and some liquor bottles. Beyond it was the Casey bed, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Casey, two sons of a former husband,—boys of ten and eleven,—and the baby. Beyond this was another bed, and opening from the room were two smaller ones with neither doors nor windows and filled with beds placed close to one another.

"Them's illigant beds," Mrs. Casey said, pointing to the dirty, tumble-down cots, with vile coverings filthy beyond words. "Illigant beds. You'll not be findin' any so good for the money anywhere else."

A glance was enough. By the stove in the center of the room three men were cooking their suppers; one a red herring, another some slices of almost purple liver, and the last a salt mackerel. The fumes of the cooking, the smoke from the pipes,—for all were either smoking or chewing,—and the stench of the place itself, made an air it seemed impossible that human beings could endure for a moment, and one fled to the surface without strength to return. The best bed next to the Casey's had a man, wife, and child as tenants, and their respectable look showed it was not a familiar experience. A day later, at the Water Street Mission, the man told his story. He had been sick in hospital, discharged as soon as able to walk, and returned home to the tenement on Cherry Street, to find that his wife too had been sick in the mean time and had that day been dispossessed by the landlord. There was nothing to do but try Casey's.

"I'd been there before," the man said, "when it was worse than it is now, but I wouldn't 'a' thought of taking my wife there only we're Protestants an' so hadn't many friends in the tenement. I'll sleep in the streets next time, or walk them till night is done. There was fifteen men and women in them

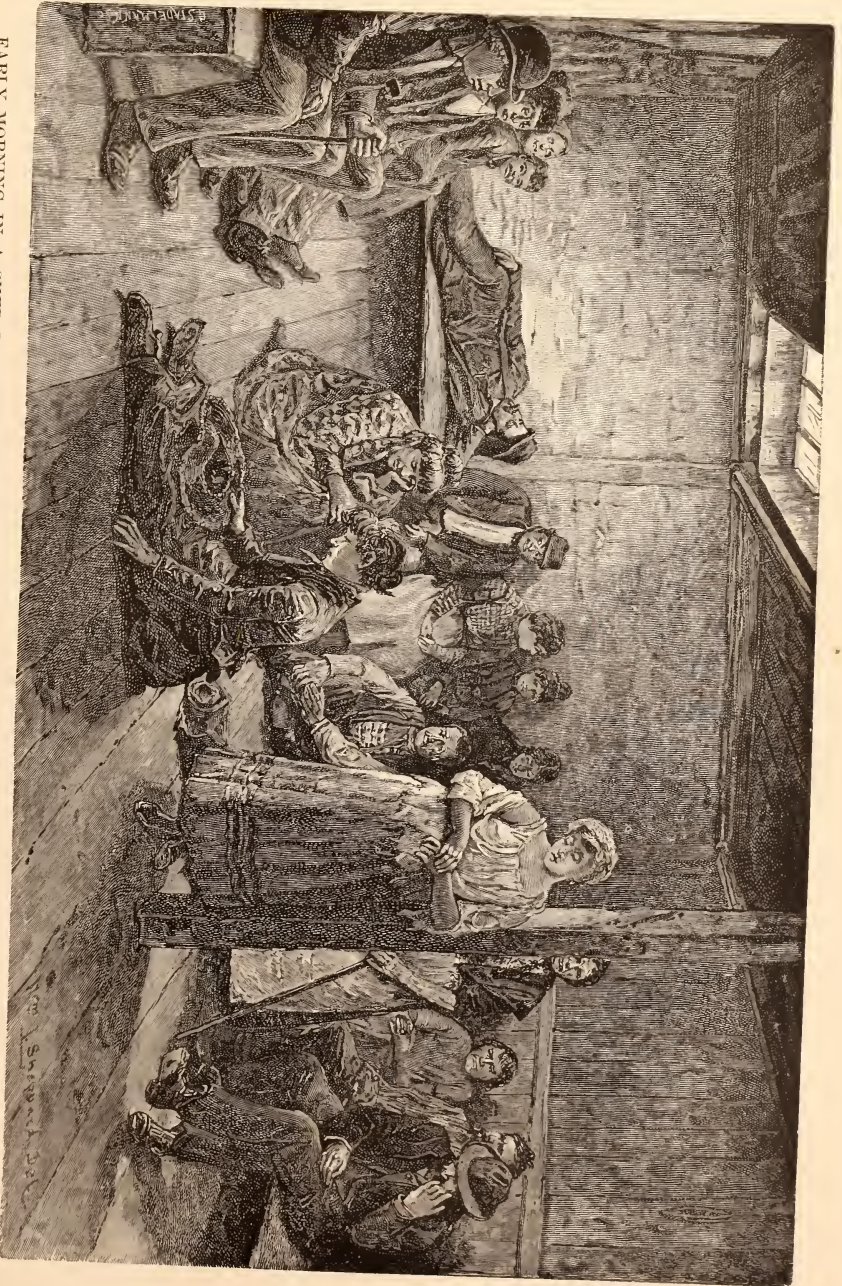
dress, may be had for five cents a night. For the rest, the bench, and the bare and uneven floor with perhaps a sprinkling of saw-dust, are the only places left, the usual charge being three cents a night for the privilege of a spot on either. The dirty rags on the lodgers' backs are the only bed and covering they have. The bench is a coveted place and is quickly filled. A tallow candle, or more often a smoking kerosene lamp, furnishes a feeble light by night. The air is thick with tobacco smoke from a dozen or more black clay pipes. Some of the miserable inmates sit up all night and are designated as "sitters"; others stand or move about uneasily; all catch such sleep as the din of frequent quarrels and fights and the noisome stench will permit. Here, criminals who shun the light of day, and women of the lowest and most degraded type, of all ages and nationalities, congregate at night, and sleep promiscuously. Dissolute persons of both sexes skulk and loaf in these rooms by day, and so do thieves and burglars who meet here to make new plans and sally forth at night to commit fresh crimes. Old scrub women, without homes or friends, who wearily tramp all day looking for a chance to scrub floors of offices or public buildings, often take shelter for the night in these dens. Street girls, young in years, but most of them old in sin, in some of whose faces still linger traces of former good looks, are often driven by storms or dire distress to spend a night in these horrible lodging sheds. Not unfrequently homeless children creep in unobserved and cuddle down to sleep in a corner. On a cold or stormy night in winter these rooms are filled to their utmost capacity.

A large proportion of those who spend the night in cheap lodging-houses may be set down as criminals and beggars, others are irreclaimable drunkards, and a few are honest men out of work, or men who have employment at starvation wages. Then there is a small proportion of peddlers and in winter an army of tramps; and always a sprinkling of men who have seen better days but are hopelessly broken down.

In some resorts one can have a cot or "shake-down" in a room with other lodgers, the shake-down being a dirty narrow

Early Morning in a Shed Lodging-House in the Rear of Mulberry Street.—Getting Ready for Another Day of Idleness or Crime.

IT shows a crowd of tough persons in a shed lodging-house of the worst kind. The time is early morning, and the lodgers are getting ready to sally forth for the day. The men are tramps and criminals of the lowest order, and the women are no better. They have no other place to sleep. There are all kinds here, tramps, old scrub women, beggars, street girls, and others. They are mostly hard faces, but there are a few in which you can see traces of better days and happier lives. It is among this class that Christian workers find the best field. Mrs. Campbell gives many instances of repentant ones who have been restored to home and friends from just such vile places as this. Some of the testimonies of the redeemed given in this book will bring tears to every eye.



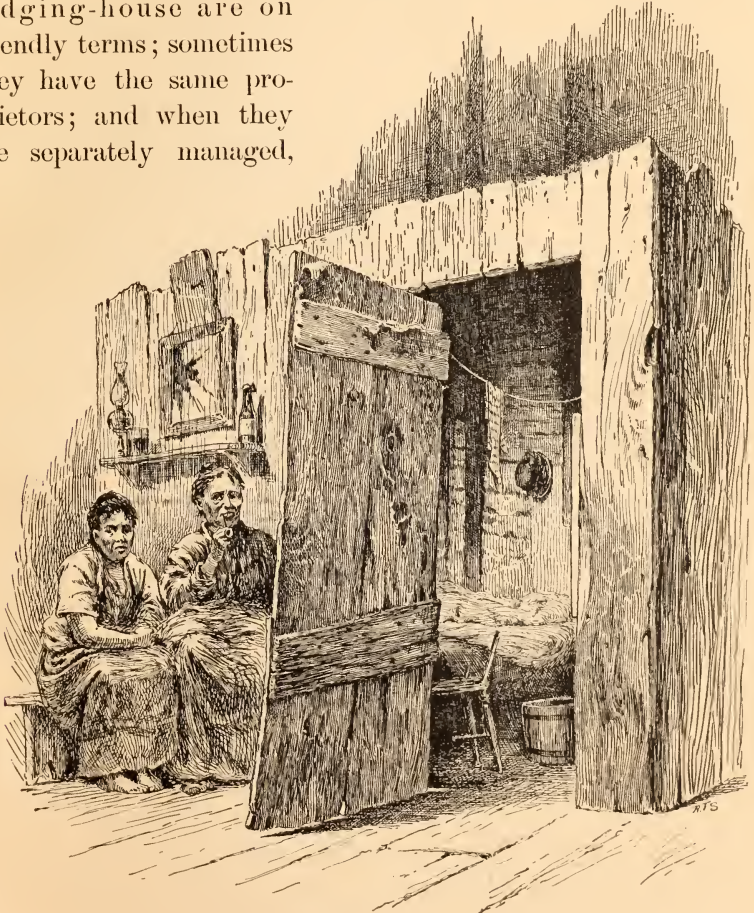
EARLY MORNING IN A SHEED LODGING-HOUSE IN THE REAR OF MILLBERRY STREET.—GETTING READY FOR ANOTHER DAY OF IDLENESS OR CRIME.

A broken skylight in the roof admits the only light. Here dissolute persons of both sexes and all ages and nationalities sleep promiscuously by night and sally forth by day often to commit fresh crimes. Old scold women without home or friends; and street urchs, young in years but old in sin, in some of whose faces still linger traces of former good looks, are often driven by storm or dire distress to spend a night in these horrible dens. Not infrequently homeless children creep in unobserved and cuddle down to sleep in a corner.



trust, all else is cash." Many of these houses are furnished with bunks arranged in tiers three or more high.

It is a noticeable circumstance that the lodging-house is very often adjacent to a liquor saloon, either its next-door neighbor or directly above or beneath it. The saloon and the lodging-house are on friendly terms; sometimes they have the same proprietors; and when they are separately managed,



A "RESERVED" ROOM IN A LODGING SHED.

drunken men from the saloon are taken at a reduced rate or for nothing at all, the lodging-house keeper being recompensed by free drinks for himself and his aids.

There are 270 lodging-houses in New York city, which contain 12,317 rooms. The number of lodgings furnished in 1890

CHAPTER XXIII.

JACK ASHORE—AN EASY PREY FOR LAND-SHARKS AND SHARPER—LIFE ON THE "ST. MARY'S" AND AT THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

The Universal Love for the Sea—Sailor Life—A Tale of Shipwreck and Starvation—An Unconscious Hero—An Old Sailor's Story—"I Smelled the Sea an' Heard it"—A Voice from the Waves—"Jack, Jack, You Ain't in your Right Place"—Jack's Curious Character—His Credulity and Simplicity—The Prey of Land-Sharks and Sharpers—Sailors' Temptations—Dens of Robbery and Infamy—Life in Sailors' Boarding-Houses—The Seamen's Exchange—A Boy's Life on the School Ship "St. Mary's"—Bethels and Seamen's Homes—Life at the Sailors' Snug Harbor—A Sailor-Clergyman—Fried Fish for Eight Hundred—The Cripples' Room—"A Case of Pure Cussedness"—Admiral Farragut and Old Jim—Bane and Antidote Side by Side—Ending their Days in Peace—How Jack Awaits the Ebbing of the Tide.

LOVE for the sea is as old as the story of man, and tales of shipwreck have fascinated and thrilled adventurous boys from the days of Homer to our own. For English-speaking people it is intensified by long usage. To be born on an island implies knowledge of how best to get away from it, and this may be one reason why emigration is the natural instinct of the English or their 'descendants. In spite, too, of all knowledge to the contrary, nothing convinces the average boy that Jack's life is anything but a series of marvelous adventures in which he is generally victor, and where the hardship is much more than made up for by the excitement and the glory. Even Jack himself shares the delusion, and no matter what peril the voyage has held he re-ships with alacrity, to repeat the experience or even to find it his last. Sailors' songs are full of the same faith.

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack"—

"That's the right kind of a boy!" exclaimed old Jack with a faint attempt at a hurrah! "I knowed you was the right kind of a boy the first minute I set eyes on you. Of course I want to go agin, an' what's more I shall, soon as this thing is knit an' I'm set up enough to pass muster. You come along too, an' I'll make a sailor out o' you fit to command anything as floats."



BOYS' SCHOOLROOM BETWEEN DECKS ON THE ST. MARY'S.

"I would if I could, but you see I made up my mind so long ago to be a doctor that I don't believe I can change it now. I'll think about it," said the boy.

He did "think about it," to the consternation of all his kin and the deep delight of old Jack, who, as his arm mended and strength came back, begged for wood and evolved from it at last a full-rigged brig, every rope of which the boy presently knew. The curious ferment that comes to the boy even far inland was working in him, and to such purpose that to-day he is captain of a great ship and happiest when in mid-ocean.



PART II.

BY

Thos. W. Keefe.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STREET LIFE—THE BOWERY BY DAY AND BY NIGHT—LIFE IN BAXTER AND CHATHAM STREETS.

A Street Where Silence Never Reigns—Where Poverty and Millions Touch Elbows—"Sparrow-Chasers"—Fifth Avenue—The Home of Wealth and Fashion—Life on the Bowery—Pit and Peanuts—Pelted with Rotten Eggs—Concert Halls—Police Raids—Dime Museums and their Freaks—Fraud and Impudence—Outcasts of the Bowery—Beer Gardens—Slums of the Bowery—Night Scenes on the Streets—Pickpockets and Crooks—Ragpickers and their Foul Trade—"The Black and Tan"—A Dangerous Place—"Makin' a Fortin'"—"Razors in the Air"—"Keep yer Jints Well Iled"—The Old Clo' Shops of Chatham Street—Blarney and Cheating.

BROADWAY is the artery through which pulsates a great part of the life-blood of the city. The crowd that constantly surges through it is greater in numbers and steadier in its flow than anything London or Paris can show, and it mixes up the most dissimilar elements of nationality and condition. The night is never so dark or so stormy that the footfall of pedestrians and the rumbling of vehicles are altogether hushed.

The life of Broadway varies greatly with the hours of the

PART II.

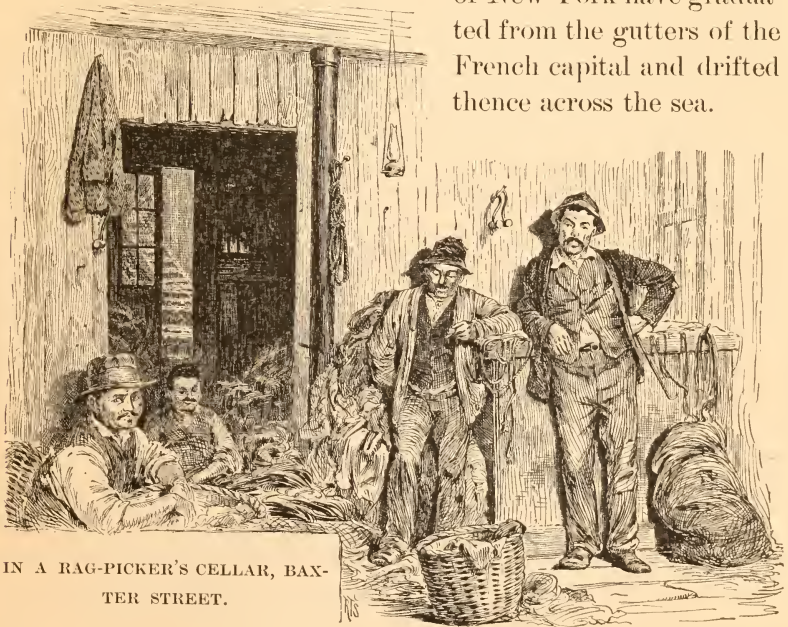
PART II was written by Col. Thos. W. Knox, the famous author and journalist who here shows with startling emphasis that saloons are training-schools of crime, and that liquor is directly responsible for most of the crime committed not only in the pest-holes of New York, but throughout the world at large. If the Gospel and Charity are the beacon lights of Mrs. Campbell's story,

Temperance is the Key-note of Col. Knox's Narrative.

No appeal from temperance advocates, no sermon from ministers, can do more to promote the cause of temperance than the facts and incidents in this volume, and all temperance workers will rejoice in it. Col. Knox also describes opium-joints, mock auctions, bogus horse sales, and numberless traps for the unwary. His humorous account of beggars, tramps, cheats, humbugs, and frauds; how skin games and petty swindles are played, and how confiding persons are deceived by rogues, is intensely interesting.

to them, scraps of old clothing,—anything and everything that can possibly have the least value is taken in. Along the Bowery can occasionally be seen a rag-picker from Baxter Street searching the gutters with a lantern which he carries at the end of a string, so that he can hold it close to the ground without stooping. This is an idea borrowed from the *chiffonier* of Paris, and not at all a bad one. Not a few of the rag-pickers

of New York have graduated from the gutters of the French capital and drifted thence across the sea.



IN A RAG-PICKER'S CELLAR, BAXTER STREET.

The Bowery has its social divisions just as we find them in the aristocratic parts of the city. There are race and class distinctions, and there is also the distinction of color no less marked than anywhere else in the land. White men have their resorts, and so have the colored, and each holds itself aloof from the other.

Not long ago there was a curious resort on Baxter Street, not far from the Bowery, from which thoroughfare much of its patronage was drawn, known among white men as "The Black and Tan," which was not altogether a safe place for a well-dressed man to enter alone, especially at night. Off from

CHAPTER XXV.

TRAINING—SCHOOLS OF CRIME—DRINK, THE ROOT OF EVIL — GREAT RESPONSIBILITY OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC FOR CRIME—PLAIN FACTS AND STARTLING STATEMENTS.

The Ancestry of Crime—Effects of Heredity—Intemperance the Root of Evil—Pest-Holes of New York—Conceived in Sin and Born in Iniquity—Where Criminals are Born and How They are Bred—Parents, Children, and Geese Herded in a Filthy Cellar—Necessity the Mother of Crime—Driven to Stealing—The Petty Thieving of Boys and Girls—How the Stove is Kept Going—Problems for Social Reformers—Dens of Thieves and Their Means of Escape—Gangs and Their Occupations—Pawn-Shops and “Fences”—Eight Thousand Saloons to Four Hundred Churches—Liquor-Dealers as Criminals—A Detective’s Experience on Mott Street—A Mother’s Plea—A Cautious Countryman—An Unsafe Place at Night—A Child’s First Lessons in Crime—Cheap Lodging-Houses—Foul Beds and Noisy Nights.

ALTHOUGH social scientists have for many years been endeavoring to find means to prevent and punish violations of law, there is no special organization in New York city having for its object the discovery of the most prolific sources or causes of crime.

Mr. William Delamater, who, in discharge of his official duties in connection with the Police Department, has had exceptional opportunity for the study of crime and its causes, and to whom I am indebted for much information contained in this chapter, says that crime may be the effect of numerous causes which multiply themselves indefinitely as we go backward in our examination of them. It has so many phases and degrees that a course of reasoning from a general effect to a special cause would be unsatisfactory. The commission of a murder, for instance, may be the natural sequence of a burglary, the latter of a petty theft, which last may come of a desperate need for the alleviation of hunger or the distress of poverty,





Very Truly Yours,
Thos. W. Keaf

Engraved by J. H. Johnson, New York.

of the city's population, and the fact that the proportion of arrests in this precinct is nearly double that of any other precinct, is a striking commentary upon the evils resultant upon tenement-house life and its tendency to crime. This precinct contains a dense cosmopolitan population. It abounds with tenement-houses, good, bad, and indifferent, — mostly bad. No district of equal population in the city better illustrates the



A GROUP AS FOUND IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE CELLAR IN THE REAR OF MULBERRY STREET.

extreme destitution and misery of vast numbers of human beings huddled indiscriminately together like a mass of garbage, to ferment and decompose into offensiveness; and certainly no district in which intemperance, pauperism, and crime prevail to so large an extent as in this. In it are born and bred a class of beings whose immediate ancestors were drunken, poverty-stricken, and vile, and whose progeny must be paupers

has an important place. One who has studied the state of affairs in the metropolis argues as follows to prove that the saloons and barrooms have the control of the local government:—

“ Eight thousand barrooms mean eight thousand proprietors, eight thousand to twelve thousand assistants (we will take the lowest figures), which together make sixteen thousand votes directly in the interest of rum. Every barroom can be esti-



INTERIOR OF A LOW GROGGERY ON CHERRY STREET.

mated good for at least five voters among its regular patrons, or forty thousand in all. Add five thousand votes for the wholesale dealers and their employes, whose business depends wholly on the retail establishments, and this will give a total of sixty-one thousand votes from the liquor interest.

“ The beer-saloon is first cousin to the barroom, if not its twin brother. The owners, managers, and employes of the breweries, and the owners, managers, and employes of the hundreds of saloons and beer-gardens throughout the city, com-

the patrons—many of whom are more or less under the influence of liquor—are dangerous and noisy, and on frequent occasions the slumbers of all are disturbed by a row that may end in murder. The proprietor is indifferent to such possibilities, and if a lodger objects on the ground that he wants to sleep he will quite likely be met with the argument on the part of the owner :

“ I sells you the place fer sleepin’, but I don’t sell the sleep with it.”

How true is that striking passage from the twenty-third chapter of Proverbs in which the baneful effects of intemperance are vividly described: “ Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

Shakespeare makes even his clowns and fools expose the vice of intemperance and the degradation of drunkards.

Olivia. — What’s a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. — Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman; one draught makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

What a sermon, too, on the blessings of temperance, is contained in “ As You Like It,” when Adam says to his young master:—

“ Let me be your servant!
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility:
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you:
 I’ll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

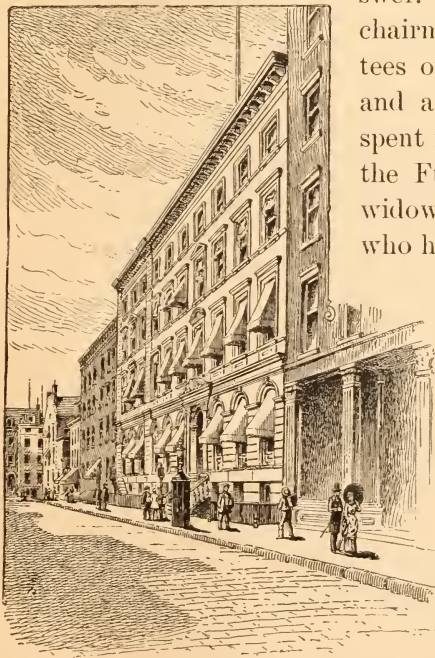
THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK—THE DETECTIVE FORCE AND ITS WORK—SHADOWS AND SHADOWING—SLEUTH-HOUNDS OF THE LAW.

A Building that is Never Closed—Police-Station Lodgings—Cutting his Buttons off—A Dramatic Scene—Teaching the Tenderfeet—The Duties of a Policeman—Inquiries for Missing Friends—Mysterious Cases—Clubbing—Night-Clubs and Billies—Scattering a Mob—Calling for Assistance—Watching Strangers—"Tom and Jerry" in a Soup Plate—The Harbor Police—The Great Detective Force and its Head—Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes—Sketch of his Career—A Proud Record—His Knowledge of Crooks and their Ways—Keeping Track of Thieves and Criminals—Establishing a "Dead Line" in Wall Street—Human Depravity and Human Impudence—The Rogues' Gallery—Shadows and Shadowing—Unraveling Plots—Skillful Detective Work—Extorting the Truth—The Museum of Crime—What May Be Seen There—Disappearance of Old Thieves—Rising Young Criminals.

ON Mulberry Street running through to Mott Street, in a quarter of the city that is neither fashionable nor attractive, stands a plain solid building of four stories and a basement. Its appearance is so ordinary that it would not be likely to attract special attention were it not for the blue-coated policemen that are constantly ascending and descending the steps. This is the police Headquarters, the most important building of its kind in America. Here are the offices of the Police Commissioners, Superintendent, Inspectors, Detective Bureau, Health Department, etc. In the basement is the police telegraph office, the right arm of the service, connected by telegraph with the fire department headquarters, Brooklyn police headquarters, all elevated railroads, all the leading hospitals, the prisons, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and many other institutions. Anything of importance that is taking place at the farthest police point of the city

these in turn are divided by the captains into patrol beats or posts for the Patrolmen.

The control of the police is vested in four Commissioners, known as the Board of Police, who are appointed by the mayor for six years. One of them acts as president of the Board; he has the special duty of examining all charges against policemen before they are tried, and all important letters coming from police authorities all over the world are referred to him for answer. Another commissioner is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Police Pension Fund, and a good part of his time is spent in investigating claims upon the Fund, especially those of the widows and orphans of policemen who have died in the service. Another commissioner is Treasurer of the Police Board and also of the Pension Fund, and the fourth on the list has general oversight of the station-houses and is chairman of the Committee on Supplies, and has charge of all purchases pertaining to this department.



POLICE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING.

Next to the commissioners the highest officer of the force is the superintendent. His duties are arduous, and his position one of great responsibility. He issues orders received from the commissioners, takes command at riots or great fires, and performs duties generally devolving upon a superior commanding officer. Then come the inspectors, of whom there are four, one of whom is Chief Inspector in charge of the Detective Bureau, and in the absence of the superintendent acts as Chief of Police. Each of the three remaining inspectors has charge of

Night and day, rain or shine, when his tour of duty begins he must go on his post and be prepared to meet all kinds of danger. He may encounter stealthy sneak thieves, red-handed murderers, and lurking and desperate foes of all kinds; and he must be ever ready to subdue gangs of noisy and refractory brawlers in tough resorts. When patrolling his beat at night he must see that no aperture through which a thief could enter is left open or insecure. He must have an eye to windows, doors, gratings, and coal-chutes. On an average about twenty-six hundred buildings annually are carelessly left open at the close of business by clerks or owners, and on the list are prominent banks, churches, and hundreds of stores. While at his post he may be called upon to answer all sorts of questions, give advice, make arrests, aid the sick and injured, quell drunken and riotous brawls, and he should be constantly on the alert to discover fires, burglars, and property in peril in any way. He must take lost children to the Matron's room at police headquarters, often buying them dainties on the way to keep them in good humor. There is no part of the duties of a policeman which calls forth so much sympathy as does the discovery and care of a lost child, and yet he would rather tackle a man twice his size than carry a little, dirty, tearful, rebellious, or frightened youngster to headquarters.

More than 3,000 lost children are annually found in the streets of New York. If the child's name can be ascertained, it is entered, along with other particulars, in a book kept for this purpose. If the name and address cannot be ascertained, an accurate description of person and clothing is recorded, and the same is telegraphed to all stations. By this means lost children are restored to their homes in a very short time, leaving but a small number unclaimed.

Communications are constantly being received from all parts of the world, requesting information of friends and relatives who have not been seen or heard of for periods extending from one month to thirty years. The greatest attention is given to all these cases. Officers are sent to the localities where such missing persons have resided, and old residents are interviewed,

Found Strayed. — Eleven o'Clock at Night in the Lost Children's Room at Police Headquarters. — Lost Children Waiting to be Claimed.

This illustration was made from a photograph taken by flash-light at eleven o'clock at night in the lost children's room at police headquarters. It shows a group of little boys and girls — lost children — who were picked up on the streets during the day and night. They are waiting for parents or friends to come for them. Some of them will never be called for. Children are often abandoned in New York streets by heartless or drunken parents who want to get rid of them. One poor little tired-out fellow has fallen asleep in his chair. The matron is putting a little foundling to bed. A big policeman is just entering the door with another lost boy just found wandering in the streets, though the hour is almost midnight. The children must sit up in these little chairs and keep awake until twelve o'clock. Those that are unclaimed will then be put to bed. More than three thousand lost children are annually picked up in the streets of New York.

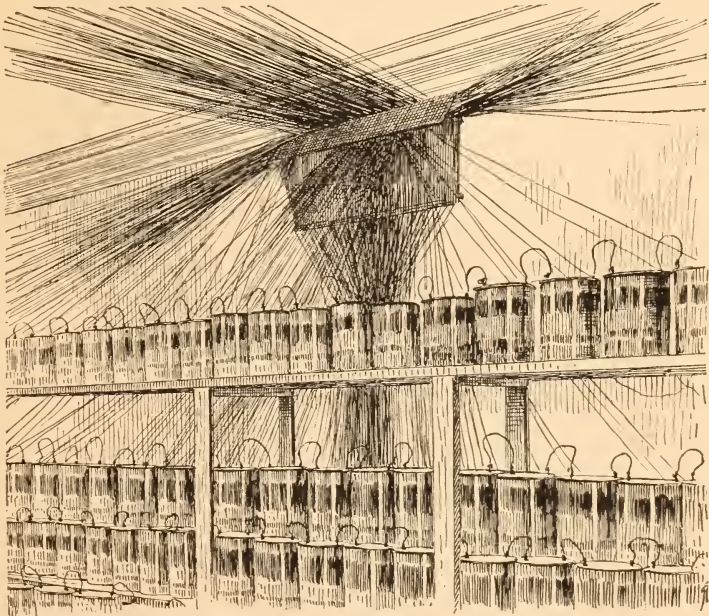


ROUNDED STRAYED. — ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT IN THE LOST CHILDREN'S ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. — LOST CHILDREN WAITING TO BE CLAIMED.

More than three thousand lost children are annually found in the streets of New York. When a policeman finds a lost child he must take it to Police Headquarters and deliver it to the matron in charge of the lost children's room. The little ones are kept awake until midnight waiting for friends. If not claimed by that time they are put to bed in little cots and efforts are made next day to restore them to their homes.

thus often obtaining correct and accurate information. Oftentimes it transpires that the persons inquired for are dead, in which cases death certificates are procured and forwarded to the inquirer.

Very mysterious circumstances often surround these cases. When an inquiry for a missing person is received, the records of



MEETING PLACE OF TELEGRAPH WIRES AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS COMMUNICATING WITH ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

the Department relating to persons arrested or sent to hospitals, sick or injured, are carefully consulted; and if the desired information cannot be obtained from this source, an accurate description of the missing person is recorded in a book kept for this purpose, and the members of the department are notified of the same by telegraph. An officer is detailed for duty at the Morgue, and it is his place to make a daily report to headquarters, giving an accurate description of all unclaimed dead bodies, which report is kept in a book. In all cases the record of missing persons is consulted to ascertain if any resemblance exists between the description of such dead body and any miss-

coming within the view and hearing of the officer. Intoxicated persons are not disturbed as long as they conduct themselves quietly; they are ordered "to move on" and "keep moving" and as long as they do this and are not noisy they are safe from arrest.

Although two hundred or more foundlings and upwards of one hundred dead infants are taken charge of by the police every year, it is well-known that these are but a few of the actual number annually abandoned by poverty-stricken and unnatural mothers. The foundlings are of all ages from the little mite a few hours old to the baby of one or two years. Most of them are discovered after dark, on the streets, in dark alleys or hallways, and not infrequently on somebody's doorstep. They are generally found laid away in baskets or boxes partially filled with old clothes or cotton; some are wrapped in nothing but newspapers, while others are entirely naked. Occasionally one is found whose fine garments indicate that its parents do not belong to the poor classes.

When a policeman finds an abandoned infant he at once takes it to the station-house of his precinct, where an accurate description of the babe and its clothing is carefully recorded in a book kept for that purpose, with the name of the officer finding the same, where found, under what circumstances, and any other facts which may be of interest or which may lead to the discovery of the parents of the child. The infant is then sent to the Matron of the lost children's room at Police Headquarters for temporary care, and by her is sent, with a statement of all the facts in the case, to the Infant's Hospital on Randall's Island, or to some protectory. Many of these unfortunate little ones are taken into asylums and institutions founded for the special purpose of caring for them; some are adopted into families, and a few are sent into the country.

It is very difficult to discover the perpetrators of this crime, and still more so to secure the arrest and conviction of the offenders. There is usually an organized conspiracy in each case to keep secret every detail and circumstance that would lead to the discovery of the unfortunate mother.

An Abandoned Infant.—A Policeman Reporting a Little Foundling Picked Up in an Alley.—A Winter Night Scene at a Police Station-House.

Made from a rare photograph taken from life. It shows a policeman with an abandoned infant in his arms, reporting at his police station-house. The baby is wrapped up in an old shawl just as found in a deserted alley. Behind the desk stands the captain of the precinct and the two sergeants, all eagerly looking at the new arrival. More than two hundred foundlings are picked up in the streets by the police every year. They are of all ages, from a few hours to one or two years old. Most of them are discovered after dark in the streets, in dark alleys and hallways, and some are found in ash barrels. Some of them are wrapped in nothing but newspapers.



AN ABANDONED INFANT.—A POLICEMAN REPORTING A LITTLE FOUNDLING PICKED UP IN AN ALLEY.—A WINTER NIGHT SCENE AT A POLICE STATION-HOUSE.

More than two hundred foundlings are taken charge of by the police every year. When a policeman finds an abandoned infant he reports with it at once to the station-house of his precinct. The foundlings are of all ages, from the little nite a few hours old to the baby of one or two years. Most of them are discovered after dark, on the streets, or in dark alleys and hallways. They are generally found in baskets or boxes, partially filled with old clothes or cotton; some are wrapped in nothing but newspapers.

successfully. And no man to this day knows just how the theft was committed nor who was the thief.

Inspector Byrnes is earnestly devoted to his work. Only recently he said: "My business is never spoken of at home. Men say they leave the shop when the door is closed and think no more about work till next morning. That is not the truth. The man whose heart and soul is in his work never lets it wholly escape. I do not dream of my work, but I go to bed and lie there for hours studying a case. When I get a clue I go to sleep and follow it up the next day. If it is one on which I have failed for the tenth time, I review each mistake and out of the corrections evolve the eleventh.

"During the day I am generally here, and every night is filled with engagements. Sunday I am here at salvation work. In other words, I clean house. Six days of every week bring me personal letters from people in every walk of life. Some of them are curious, all are interesting, and each is a clue to a mystery. Here and there is a sheet of notepaper from which a crest has been scraped or cut, and quite as often a letter-head, carefully decapitated. If anything happened to me and these letters should fall into strangers' hands, there might be trouble. It is only fair to the people who trust me that I protect them, and so every Sunday morning I unlock this desk, carefully look over the week's mail and destroy letters, the publication of which would blight innocent lives, break up families, do violence to individual welfare, and shock society."

As he spoke the Inspector unlocked the little desk, the table and pigeon-holes of which were piled and packed with the reputations of men and women, families and firms.

"Do you like your life?" was asked.

"Immensely. There is a fascination about a mystery that human nature cannot resist. My business is shrouded in mystery, and the more difficult it is to unravel the harder I work. There is no satisfaction, no glory, no growth in doing the thing that is easy enough for anybody to do."

"Do you see many tears?"

"Oceans of them. Some break my heart, some annoy me,

CHAPTER XXVII.

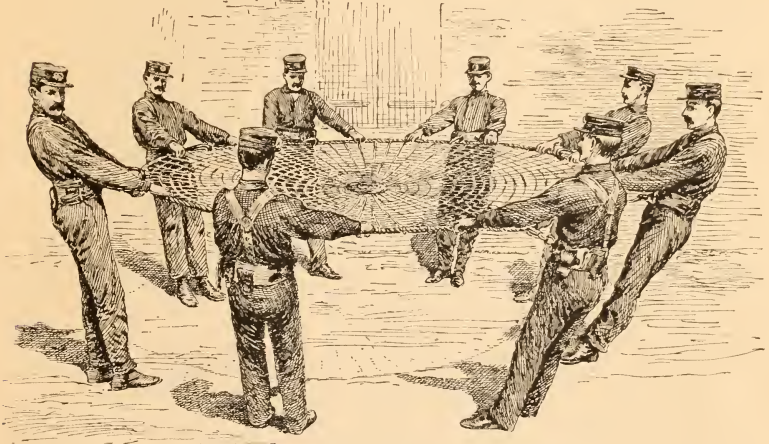
FIRE! FIRE!—THE LIFE OF A NEW YORK FIREMAN—THE SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION AND THE LIFE-SAVING CORPS.

The Volunteer Fire Department of ye Olden Time—How Barnum's Show Was Interrupted—A Comical Incident—Indians and Red-Coats at a Fire—The Bowery Boys—Soap-Locks—The School of Instruction and the Life-Saving Corps—Daily Drill in the Use of Life-Saving Appliances—Wonderful Feats on the Scaling-Ladder—The Jumping-Net—Thrilling Scenes and Incidents—The Life-Line Gun—Fire-Department Horses—Their Training—A Hospital for Sick and Injured Horses—A Night Visit to an Engine-House—Keeping up Steam—Automatic Apparatus—How Firemen Sleep—Sliding Down the Pole—The Alarm—Fire! Fire!—A Quick Turn-Out—Intelligent Horses—The Fire-Alarm System—Answering an Alarm in Seven Seconds—A Thrilling Sight—Fire-Boats and their Work—Signal-Boxes and How they are Used—The Perils of a Fireman's Life.

IT is nearly a century since the authorities of New York organized a department whose special duty it was to extinguish fires. Before that time the fire service, such as it was, was in the hands of the police, who had a distinct branch for the "viewing and searching of chimneys" and also for the use of hooks, ladders, and buckets. Every house having two chimneys was compelled to have one bucket at the expense of the owner, and every house with more than two chimneys was required to have two buckets, while all brewers and bakers were to have six buckets each, under penalty of a fine of six shillings for every bucket wanting.

From this crude beginning grew the old fire department of New York, which was a most excellent institution for the greater part of its existence. In its early days all the best young men of the city belonged to it, and the engines were kept in or near the City Hall, which was a very convenient location. That the rules were more rigid than in later times

floor and prevented further descent by the ladder. In the mean time the hook-and-ladder company had arrived, but as it was impossible to make use of its extension-ladder in time, the life-saving net was resorted to, being held by the few available



THE JUMPING OR LIFE-SAVING NET.

firemen aided by a number of citizens. After the sister, who had been compelled to remain on the fifth floor, and her brothers on the fourth floor, had, under the fireman's direction, successfully jumped and been safely caught in the net, the fireman also jumped, and, although caught in the net, he unfortunately bounded out of it and fell upon the pavement, sustaining severe injuries. There can be no doubt that the lives of all four would have been lost but for the prompt use of the life-saving net.

The life-line gun or carbine throws a projectile to which a cord is attached, with which the endangered person can haul up the stout life-line tied to it.

The general effect upon the firemen of a system of training at the School of Instruction has unquestionably been to better fit them for the performance of their ordinary duties and to qualify them to meet almost any emergency. One of the prerequisites to admission in the force is a probationary service of one month, largely devoted to drill in the school of the

Life-saving Corps. A few of the recruits take to it quickly and naturally; the majority, however, acquire proficiency gradually, while only a very small proportion are found disqualified. By degrees the recruits are made to scale story after story, to use the life-line, to man the jumping-net while a dummy is thrown from a fifth or sixth-story window, to take the part of the rescued and of the rescuer, until the end of the probationary period finds him either a qualified life-saver or he is dropped from the rolls. If the first, he is thereupon permanently appointed, provided the service he has also been required to perform in a company has been found acceptable.



THE LIFE-LINE GUN.

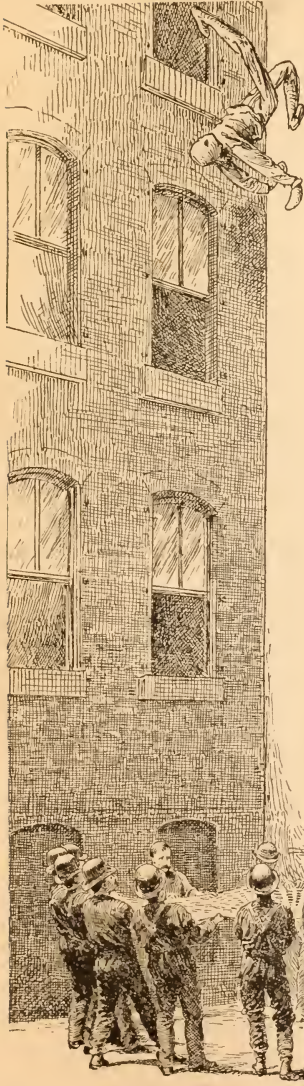
The horses used in the department are large, handsome creatures, selected with great care, and their training is as carefully looked after as that of the men who have them in charge. The Hospital and Training School is in an appropriate building erected for the purpose, in the upper part of the city. Here is a large room on the ground floor, fitted up like the apparatus-floor of an engine-house, with engine, stalls, hanging harness, telegraph signal-gong, sliding poles, etc., and new horses are thoroughly educated in their duties before they are distributed to the engine-houses. These horses are all fresh from the country, from four and a half to six years old, and of course entirely untutored. The first step in the instruction, and generally the most difficult one, is to



THE DUMMY.

accustom the horse to getting under and into the harness and hinged collar. To accomplish this it is often necessary to have

one of the men precede the animal and place his own head in the collar. When the horse's natural dread has been allayed in



LIFE-SAVING NET DRILL.

this manner, he is next harnessed and hitched up at the sound of the signal on the gong. This he must learn to do quickly and without the least hesitation, and to teach it properly requires great tact and experience on the part of the trainers. At the first stroke of the gong the horse is led and guided to his place under the harness by one man, and driven from behind by another, whose voice, and hand, if necessary, both urge him forward; the collar is pulled down and snapped around his neck, the harness is let down upon him, the reins are snapped, and the wide street doors slide open. This is repeated as often as may be found necessary, great care being taken to handle the animal as gently as practicable, and to avoid making him timid or injuring him in any way. The final instruction consists in driving the

horse out of the stable as if responding to an actual alarm. Occasionally a horse is found deficient in intelligence or too nervous, but more frequently they

develop physical faults. In either case the horse is at once returned to the dealer, who supplied it on trial. There is, however, another test to which a horse who proves satisfactory at

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHINESE QUARTER OF NEW YORK — BEHIND THE SCENES IN CHINATOWN — “JOHN” AND HIS CURIOUS WAYS — A NIGHT VISIT TO AN OPIUM JOINT.

The Chinese Junk “Key-Ying” — The Heart of the Chinese Community in New York — A Race of Gamblers — A Trip through Chinatown with a Detective — A Raid on a Gambling-House — Spotting the Players — The Opium Habit — A Chinese Drugstore — Marvelous Remedies — A Wonderful Bill of Fare — A Visit to a Joss-House — An Opium Smoker’s “Lay-Out” — The Value of an Opium Pipe — A Night Visit to an Opium-Joint — Carefully-Guarded Doors — How Admission is Gained — The Peep-Hole — Cunning Celestials — Scenes in the Smoking-Room — Victims of the Opium Habit — First Experiences at Hitting the Pipe — A Terrible Longing — A Woman’s Experience — White Opium Fiends — Sickening Scenes — Aristocratic Smokers — Cost of Opium — Spread of the Opium Habit — Solitary Indulgence in the Vice — Swift and Certain Death the Result.

ABOUT half a century ago a curious craft arrived one day at New York, having sailed all the way from China. It was the Chinese junk “Key-Ying,” and she had been a long time on the way, having visited London *en route*.

The “Key-Ying” was a speculation on the part of some foreigners in Far Cathay. They had decided that there was money in building a junk and sending her to distant parts of the world as a show; she was fitted up as a Chinese museum, and had stalls all around her decks, where Chinese artisans were working at their various trades. She was a profitable enterprise, as crowds came daily to see her, and the money made from the exhibition was the foundation of a commercial house that still exists at Hong Kong, with branches in several ports of the far East.

But one unhappy day she took fire in the harbor of New York and was burned to the water’s edge. As a show she was no longer of any use, neither could she serve as a place of resi-

On one side of the room was a little alcove like a ticket-office; it was occupied by the proprietor, and just as we entered the place he was weighing out a charge of opium with some tiny scales like the smallest of those used by druggists. Several trays were piled at one side of the counter, and there were a dozen or more fairy lamps on a shelf together with the other implements that make up a lay-out.

Farther along was a curtain which hung over the entrance



“HITTING THE PIPE.” SCENE IN AN OPIUM DEN ON MOTT STREET.

of the smoking-room. We waited till the proprietor had made the tray ready for a customer and then followed him into the inner room. The pungent odor increased as we passed the thick curtain, which was drawn aside for us, and we found ourselves in a room about thirty feet long by twelve in width. It was dimly lighted, and there were several strata of smoke that did not exactly resemble any smoke ordinarily seen in rooms. All around the sides and ends of the room were platforms or bunks, about two feet high and covered with Chinese matting. A few have mattresses instead of matting, out of deference to American tastes. The Chinese smoker considers a board

wide. The can is only half filled, as in warm weather it puffs up and would overflow if allowance was not made for this swelling. It is about the consistency of tar melted in the sun, and nearly the same color. The mode of measuring it, when selling, is by a Chinese weight called *fune*. There are about eighty-three *fune* in an ounce, and a can contains four hundred and fifteen *fune*, or about five ounces. The best quality of



A SLY OPIUM SMOKER.

(This photograph was made by flash-light in a Chinese opium den on Pell street when the smoker was supposed to be fast asleep. Subsequently the photograph disclosed the fact that he had at least one eye open when the picture was made.)

this sells for eight dollars and twenty-five cents a can, and inferior grades run as low as six dollars. In smaller quantities eight to ten *fune* are sold for twenty-five cents.

Whenever a joint is discovered and raided in the upper part of the city, but few if any Chinese are found in them. The up-town joints are patronized almost exclusively by white people, and I believe that the vice cannot be wholly stamped out of existence. When once acquired the habit is not easily shaken off, as it clings to its victims with great tenacity.

One up-town joint which was raided only a few months ago was located in a respectable apartment-house, and suspicion was

drawn to it by the large number of well-dressed and well-behaved people of both sexes who went there, and also by the peculiar odor that came from the door and permeated the halls of the building. Ten men and five women were captured, and passed the rest of the night in the Jefferson Market police station. All gave fictitious names, and some of the women cried



CAUGHT IN THE ACT. AN OPIUM SMOKER SURPRISED WHILE SMOKING.

and begged to be let off, as this, so they alleged, was the first time they had ever been in the place. The smoking implements that were captured in the raid were of the highest class of workmanship and are an important addition to the museum at police Headquarters. One of the prisoners was a doctor who lived at a first-class hotel and had a goodly list of fashionable patients. He claimed to have gone there for scientific observation and not for the purpose of smoking the pernicious drug,

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BEGGARS OF NEW YORK—TRAMPS, CHEATS, HUMBUGS, AND FRAUDS—INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES— VICTIMS FROM THE COUNTRY.

The Incomes of Professional Beggars—Resorts of Tramps—Plausible Tales—A Scotch Fraud—My Adventure with him—A Plaintive Appeal—A Transparent Yarn—A Disconcerted Swindler—Claiming Relationship—An Embarrassing Position—Starting to Walk to Boston—A Stricken Conscience—Helping my Poor Relation—Thanks an Inch Thick—Female Frauds—"Gentlemen Tramps"—A Famishing Man—Eating Crusts out of the Gutter—A Tale of Woe—A Fraud with a Crushed Leg and a Starving Family—A Distressing Case—The Biter Bitten—The Californian with a Wooden Leg—The Rattle-Snake Dodge—"Old Aunty" and her Methods—"God Bless You, Deary"—Blind Frauds and Humbugs—How Countrymen are Fleeced—Bunco-Steerers—Easily Taken in—My Experience with a Bunco-Steerer.

IT is estimated that nearly six thousand beggars live and thrive in New York city. It is not strange, therefore, that among this vast number of professional loafers there should be found some whose methods of extorting money are unique. Some of them make from twenty-five to sixty dollars a week, and not a few of them are so well known as to furnish a topic of conversation among those who talk over the strange life to be seen in city streets. The Charity Organization Society recently issued a circular warning the public against professional beggars, adventurers, and other undeserving persons who obtain money by imposing upon the credulity of the charitable. Even ordinary street begging is apparently more profitable than honest labor.

The great city is a home for a good (or bad) number of "tramps" and an occasional refuge for many more. With the advent of summer the tramp who has passed the winter in the city hies to the rural regions. He is in search of occupation

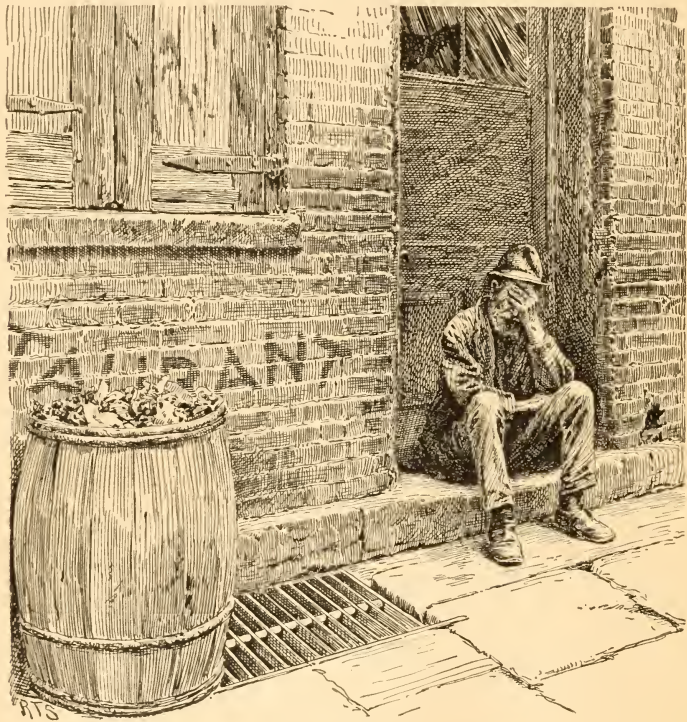
which he never finds ; in summer he wants a job at ice-cutting, and in winter he desires work in a hay-field or a market-garden. Whatever employment he seeks is sure to be out of season, and as he is unable to live by honest labor he makes up for the deficiency by begging or stealing.



A TRAMP'S INTERRUPTED NAP.

The winter occupation of the circulating or tourist tramp is much like that of the permanent city tramp whose sustenance is obtained by begging or fraud. He haunts the sidewalk, especially at night, and pours a tale of woe into every ear that will listen. The ordinary tale will not be heard or heeded, and his ingenuity is severely taxed to invent something that will extract cash from the pocket of his listener. Some of the tramps' tricks are worthy of record, as they display a genius that would secure a comfortable existence in respectable

munication is indicated she wishes to know how she can go there on foot, as she is out of money and must walk. The sequel is obvious. I once watched from behind a tree in Madison Square a woman who had an address for Harlem, five miles away, and saw her obtain her care-fare — five cents — four times in succession within twenty minutes.



A GENUINELY BUSTED TRAMP.

There is another class called "gentlemen tramps," men who were once respectable and in good circumstances, whose downfall has been gradual, and who grow more and more seedy in appearance every year. Some of them make a pretence of desiring work, and they are always going somewhere to answer an advertisement or to make an inquiry, but incidentally they are on the outlook for alms. One of these men — a tall and rather military-looking personage about fifty years of age, with a white mustache and a head of curly white hair

a soft hat with about a three-inch brim is worn carelessly on his head; he leans heavily on a cane and walks with a decided limp.

He never speaks to anybody who is not looking into a store window. Approaching his victim he says in a soft, drawling voice:

“Excuse me, sir; but are you a stranger in the city?” and no matter what the answer may be he continues: “I am here from California and I have got a wooden leg,”—then with his cane he somewhat vigorously taps the “wooden” leg to prove its genuineness, — “and I’ve been walking around all night and all day on it and haven’t got any money, and if you could loan me a small amount to enable me to obtain a night’s lodging and a supper I shall be greatly obliged to you. And if you will give me your address, when my sister sends me money I will return it to you.”

If questions are asked he will produce letters to prove his identity, and then will tell how he lost his leg by being bitten by a rattlesnake in Nebraska, on his way east, and show that he came further east to get better surgical assistance, and finally lost almost all of his limb and has had hard luck ever since he left the hospital. Although everything about him indicates that he is what he claims to be, he is a fraud. He has not lost his leg at all. A piece of board tied to his leg sounds very wooden when rapped with his cane. He usually selects persons who look like strangers, and that is the reason why he always



A TRAMP'S SUNDAY MORNING CHANGE.

speaks to those who look into store windows. He has boasted of collecting five dollars a day.

The snake dodge seems to be quite popular. Not long ago a colored man was in the habit of hobbling along Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street with a small snake skin in one hand, a cigar-box to contain contributions in the other, and a card on his breast containing the following announcement :

“ FRIENDS :

THIS IS A RATTLESNAKE WHICH HAD CAUSED ME TO
LOSE MY LEG.

I WAS BIT BY HIM IN THE DISMAL SWAMPS OF VIR-
GINIA.

I HAVE HIM HERE ON EXHIBITION.
ASKING YOU ALL FOR A LITTLE HELP TO GET AN
ARTIFICIAL LEG.

JOHN ROE.

When taken into custody he demanded a pistol, that he might not survive the disgrace of his arrest. He said that on losing his leg in the manner mentioned, his neighbors in Virginia raised money to send him to New York to get a cork leg by begging. He is believed to have raised enough to have bought many legs, for the cigar-box he carried was full of coin when he was arrested. As he had been repeatedly warned, he was sent to the Island for three months.

Many business men within a mile of the Post Office are familiar with “Old Aunty.” Aunty believes that “it is better to laugh than be sighing,” and so she does not descend to the common whining tricks of the ordinary street beggar. She walks into offices, and her queer little nutcracker face breaks into smiling wrinkles under the frill of her old-fashioned cap. She drops a little courtesy, holds out her skinny hand, and says, “God bless you, deary,” and when the usual cent is forthcoming, she closes her withered fingers on it, wishes the giver many blessings, and walks out to visit the next man. Rain or shine, morning and night, Old Aunty walks around from one office to another and collects toll everywhere.

There are many men who are superstitious enough to believe that if they meet Aunty in her old calico gown, her little plaid

shawl, and white cap early in the day, give her a penny, and get in return one of those smiles which breaks her quaint face into many seams, success will go with them for the balance of the twenty-four hours.

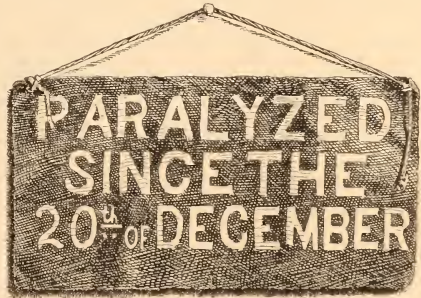
Old Aunty's name is Connors, and she lives in two rooms at the top of a tenement-house in Rutgers Street, and all the money she gets over and above that needed for her simple wants finds its way across the sea to the "Ould Sod," and lightens the hardships of some of her numberless relatives there. How much she receives in a day is purely a matter of conjecture, but three or four dollars would not be an excessive guess.



A BLIND MAN'S TIN SIGN.

(For the other side see illustration below.)

A blind man is considered by nearly every one a proper object for charity, but many of them are frauds of the worst kind. The tin signs hanging across their breasts, narrating harrowing stories of misfortune, are often gotten up for the occasion and are sometimes painted on both sides, thus giving the beggar two tales to help him along. He displays the side that he thinks will prove the most effective in the locality he happens to be in.



WHAT WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

A sandy-mustached blind man who sings plaintive airs all over town has his father as a confederate. The father loiters in a convenient saloon in the neighborhood while the son sings. Superintendent Hebbard of the Charity Organization Society recently found father and son doing a thriving business one Saturday night, and followed

CHAPTER XXXII.

STREET VENDERS AND SIDEWALK MERCHANTS—HOW SKIN GAMES AND PETTY SWINDLES ARE PLAYED—“BEATIN’ THE ANGELS FOR LYIN’.”

Dirty Jake — A Silent Appeal — A Melancholy Face — Three Dollars a Day for Lungs and Tongue — Stickfast’s Glue — A Windy Trade — A Couple of Rogues — Spreading Dismay and Consternation — Partners in Sin — Sly Confederates in the Crowd — How to Sell Kindling-Wood — A Mean Trick and How it is Played — A Skin Game in Soap — Frail Human Nature — Petty Swindles — Drawing a Crowd — “The Great Chain-Lightnin’ Double-Refined, Centennial, Night-Bloomin’ Serious Soap” — Spoiling Thirteen Thousand Coats — The Patent Grease-Eradicator — Inspiring Confidence — “Beatin’ the Angels for Lyin’” — A Sleight of Hand Performance — “They Looks Well, an’ They’re Cheap — How City Jays are Swindled and Hayseeds from the Country Fleeced.

AN interesting feature of metropolitan life is the army of street vendors of many names and kinds to be met on every hand. A stroll along Broadway or the Bowery or in the vicinity of City Hall brings to view many of these itinerant merchants, who literally swarm in some portions of the city and manage to make a living out of the public. And some of them make a very good living too.

I remember a peddler of pocket-cutlery who every evening used to haunt the corridors of hotels, and stroll through beer-saloons, barrooms, and other places open to the public. He was known as “Jake” and was of German origin; sometimes he was called “Dutch Jake” and sometimes “Dirty Jake,” — the former appellation having reference to his nationality and the latter to his personal appearance. He was very melancholy of visage; he never asked you to purchase his wares; but the silent appeal of his beseeching look, his unwashed face and uncombed hair, his sad physiognomy, and his threadbare clothing, as he stood speechless in front of a possible patron, and

other money boxes remain, and also the blank one. Confidence is soon inspired in the crowd of onlookers; and an unsuspecting and bona fide purchaser, who has all the time closely watched the proceedings and is quite certain that he has a "sure thing," now tries his hand. But somehow he always finds a blank in



A FAVORITE PLACE FOR STREET CHILDREN. "COLD SODA WATER 2 CENTS—
ICE CREAM 1 CENT."

his box, and should he draw a score of times in succession, his luck will always be the same. It is a "skin" game successfully executed by a skillful performance of sleight-of-hand, aided by confederates who do everything in their power to confuse the unlucky buyer.

The man who dispenses soda water at two cents a glass and ice cream at one cent a plate is sure of liberal patronage from gamins and newsboys, a crowd of whom may generally be found about the vender's stand.

PART III.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT

IN NEW YORK.

**Criminal Life and
Detective Experiences**

IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS



PORTRAYED BY

INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES,

CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK DETECTIVES.

PART III.

PART III was written by the great detective, Chief Inspector Thos. Byrnes. Every line of it was written by his own hand. He is to-day the most famous detective in the world—the dread of all criminals in this country and in Europe. More than any other man he knows the methods and characteristics of “crooks” and possesses a thorough knowledge of their haunts. In this volume he gives the ripe experience of *thirty years of detective life*. He accompanies us in person to secret places known only to the police; explains how burglars work; describes their tools, plans, and operations; tells how bank vaults and safes are robbed, and how combination locks are picked, all the time weaving into his narrative thrilling, tragic, and laughable experiences, most of them *taken from his private diary*. He explains how detectives recognize their prey, shows how criminals often lead double lives, *i. e.*, are model husbands and fathers at home, and gives many strange incidents, bewildering mysteries, remarkable stories, and startling revelations that have come under his experience during his long career.

The great moral lesson taught in this part of the book is that

Honesty is the best Policy, first, last, and all the time.



PART III.

BY

Thomas Burns

Chief of the New York Detective Bureau.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LOW LODGING-HOUSES OF NEW YORK — PLACES THAT FOSTER CRIME AND HARBOR CRIMINALS — DENS OF THIEVES.

The Breeding-Places of Crime—Dens of Thieves—How Boys and Young Men from the Country are Lured to Ruin—From the Lodging-House to the Gallows—A Night's Lodging for Three Cents—Low, Dirty, and Troublesome Places—Hotbeds of Crime—Leaves from my own Experience—Illustrative Cases—A Forger's Crime and its Results—A Unique Photograph—The Pride of a Bowery Tough—"Holding up" a Victim—The Importation of Foreign Criminals—A Human Ghoul—How Ex-Convicts Drift back into Crime—The Descent into the Pit—Black Sheep.

IT is undeniable that the cheap lodging-houses of New York city have a powerful tendency to produce, foster, and increase crime. Instead of being places where decent people reduced in circumstances or temporarily distressed for want of money can obtain a clean bed for a small sum, these places are generally filthy beyond description, and are very largely the resorts of thieves and other criminals of the lowest class who here consort together and lay plans for crimes.

But this is not the worst feature of the matter. Take the case of a youth who runs away from his home in the country,

ground of justifiable homicide. It was at this same Phoenix house that I and my men arrested the notorious Greenwall and Miller on the charge of murdering Lyman S. Weeks in Brooklyn. There is little doubt in my mind that this murder, a most dastardly crime (Mr. Weeks being shot down in his own house by a burglar who had invaded it), was hatched in



A SEVEN CENT LODGING ROOM AT MIDNIGHT.

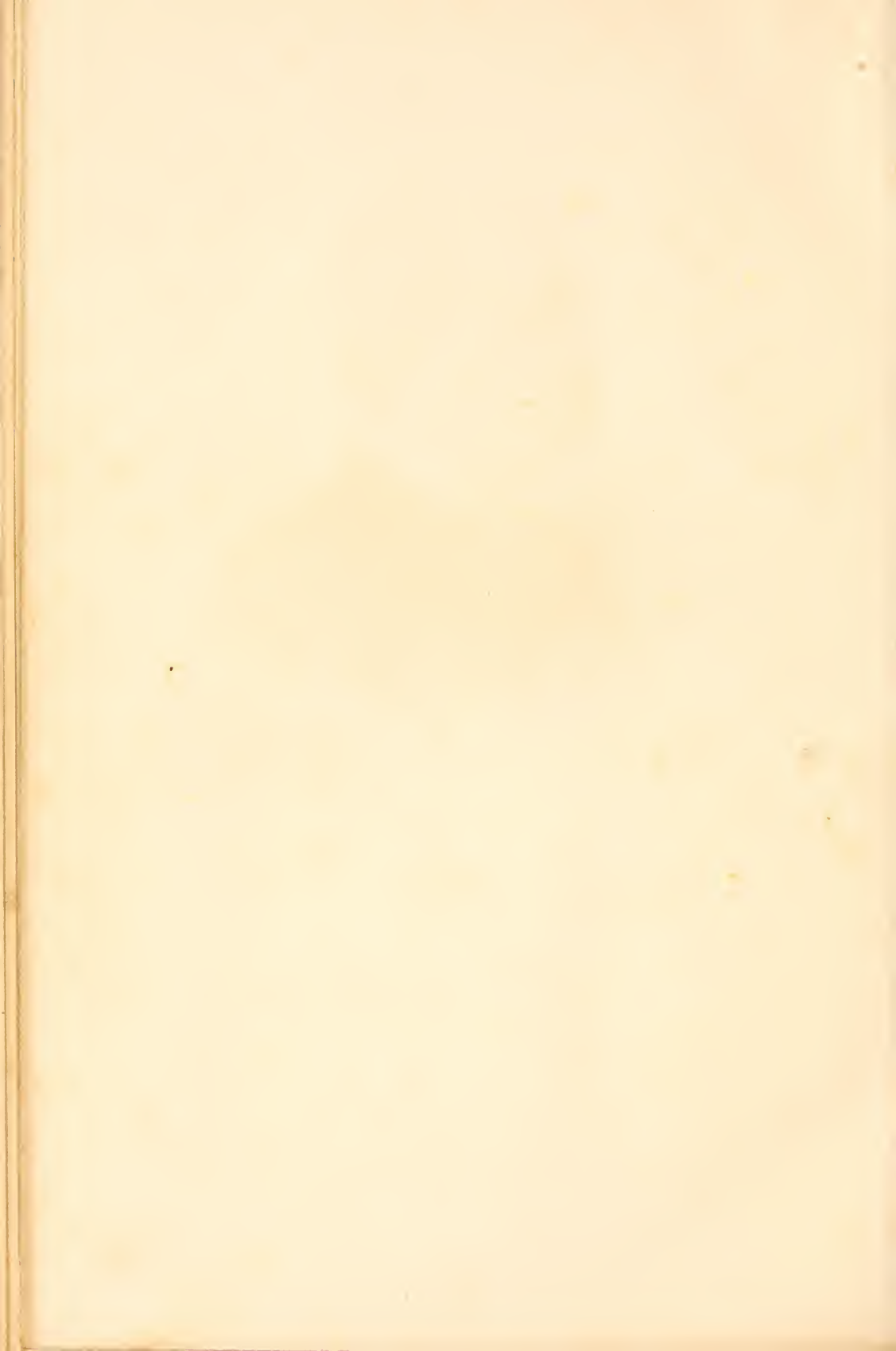
this house or in some other of like character. In the very same place three men were subsequently arrested for a burglary committed in a residence in Mount Vernon. In the lodging-house at No. 262 Bowery, we secured a gang of thieves who had been engaged in a series of robberies at Kingston, N. Y., who were afterwards sent up there for punishment. Hundreds of instances of criminals who made their abode in houses of this sort may be mentioned.

A case somewhat out of the ordinary run was that of a man, who was convicted of forgery on the complaint of a well-



Yours truly
James F. James

WILSON, TOWN & CO. ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS, NEW YORK.



bing private houses in the upper part of the city. He told me that he had been sent here on account of being caught in thieving operations in his native land. He had no money when he arrived, except a few shillings, and almost the first place he got into was one of the cheap lodging-houses. He soon became



NIGHT IN A HAMMOCK LODGING-ROOM FOR TRAMPS.

acquainted with the inmates, who were mostly thieves, and in a little while they took him out over the city and set him to stealing. I have not the least doubt that there are numerous cases like this.

But the evils that have been already mentioned are not the only ones that are produced by the cheap lodging-house system. It is notorious that these houses are used every year for the "colonization" of voters. A large number of men register regularly from these places, and they have not the slightest hesitation about swearing in their votes in case they are challenged. Now and then somebody comes to grief through this practice, but it still flourishes. Not long ago the proprietor of

CHAPTER XXXV.

SCIENTIFIC BURGLARS AND EXPERT CRACKSMEN — HOW BANK-VAULTS AND SAFES ARE OPENED AND ROBBED — THE TOOLS, PLANS, OPERATIONS, AND LEADERS OF HIGHLY-BRED CRIMINALS.

An Important Profession — Highly-Bred Rogues — The Lower Ranks of Thieves — Professional Bank-Burglars and their Talents — Misspent Years — A Startling Statement about Safes — The Race between Burglars and Safe-builders — How Safes are Opened — Mysteries of the Craft — Safe-Blowing — How Combination Locks are Picked — A Delicate Touch — Throwing Detectives off the Scent — A Mystery for Fifteen Years — Leaders of Gangs — Conspiring to Rob a Bank — Working from an Adjoining Building — Disarming Suspicion — Shadowing Bank Officers — Working through the Cashier — Making False and Duplicate Keys — The Use of High Explosives — Safe-Breakers and their Tools — Ingenious Methods of Expert Criminals — Opening a Safe in Twenty Minutes — Fagin and his Pupils — Taking Impression of Store Locks in Wax — Old Criminals who Teach Young Thieves.

THE ways of making a livelihood by crime are many, and the number of men and women who live by their wits in New York city reaches into the thousands. Some of these criminals are very clever in their own peculiar line, and are constantly turning their lawless qualities to the utmost pecuniary account. Robbery is now classed as a profession, and in place of the awkward and hang-dog looking thief of a few years ago we have to-day the intelligent and thoughtful rogue. There seems to be a strange fascination about crime that often draws men of brains, who have their eyes wide open, into its meshes. Many people, and especially those whose knowledge of criminal life is purely theoretical, imagine that persons who adopt criminal pursuits are governed by what they have been previously, and that a criminal life once chosen, is, as a rule, adhered to; or, in other words, a man once a pickpocket is always a pickpocket; or, once a burglar always a burglar.

**In Darkest New York — Midnight in a Cheap Underground
Lodging Cellar. — "Three Cents a Spot."**

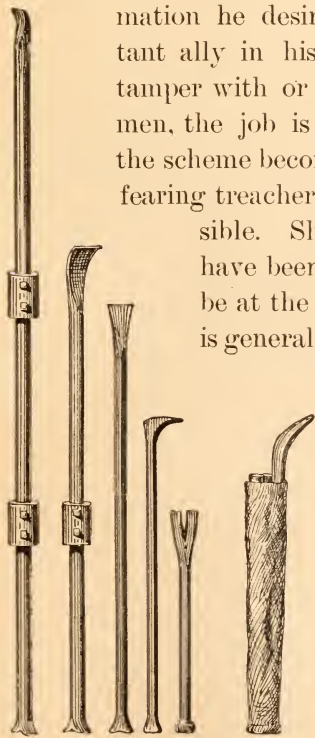
WE are indebted to Inspector Byrnes for this remarkable illustration, which was made from a photograph taken by flash-light in one of the worst dens in "Darkest New York." It is a midnight scene in a cheap underground lodging cellar, where sleepers can have a place on a rough bench or on the floor for "three cents a spot." The only light comes from a candle stuck into a bottle. The sleepers are men and women huddled together. They have no covering but their ragged clothes, and no bed but the bare benches or the dirty floor. This is truly a picture of misery and woe, and but for the camera it would be hard to believe that such places exist.



IN DARKEST NEW YORK.—MIDNIGHT IN A CHEAP UNDERGROUND LODGING CELLAR. "THREE CENTS A SPOT!"

The benches and the bare floor, the latter sometimes having a sprinkling of sawdust, are the only places for sleepers, the usual charge for the night being "three cents a spot." On a cold night in winter the floor is literally packed. The dirty rugs on the lodgers' backs are the only bed and covering they have. A tallow candle or a smoky kerosene lamp furnishes a feeble light at night. Some of the miserable inmates sit up all night. Misery, rags, filth, and vermin are on every side. These cheap lodging-houses are hotbeds of crime.

tenant; and his landlord has in more than one instance been the president of the bank against which this bland and good-natured tenant was secretly plotting. After a few weeks' steady attention to business he naturally becomes acquainted with the bank clerks, and passes much of his spare time in conversation with them, and thereby manages to gain their confidence. Being a good judge of human nature, he is thus able to survey the institution, obtain all the inside information he desires, and sometimes gains an important ally in his nefarious undertaking. If he can tamper with or corrupt one of the clerks or watchmen, the job is plain sailing. As soon, however, as the scheme becomes known to an outsider, the leader, fearing treachery, hastens matters as rapidly as possible. Should the mechanical part of the work have been figured down, and the combination be at the mercy of the robbers, the final work is generally completed between Saturday night and Sunday morning.



BURGLARS' SECTIONAL JIMMIES
AND LEATHER CASE FOR CAR-
RYING THEM.

By cutting through the dividing partition wall, ceiling, or floor, aided by powerful jimmies, the bank-burglar and his assistants find no difficulty in getting into the bank. Then the wrecking of the vault begins, and in a short time the treasure that it contains is in the possession of the cracksmen. The task completed, the burglars carry their booty into the adjoining store, or perhaps the basement below the ransacked in-

stitution, and at a proper time remove it to a much safer place. Almost simultaneously with the discovery that the bank vault was not as secure as it was supposed to be, it is learned that the affable business man who ran the oyster-saloon or billiard-room next door, or made change in the barber's or shoemaker's shop

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BANK SNEAK-THIEVES AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS—PLOTS AND SCHEMES FOR ROBBING MONEYED INSTITUTIONS—A DARING LOT OF ROGUES.

Characteristics of Bank Sneak-Thieves—Rogues of Education and Pleasing Address—Nervy Criminals of Unlimited Cheek—How Bank Thieves Work—Some of their Exploits—Carefully Laid Plots—Extraordinary Attention to Details—A Laughable Story—A Wily Map-Peddler—Escaping with Twenty Thousand Dollars—A New Clerk in a Bank—Watching for Chances—A Decidedly Cool Thief—A Mysterious Loss—A Good Impersonator—Watching a Venerable Coupon-Cutter—Story of a Tin Box—Mysterious Loss of a Bundle of Bonds—How the Loss was Discovered Three Months Afterwards—An Astonished Old Gentleman—A Clerk in an Ink-Bedabbled Duster—How the Game is Worked in Country Banks—Unsuspecting Cashiers—Adroit Rogues and Impudent Rascals—A Polite Thief.

FOR many years sneak-thieving from banks flourished to an alarming extent in New York city, and under the old detective system it seemed impossible to put a stop to this form of robbery. In those days notorious thieves were permitted to loiter unmolested about the streets, and on more than one occasion it was alleged that well-filled cash boxes disappeared from bankers' safes in Wall street while detectives were on watch outside. All this has changed. Well-known thieves no longer haunt that famous locality, and since the establishment of a sub-detective bureau there, a few years ago, not a dollar has been stolen by professional criminals from any of the moneyed institutions in this great financial center. The inauguration also of a patrol service by experienced detectives during business hours, and the connecting by telephone of banking institutions with the detective bureau, have been the means of putting a stop to the operations of bank sneak-thieves. Still, in other cities where these precautions have not been or

able to talk upon it properly and interestingly. This is one of the preliminary steps in a well-planned robbery. Next the thieves make themselves thoroughly familiar with the manner in which business is conducted in the bank they are plotting to pillage. They never neglect any point, no matter how small or apparently trivial it may be. The exact time that the clerks are in the habit of leaving their desks for dinner, the restaurants they dine at, and the time they are allowed for meals, are all noted. These are necessary for the success of the undertaking; and when at last all the plans have been perfected, the prize is captured at a time when there are but few persons around. There have been exceptions to this rule, however, and cash-boxes have been successfully spirited away just at the moment of the receipt of some astounding financial intelligence, and while the office was thronged with merchants and brokers discussing the startling news. Thefts of this sort require but a moment for inception and execution, and frequently a daring scheme has been carried out simultaneously with the opportunity that made the theft possible.

I recall an instance of the great presence of mind of this class of criminals, from the record of one of the most successful sneak-thieves I ever knew. There was a heated discussion in a broker's office one day about the location of a town in Ohio. The noted robber "on mischief bent" slipped into the place just in time to overhear several gentlemen declare that the town in question was located in as many different counties in that State. While the argument progressed the wily thief hit upon a plan that enabled him to capture the cash-box, which temptingly rested in the safe, the door of which was open. Silently and quickly he left the office unperceived, and, meeting his confederate outside, sent him in all haste to a stationery store, with instructions to buy several maps, and one especially showing the counties and towns in Ohio. Then the rogue returned to the broker's office to await his opportunity. A few minutes later he was followed by his companion in the role of a map peddler. Being at first told that no maps were wanted, the cunning accomplice, in a loud voice, said :

"Can I show you a new map, giving the boundaries of all the towns and counties in Ohio?"

The appeal was overheard by one of the men who had been involved in the recent discussion. Telling the peddler to stop, he at the same time turned to the other gentlemen present and said, "Now, boys, I'll bet whatever you like that the town in dispute is in the county I said, and as chance has brought us a map of Ohio the bets can be settled without delay." Several bets were made, and for a few minutes the broker's office was in a greater state of excitement than it ever had been before, even in panic days. As the peddler slowly unrolled his bundle of maps the brokers and the clerks crowded about him, anxious to learn the result. The sneak took advantage of the excitement and the crowd around his confederate, and made his way, unnoticed, to the safe. He captured the cash-box, containing \$20,000, and escaped with it while his partner was exhibiting the map.

Another professional sneak, known as a man of great coolness and determination, and possessed of no small degree of courage, is credited with having entered a bank early in the morning, and going behind the desk he divested himself of his coat, donned a duster, and installed himself as clerk. He coolly waited there some time watching for a chance to steal a roll of greenbacks, bonds, or anything valuable that he could lay his hands on. One of the clerks requested the intruder to leave, but the impudent thief retorted by telling the former to mind his own business, and also intimating that as soon as his friend, the president, arrived, he would have what he pleased to call a meddling fellow properly punished. The clerk, however, insisted upon the rogue's vacating the desk, and he finally did so under protest. In a seemingly high state of indignation the robber left the place, and, later on, the cashier, to his great surprise, discovered that he had suddenly and mysteriously become \$15,000 short. Of course the thief never called a second time to explain the mystery.

On another occasion a bundle of bonds vanished from one of the rooms in a safe-deposit vault, and the theft was not dis-

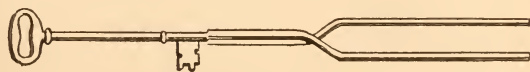
knows no faltering. When he has squandered his ready cash in riotous living, and his treasury needs replenishing, he makes it his business to scan the newspapers carefully, and keep himself posted on the latest arrivals, the rooms they occupy, and other data of interest. The coming and going of professionals, particularly female theatrical stars, salesmen, bankers, and bridal parties, and all persons likely to carry valuable jewelry and trinkets, or a large amount of money, are objects of his special solicitude.

When the unsuspecting prey, fatigued by travel, gives proof of his unconsciousness by deep, stertorous breathing, the hotel thief steals silently from his hiding-place. A slight push may let him into the apartment, or it may be necessary to use a gimlet and a small piece of crooked wire to slide back the bolt, or a pair of nippers to turn the key left in the lock on the inside of the door. Sometimes as many as a dozen rooms in the same hotel have been plundered in one night, and none of the watchmen saw or heard the thief. The hotel thief can carry his entire outfit in his vest pocket and can laugh in his sleeve at common bolts and bars.

The shooting back of the old-fashioned slide-bolt from the outside of the apartment was for many years a bewildering mystery. A piece of crooked wire inserted through the key-hole by the nimble rogue made the bolt worthless, and a turn of the knob was all that was required to open the door.

It takes only a few minutes for an expert hotel thief to enter a room. Af-

ter he has reached the door of the apartment in which the weary



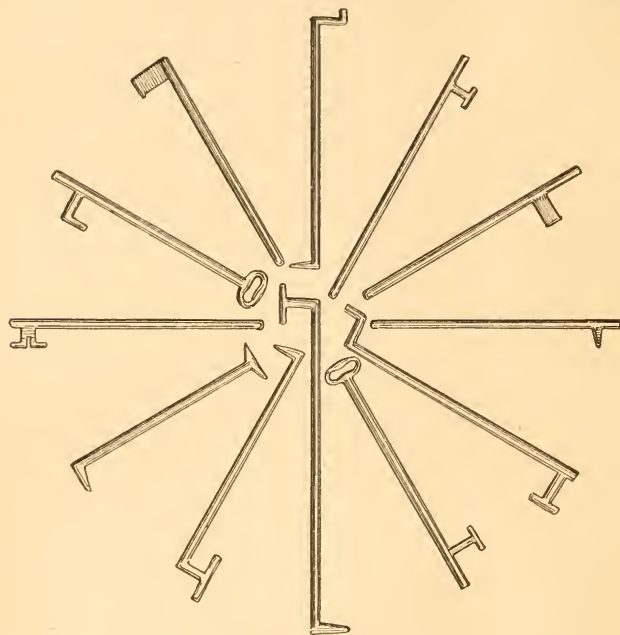
BURGLARS' KEY NIPPERS.

(For unlocking a door from the outside.)

traveler is sleeping soundly, he takes from his pocket a pair of slender, small nippers, a bent piece of wire, and a piece of silk thread. These are the only tools some thieves use. Inserting the nippers in the key-hole, he catches the end of the key. Then a twist shoots back the lock bolt, and another leaves the key in a position from which it can easily be displaced. Should

thoroughly moistened, and maintain a sufficient grip not to be displaced by any ordinary jar. When the wood becomes dry the door can be easily forced in without trouble or the least danger from noise.

The boarding-house thief is always a smooth and entertaining talker, who invariably makes acquaintances in new quarters in short order. In a pleasant chat with the inquisitive landlady he generally succeeds in gleaning all the information he



FALSE AND SKELETON KEYS TAKEN FROM HOUSE THIEVES.

desires about the other guests in the house. Most women are fond of displaying their jewels and valuables at fashionable boarding-houses. While amusing his newly-made acquaintances with his laughable stories, the astute robber is at the same time making a thorough survey. His covetous eyes never miss the flash of diamonds, and should he be in doubt as to their genuineness he has only to speak of the matter to one of the friends of the wearer, and he will be told when and where they were bought and the price paid for them.

After the rogue has secured a full inventory of the jewels

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

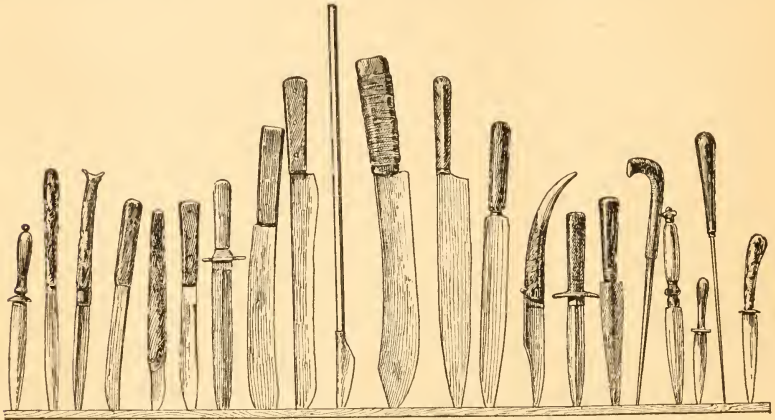
THE ROGUES' GALLERY — WHY THIEVES ARE PHOTOGRAPHED — TELL-TALE SIGNS — PECULIARITIES OF CRIMINALS.

“Where Have I Seen That Man Before?” — Who is it? — A Sudden Look of Recognition — A Notorious Burglar in Fashion's Throng — A Swell-Cracksman — The Rogues' Gallery — Its Object and its Usefulness — How Criminals Try to Cheat the Camera — How Detectives Recognize Their Prey — Ineffaceable Tell-Tale Signs — The Art of Deception — Human Vanity Before the Camera — Slovenly Criminals — Flash Criminals — The Weaknesses of Criminals — Leading Double Lives — A Strange Fact — Criminals Who are Model Husbands and Fathers at Home — Some Good Traits in Criminals — Mistaken Identity — Peculiarities of Dress — A Mean Scoundrel — Picking Pockets at Wakes and Funerals — A Solemn Looking Pair of Precious Rascals — The Lowest Type of Criminals — Placing People Where They Belong.

WHERE, it does not matter, but in a fashionable place of amusement which blazed with light and was radiant with the shimmer of silks, the flash of jewels, and the artificial glories with which wealth and fashion surround themselves, a tall, well-dressed man was standing, with a lady on his arm, waiting till the outgoing throng gave him exit. A judge of the Supreme Court was just behind him, and at his elbow was a banker whose name is powerful on Wall Street. With suave manners, a face massive and intelligent, and apparel in unexceptionable taste, there was yet something about the man that recalled other and strangely remote associations. It certainly was not the dress or attitude or air that seemed familiar. Nor was it the quick, sharp eyes that lighted up and seemed indeed the most notable features of the countenance. Nor could it be the neatly trimmed whiskers or the somewhat sallow cheeks they covered. And certainly no suggestion of recognition could lie in the thin hair, carefully brushed back from a forehead that bulged out into knobs and was crossed by some deep

aim to have the best we can get, for photography has been an invaluable aid to the police.

The Rogues' Gallery and Criminal Directory in New York is the most complete in the country. There are numbers of instances where a criminal appears in public under circumstances far different from those under which he is brought to police Headquarters. The burglar before mentioned is a good example of what a swell-cracksman may look like when he has the means and taste to dress himself in fashionable clothes.



STILETTOS AND KNIVES TAKEN FROM CRIMINALS.

(From the Museum of Crime.)

There are scores of men and women whose appearance in the streets gives no hint of their real character. Deception is their business, and they study its arts carefully. It is true there are criminals brought to Headquarters who even in sitting for a photograph for the Rogues' Gallery show a weakness to appear to advantage, and adjust dress, tie, and hair with as much concern as if the picture was intended for their dearest friends. I have seen women especially whose vanity cropped out the moment the camera was turned on them. But that is infrequent, and one must look for the faces seen in the Rogues' Gallery in other shapes and with other accompaniments than those that appear in a photograph.

All criminals have their weaknesses. The lower class of them spend their money in the way their instincts dictate.



An Unwilling Subject. — Photographing a Prisoner for the Rogues' Gallery at Police Headquarters.

SHOWING a scene that often takes place at Police Headquarters, but one that is rarely witnessed by outsiders. It represents a criminal in the act of being photographed. His portrait is wanted for the Rogues' Gallery. He would rather be somewhere else than here. Two men firmly hold a leg each, while one policeman holds the victim's head, another his arms, and others endeavor to keep him quiet until the photographer can take the villain's picture.



AN UNWILLING SUBJECT.—PHOTOGRAPHING A PRISONER FOR THE ROGUE'S GALLERY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

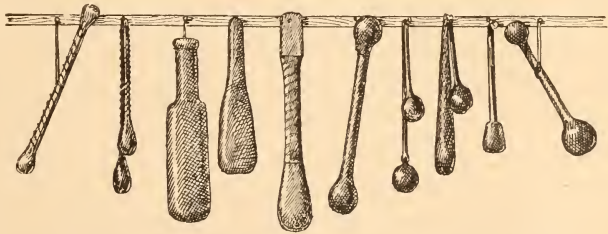
The very cleverest criminals who have distorted their features before the camera have made their grimaces in vain. The camera has been too quick for them, and has imprisoned the lines of the features, and caught certain peculiarities that could not be disguised. There is not a portrait in the Rogue's Gallery but has some marked characteristics by which detectives can identify the man who sat for it.



Some are slovenly hulks of fellows who pride themselves on shabbiness, and to them shabbiness is a part of their business. Then there are others of the flashy order who run into extremes in dress, and copy the gamblers and variety-theatre performers in their attire. But there are many—and they are of the higher and more dangerous order of criminals—who carry no suggestion of their calling about them. Here is where the public err. They imagine that all burglars look like Bill Sykes and Flash Toby Crackit, whereas the most modest and most gentlemanly people they meet may be faithful representatives of these characters.

Nearly all great criminals lead double lives. Strange as it may appear, it is a fact that some of the most unscrupulous rascals who ever cracked a safe or turned out a counterfeit were at home model husbands and fathers. In a great many cases wives have aided their guilty partners in their villainy,

and the children, too, have taken a hand in it. But all suggestion of the criminal's calling was left outside

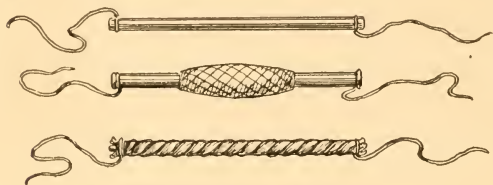


SAND-BAGS AND SLUNG-SHOTS TAKEN FROM CRIMINALS.
(From the Museum of Crime.)

the front door. The family of a notorious and dangerous forger lived quietly and respectably, mingled with the best of people, and were well liked by all who met them. Another equally dangerous criminal who was found dead near Yonkers, probably made away with by his associates, was a fine-looking man with cultured tastes and refined manners. Others would pass for honest and industrious mechanics, and more than one of them has well provided for his old mother and his sisters. I recall one desperate fellow who paid for his two little daughters' education at a convent in Canada, from which they were graduated well-bred and bright young ladies, without ever a suspicion of their father's business reaching them. This same

thing has been done by some of the hardest cases we have to contend with. One of the most noted pickpockets in the country had children whose education, dress, and manners won general admiration. There is nothing to mark people of that stamp as a class.

Nor is physiognomy a safe guide, but on the contrary it is often a very poor one. In the Rogues' Gallery may be seen photographs of rascals who resemble the best people in the



GAGS TAKEN FROM BURGLARS.

(From the Museum of Crime.)

country, in some instances sufficiently like personal acquaintances to admit of mistaking one for the other, which, by the way, is no uncommon occurrence. It is easy for a

detective to pick up the wrong man. Time and again I have seen victims of thieves, when called upon in court to identify a prisoner seated among a number of onlookers, pick out his captor or a court clerk as the offender.

Thieves generally dress up to their business. I do not mean that they indicate their business by their dress, but just the opposite. They attire themselves so as to attract the least attention from the class of people among whom they wish to operate. To do this they must dress like this class. If they are among poor people, they dress shabbily. If among well-to-do folks, they put on style. If among sporting men, they are flashy in attire. It is a great thing to escape notice, — to meet a man in conversation and yet leave no distinct impression of face or personality. I remember one man whose scarred cheek and missing eye would mark him anywhere, but he managed to be so sober in his dress that no one seemed to notice his personal peculiarities. Another, a railroad pickpocket, excels in gaining confidence and yet leaving scant recollection of his dress and features. One scoundrel known as "the mourner," and his wife had faces thoroughly adapted for their business, which was to pick pockets at wakes and

CHAPTER XL.

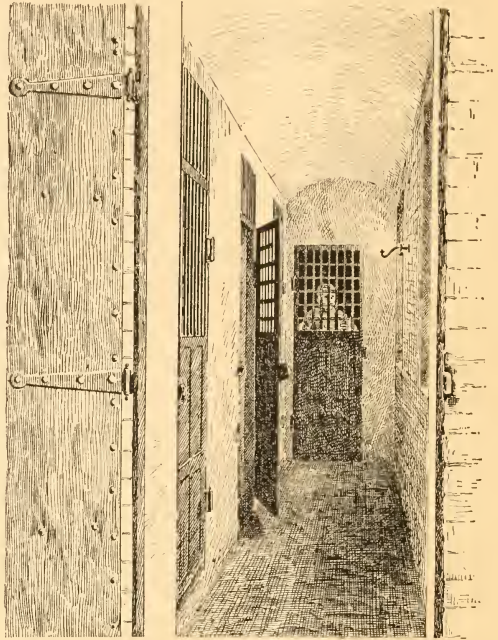
FORGERS AND THEIR METHODS—WILY DEVICES AND BRAINY SCHEMES OF A DANGEROUS CLASS—TRICKS ON BANKS—HOW BUSINESS MEN ARE DEFRAUDED.

A Crime That is Easily Perpetrated, and Detected with Difficulty—Professional Forgers—Men of Brains—Secret Workshops—Raising Checks—A Forger's Agents and Go-betweens—The Organization of a Gang—How They Cover Their Tracks—In the Clutches of Sharpers—The First Step in Crime—Various Methods of Passing Forged Paper—Paving the Way for an Operation—Dangerous Schemes—Daring and Clever Forgeries—Interesting Cases—How Banks are Defrauded—Establishing Confidence with a Bank—A Smart Gang—Altering and Raising Checks and Drafts—How Storekeepers and Business Men are Defrauded—Cashing a Burnt Check—Crafty and Audacious Forgers—A Great Plot Frustrated—Deceiving the Head of a Foreign Detective Bureau—A Remarkable Story—Startling and Unexpected News—Thrown off His Guard—Escape of the Criminal and His Band.

A DISTINGUISHED and learned criminal jurist tersely described forgery as “the false making or materially altering, with intent to defraud, any writing which, if genuine, might apparently be of legal efficacy in the foundation of a legal liability.” The crime, in a general sense, is the illegal falsification or counterfeiting of a writing, bill, bond, will, or other document, and the statutes generally make the uttering or using the forged instruments essential to the offense. The uttering is complete, however, if an attempt is made to use the fraudulent paper as intended, though the forgery be discovered in season to defeat the fraud designed. The intent to deceive and defraud is often conclusively presumed from the forgery itself. If one forge a name, word, or even figure of a note, and cause it to be discounted, it is no defense whatever to the charge of forgery that he intended to pay the note himself, and had actually made provisions that no person should be in-

plied as a means for transferring fine tracing, delicate engravings, and even signatures.

Although plotting and planning daring work for others to execute, the forger keeps himself well in the background, and by following a system calculated to protect himself against the annoyance of arrest or the danger of conviction he runs but few risks. He keeps aloof from the several members of his band, and in most cases is known only to his manager, who is the go-between and guiding spirit of the gang. This system is one of the forger's best safeguards, for no matter what slip there may afterwards be in the effort to secure money upon his spurious paper, he is able to baffle all attempts to fasten the foundation of the crime upon himself. He employs as his manager only a man in whom he has the utmost confidence, who is generally a person



UNDERGROUND CELLS FOR USE OF THE DETECTIVE DEPARTMENT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

of such notoriously bad character that no jury would accept his uncorroborated testimony should he prove unfaithful. There have been instances, however, in which the manager has also been the capitalist and leading plotter. Such men are to be found in the best walks of life, and their means of existence is often a mystery to their friends. They have carefully guarded ways of putting the forged notes into the hands of the agents of the "layers-down," the title by which those who finally dispose of the fraudulent paper are known.

Another form of the bunco game was introduced into this country some years ago by a noted sharper who successfully operated throughout the West. He called the game a lottery, notwithstanding the fact that there is no lottery about it at all. The game is so simple, and apparently honest, that even the shrewdest are readily induced to take a hand, and are as readily fleeced. There are forty-three spaces upon a lay-out, thirteen of which contain stars (conditional prizes); one space is blank, and the remaining twenty-nine represent prizes ranging from two to five thousand dollars. The game can be played with dice or cards. The latter are numbered with a series of small numbers ranging from one to six, eight of which are drawn and counted, the total representing the number of the prize drawn. Should the victim draw a star number, he is allowed the privilege of drawing again by putting up a small amount of money. He is generally allowed to win at first, and later on the game owes him from one to five thousand dollars. This is when he draws the "condition prize," No. 27. The conditions are that he must put up five hundred dollars, or as much as the dealer thinks he will stand. This is explained to him as necessary to save what he has already won, and entitle him to another drawing. He draws again, and by skillful counting on the part of the dealer he draws the "blank" and loses all.

The notorious "Hungry Joe," is a most persistent and impudent bunco-steerer, who has victimized more people by the bunco game than any other five men in the profession. One of his exploits was the robbing of Mr. Joseph Ramsden, an elderly English tourist, out of two hundred and fifty dollars, in the following manner :

Among the passengers on board the steamship *Gallia*, from Liverpool, was an English gentleman past the prime of life, of fine appearance, but somewhat in ill-health. He stopped at a first-class hotel up-town. One afternoon he strolled downtown on Broadway, and was sauntering leisurely along when he was accosted by a well-dressed stranger who warmly grasped him by the hand and said,—

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Ramsden?"

The latter expressed his inability to recognize the stranger, but the affable young man soon put the old gentleman at ease by adding:

"Oh, you don't know me; I forgot. But I know you from hearsay. My name is Post — Henry F. Post. You came over in my uncle's steamer yesterday. Captain Murphy, of the *Gallia*, is my uncle, and since his return has been stopping at my father's residence. He has spoken of you to us. Indeed, he has said so much about you and of your shattered health that it seems to me as if I had known you a long time. I could not help recognizing you in a thousand from my uncle's perfect description of you."

Mr. Ramsden had had a very pleasant voyage on the *Gallia*, during which Captain Murphy and he had become very friendly, and thus he was not surprised that the gallant skipper should speak of him. "Mr. Post" walked arm-in-arm with his uncle's English friend, chatting pleasantly and pointing out prominent business houses, until they reached Grand street.

"I am in business in Baltimore — in ladies' underwear and white goods," said Mr. Post, "and have been home laying in a stock of goods. I should much like to remain a day or two longer and show you around, but I am sorry that I must return to Baltimore this evening. In fact, I am on my way now to get my ticket, and my valise is already in the ticket-office."

It needed but a few words to induce the elderly gentleman to accompany Post to "the ticket office" in Grand Street, and the two soon entered a room on that street. There the young man bought a railroad ticket of a man behind the counter.

"And now my valise," said Post to the ticket-seller.

Throwing the bag on the counter, the young man opened it, saying "Here are some muslins that can't be duplicated in England," and exhibited to the old gentleman some samples of that fabric. Near the bottom of the bag he accidentally came upon a pack of playing-cards, seizing which he exclaimed:

"Ah, this reminds me. Don't you know that last night some fellows got me into a place on the Bowery and skinned me out of four hundred dollars by a card-trick in which they used only three cards? But I've got on to the game and know just how it is done. They can't do me any more."

At that moment a man, showily dressed, emerged from a back room and said: "I'll bet you ten dollars you can't do it."

"All right, put up your money," responded Joe.

The cards were shuffled by the deft hands of the stranger, and Joe was told to pick up the ace. He picked up a jack and lost. He lost a second time, and offered to repeat it, but the stranger said, "I don't believe you've got any more money."

"Well, but my friend here (pointing to Mr. Ramsden) has."

"I don't believe he has," sneeringly retorted the stranger.

"Oh, yes I have," interrupted the venerable Englishman, at the same time pulling a roll of ten crisp five-pound notes from his inside vest pocket and holding them to the gaze of the others.

The temptation was too great for Hungry Joe, who so far forgot himself and his uncle's friendship for the English merchant that he hastily grabbed the roll from Ramsden's hand. The latter tightened his grasp on the notes, but Joe violently thrust the old man backwards, and, getting possession of the money, ran out of the place, followed by his confederates.

Mr. Ramsden notified the Detective Bureau that evening, giving an accurate description of "Captain Murphy's nephew," which resulted in Hungry Joe's arrest. Joe was sitting in his shirt-sleeves in the basement of the house, quietly smoking a cigar, and resting his slippered feet on a chair. He tried his old game of bluff, as is his custom, but, finding it useless, donned his coat and boots and accompanied me to headquarters.

Mr. Ramsden was at once summoned, and was confronted in my room by Hungry Joe and eight other men and asked to select the swindler.

"There is the man," he quickly said, pointing to Hungry Joe.

"I never saw you before, sir," coolly replied Joe.

"You scoundrel," excitedly exclaimed Mr. Ramsden, "you are the fellow that robbed me of my money."

The evidence against Joe was conclusive, and in court he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to four years in State prison.



CHIEF INSPECTOR BYRNES'S PRIVATE ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Another equally notorious character succeeded in swindling an Episcopal clergyman by handing him a forged letter of introduction from another minister in Cleveland, whose name he had discovered in a church almanac. The letter read: "My brother is buying books for me. Please honor his draft for \$100, and thereby do me a great favor." The preacher thought it was all right, and said that he was glad to meet the Rev. Mr. Watt's brother, and gave the desired check only to discover a little later on that he had been neatly swindled.



AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL WORK MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT:

OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE.

A Woman's Narrative

OF Mission work in tough places in the great under-world of New York and of rescue work in regions of poverty and vice; including an all-night Missionary's experiences in gospel work in the slums; a journalist's account of little-known phases of metropolitan life; and a famous detective's experiences and observations among the dangerous and criminal classes; with hundreds of thrilling anecdotes and incidents portraying

CHRISTIAN WORK IN TOUGH PLACES AND LIFE IN DARKEST NEW YORK BY DAY AND BY NIGHT.


BY MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL,
Author and Philanthropist.

COL. THOMAS W. KNOX,
Author and Journalist.

INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES,
Chief of the New York Detective Force.

Superbly Illustrated with Two Hundred and Fifty Engravings from recent photographs taken from life expressly for this work, mostly by *flash-light*, and reproduced in exact fac-simile by eminent artists.  *This is the Most Richly Illustrated Book ever published in America.*

CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION.

Publisher's Notice to Subscribers.—This is an entirely new and original work from beginning to end, and is published in one magnificent Royal Octavo Volume, containing Seven Hundred and Forty Pages. It is superbly illustrated by 250 new and magnificent illustrations made from photographs recently taken from life especially for it, and is handsomely printed on Extra Superfine paper made specially for it. The bindings are very elegant and durable. Every detail of workmanship is exceptionally first-class. It is *sold exclusively by subscription, by our authorized agents only*, and under no circumstances will it ever be placed on sale in bookstores.  It will be supplied to subscribers only, in the following styles of binding:

1. IN EXTRA FINE CLOTH, FINE TINTED PAPER, SPRINKLED EDGES, FULL GOLD BACK, ELEGANT GOLD SIDE STAMP with Fine Steel-Plate Portraits, and 250 Splendid Engravings, \$3.50 Per Copy.
2. IN EXTRA FINE LEATHER, LIBRARY STYLE, SPRINKLED EDGES, (a superb and durable volume), 4.50 " "

 Considering its great Authorship, its Size and Quality, and its large number of Artistic Illustrations, this is the Cheapest Book ever sold by Agents.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Subscribers* must not pay for this work until it is delivered by the Agent; and unless the volume is fully equal to the standard of this Canvassing-book, they need not feel under the slightest obligation to receive it.  *This is a strictly first-class work.*

I have looked through "Darkness & Light in New York", and
consider it the a good book, and one which is calculated to
give a true insight into the dens of sin and misery in the
great metropolis. I heartily recommend it to all.

W. W. Chapman

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES

A. D. W. & CO.

RESIDENCE.

OCCUPATION.

STYLE OF
BINDING.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES

A. D. W. & CO.

RESIDENCE.

OCCUPATION.

STYLE OF BINDING.

Wm. J. Gindley	26 1/2 King's		C. ed.
Mary J. Peters	18 The Long, Pittsboro	T	C. ed.
Mrs Hannah Comstock	100 1/4 Franklin st	T	C. ed.
Mont-Laurin	Warr st	Fireman	C. ed.
Waller Sage	743 King st	X	C. ed.
Fanny Pictoria	777 Walnut		C. ed.
Wm. J. Gindley			C. ed.
Wm. J. Gindley	South, Pittsboro		C. ed.
Wm. J. Gindley	Shelburne		C. ed.
Wm. J. Gindley			C. ed.

Francis E. Mason	X	628 Chestnut St	Ball's	e Dec
Clara M. May		541 Green St	Factory	e Dec
Joseph D. Mearns		30 Ferry St	Payson	e Nov
Samuel Dillapiano		478 Mercer St	" "	e Dec
W. H. Raw	X	Beechmont St Sumner's Tract	" "	e Dec
Samuel C. Rethel		Boyer's Tract	" "	e Dec
William B. Rich		Boyer's Tract	" "	e Dec
Isaac S. Galloway		Massagon	Cage	e Dec
Wm. H. Rhoads		Massagon	Bus. Miller	e Dec
Edward W. Richmond		Massagon 29		e Dec
Richard		Massagon	December, 21st	
Mathew Tegely		at E. 5th - Ferry St	Dec. 21	
		50601 King St	Dec 19	clott

STYLE OF
BINDING.

OCCUPATION.

RESIDENCE.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES

A. D. W. & CO.

Howard Engle	Patterson	Cover
A. H. Fox	Patterson	Cover
Joyanna Dickie	53 Charlotte	Cover, 16-
Alfred Wright	near Spencer	Bound



STYLE OF
BINDING.

OCCUPATION.

RESIDENCE.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

A. D. W. & CO.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

A. D. W. & CO.

RESIDENCE.

OCCUPATION.

STYLE OF
BINDING.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

A. D. W. & CO.

RESIDENCE.

OCCUPATION.

STYLE OF
BINDING.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES

A. D. W. & CO.

STYLE OF
BINDING.

OCCUPATION.

RESIDENCE.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES

A. D. W. & CO.

RESIDENCE.

OCCUPATION.

STYLE OF
BINDING.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES

A. D. W. & CO.

RESIDENCE.

OCCUPATION.

STYLE OF
BINDING.

STYLE OF
BINDING.

OCCUPATION.

RESIDENCE.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

A. D. W. & CO.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

A. D. W. & CO.

RESIDENCE.

OCCUPATION.

STYLE OF
BINDING.

STYLE OF BINDING.

OCCUPATION.

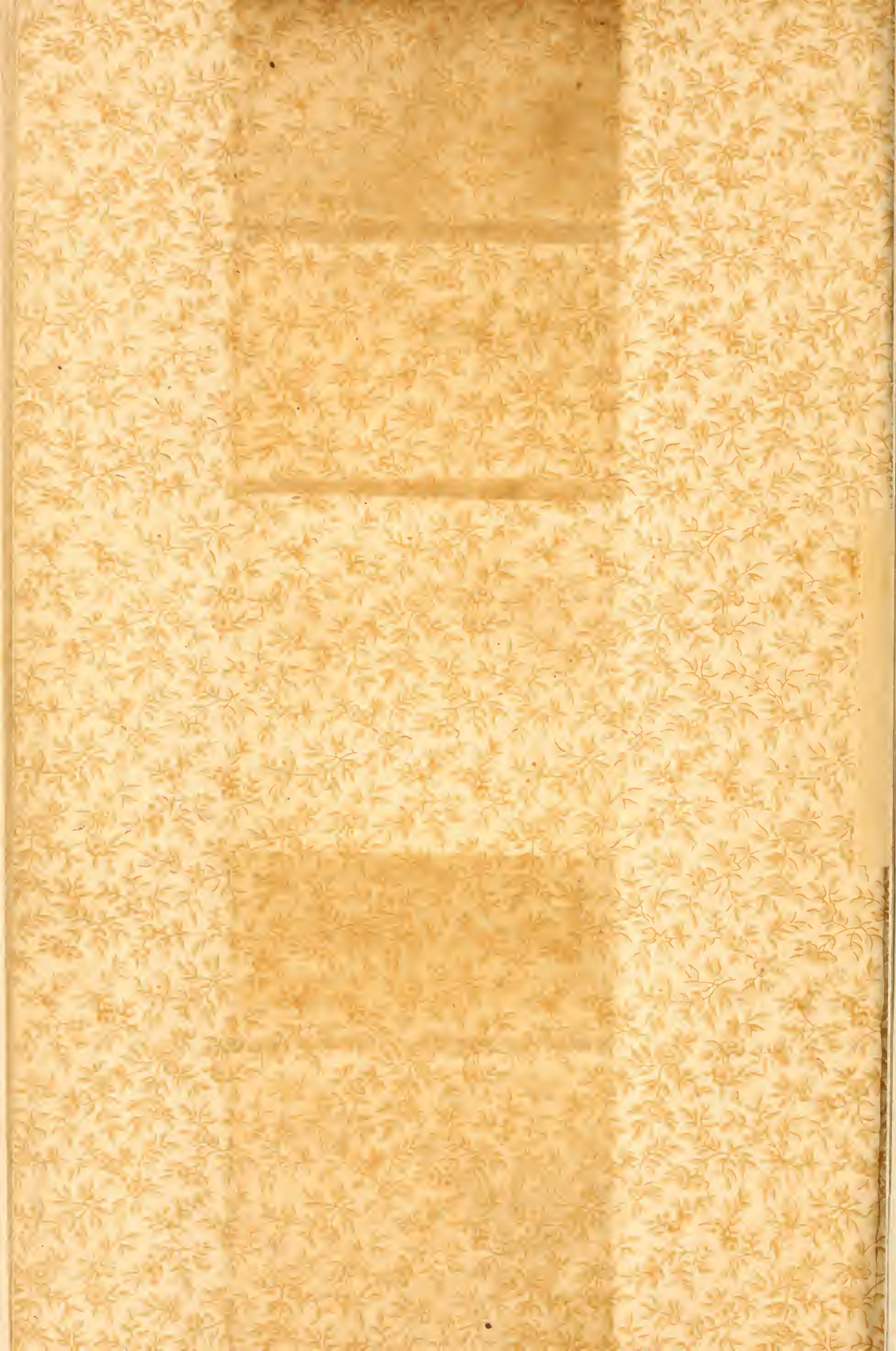
RESIDENCE.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.


A. D. W. & CO.

<p>at Jackson Miller of Pratts William. Brosius</p>	<p>Column 409 Lincoln Ave office number 601 Perry St</p>	<p>Patterson Life of Christy down Park Ave Patterson City of Pa</p>	<p>Dec. 1870 Cass. Thur</p>
---	---	--	--





THE LIBRARY STYLE.

THE Library style is extremely durable, and is *one of the best of bindings*. It comes only a little higher than the Extra Cloth, and it is well worth the difference. It will stand hard and constant usage, and will last a lifetime. The strip of leather opposite shows the quality of the leather used. It is the full thickness of the skin, and is of extra quality. Many publishers use split skins known as "skivers," because they cost only half as much as full skins. Books bound in skivers are a fraud upon the public. The publishers guarantee that every copy of the Library style of this book is bound in *whole skin of the very best quality*.  This is an important fact for subscribers to know.

DARKNESS
AND
DAYLIGHT
IN
NEW YORK

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY
ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE

